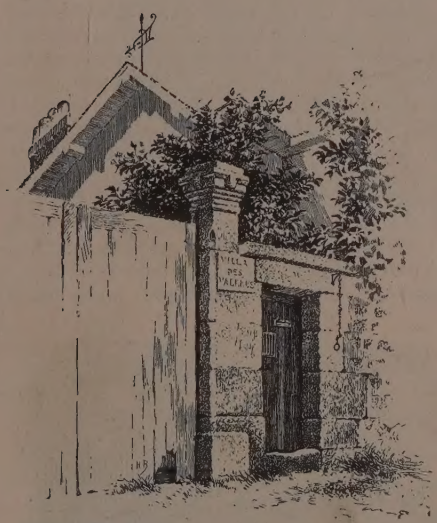
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV. JULY, 1892. NO. 3.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

ENTRANCE TO DAUBIGNY'S HOUSE AT AUVERS.

AMONG the landscape-painters of France who by strong and beautiful rendering of natural truth have in our century made their art classic, Charles-François Daubigny holds a high and distinguished place. When he came, Constable and Bonington of England, and Jules Dupré, Huet, Rousseau, Diaz, and Corot in France, had already led the van and won their first battles against the stubborn resistance offered by the then reigning pseudo-classic school, whose art, with its dry conventions and pedagogic forms, had drifted so far away from nature. He advanced on his predecessors, however, by leaving behind their more romantic mannerisms, and carrying his art still farther into the domain of reality. Yet he never became commonplace or uninteresting. An artist in the true sense of the word, he imbued all that he painted with a distinct and personal charm.

We readily associate the names of Corot and Daubigny, and with reason. Notwithstanding the twenty years' seniority of the former artist, they were intimate friends, sharing many similar aspirations in art, while each still preserved his distinct individuality. Corot was more subjective, tingeing his works with his own peculiar poetic fancy. Daubigny, on the other hand, gave himself up more to the impression of the moment, endeavoring to express the local qualities of form and color in all their brilliancy and freshness. He did not reach perfection of style at the beginning of his career, but through most devoted study, guided by the native strength and originality of his views; nor did this high epoch of landscape-art come hastily or accidentally, but was made possible by the united efforts of many men and minds working together during the first half of our century. Therefore, in tracing the life of Daubigny, we shall likewise be following the gradual development through which art in France passed to its crowning results. He was born at Paris on February 15, 1817. As a child he played

Copyright, 1892, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

BOY'S HEAD. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)[1]

with pencils and paints, and painting in his case was more or less hereditary. Daubigny was a weakly baby, literally passing the first few months of his life in cotton batting; and as soon as possible he was placed "*en nourrice*" in the country at Valmondois, where he spent some years, gathering in the open fields and woods physical strength and a love of nature at the same time. The early death of his mother and the remarriage of his father left him almost entirely to his own guidance, and he never received a very thorough school education.

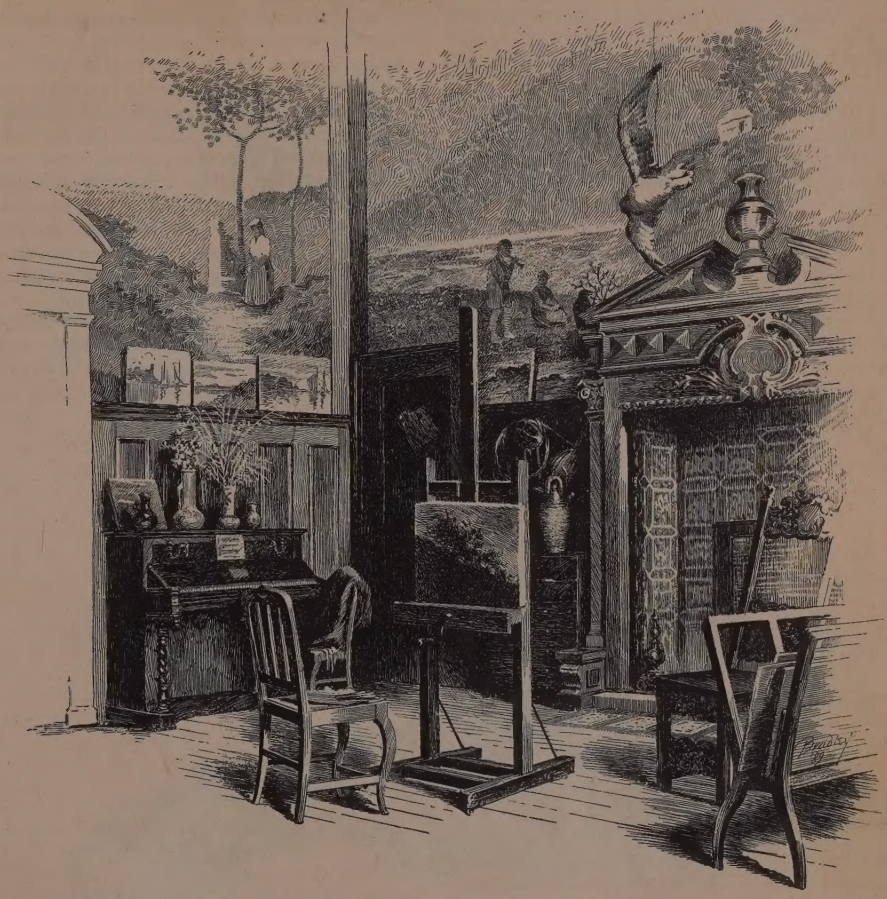
Thrown upon his own resources at fifteen, he made up by practical work what might be lacking in university culture, and immediately began the beloved occupation of his life. All sorts of odd jobs fell under his hand, from the painting of picture-clocks to the making of illustrations and decorations of various sorts, useful in a commercial way. At seventeen he was his own master, and was studying seriously with a view to higher art. One idea had always haunted him, to see Italy. It was the usual pilgrimage for young painters of that day. A friend, Mignan, shared this desire, and arranged to accompany him. For the accumulation of the necessary funds they made a hole in the wall of their garret, and here, sou by sou and franc by franc, gained in all sorts of work, they gradually amassed in about a year what they deemed to be sufficient. One day, at the suggestion of Daubigny, the wall was broken into, and out came some fourteen hundred francs in various kinds of coin. A few days after, with packs on their backs, sticks in hand, and with stout boots, they started to make the journey on foot. We can imagine how the perspectives that opened must have intoxicated these ardent young souls. They passed Lyons, and entered the more tropical vegetation of the South; then between the Rhone and the Alps they marched on to enter Italy. They visited Florence, Rome, and Naples, drawing the monuments and visiting the museums as they passed, studying the marvels of that fatherland of art. Many were the material privations they suffered in order to prolong the stay, sacrifices willingly made to the love of their art; but after some eleven months, Mignan, who had left his *fiancée* behind him, began to grow homesick, and back they started. It was probably well that they did, for they had only two louis left when they reached Troyes. Old friends came on from Paris to meet them, and the remainder of the journey was a series of *fêtes*.

This Italian visit does not seem to have much affected the art of Daubigny; his works of this period are excessive in their devotion to detail, suffering, indeed, from his over-conscientiousness when before nature. He admired at this time, also, the works of Charles de Laberge, an artist who treated nature from an almost microscopic point of view. Among the studies that he brought back from Italy, when the accumulated treasures of the trip were spread out for the admiration of friends, was one of a thistle, most carefully worked out in all its details and remarkable for its truth. His friend Geffroy-Dechaume, the sculptor, remarked on seeing it: "What was the need of going to Rome to do that? You might have found it at Montmartre." Among these friends were Meis-

DRAWN BY H. BRADLEY. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO AT AUVERS.

[1] The reproductions in this article from Daubigny's sketch-book are made by permission of Mrs. Daubigny.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

A CORNER IN DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO AT AUVERS.

sonier, Daumier the celebrated caricaturist, Steinheil the designer, Trimolet, who afterward married Daubigny's sister, and others. They had arranged to live together and mutually to help one another to succeed, keeping house in the Rue des Amandiers-Popincourt. A simple life, earnest work, and joyous recreation was their program, and Daubigny was not the least gay among them. He cheerfully accepted any work Providence might choose to send him, drawings on lithographic stone, in pen and ink, bill-heads, prospectuses, and worked, too, for some time in the atelier of restorations at the Louvre, under Granet.

All of the brotherhood gave their spare time to study, and each year, in turn, one prepared a serious work for exhibition at the expense of the rest. Daubigny had made his début in the Salon of 1838 with a "View of Notre Dame and the Isle St. Louis," and when his turn again came he wished to do something of more importance. He painted "St. Jerome in the Desert," and sent it to the Salon of 1840. The landscape of this composition is a souvenir of the mountains of Isère; amid the rugged hills, under an evening sky, St. Jerome is seen kneeling in prayer. There is a flavor of Poussin and Salvator Rosa about it, showing that Daubigny still held on to so-called classic traditions. It was at this time, his picture having been favorably received, that he thought of trying for the Prix de Rome, and with that intention entered the École des Beaux-Arts under Paul Delaroche. At the opening of the *concours* there was much hope of his getting the prize, and such probably would have been the case, had he not in his heedlessness failed to fulfil all the necessary formalities. He neglected to be present at a certain hour, going off instead to breakfast

with his friend Feuchères at Vincennes. Next day, to his chagrin, he found himself thrown out of the competition, and there was no appeal. Thus he failed to go to Rome, which seeming misfortune may have proved a blessing to the art world. He much regretted it at the time, as did Delaroche also, who said that "all might yet be repaired," and that "after this he should come to the studio without paying." The prize for landscape was given but once in four years; he soon became weary of so long a delay, and gave up the studio.

One day he went out sketching with some friends, and the real world seemed suddenly to impress him most forcibly. All the false, artificial productions of the schools seemed to vanish before the living beauties of the opening spring. Thenceforward he resolved that Nature, and she alone, should be his guide. He wished to spend all his time with her, and setting up his easel under the open sky, exploring by-paths and glens, riversides, woods, and meadows, to paint all that charmed him. But, marrying about this time, family cares and necessities engrossed much of his attention, and he was obliged to redouble his energies in order to cope with them. A less strong character would have sunk under duties that only added force to a nature so well tempered as his. Rarely a volume passed from the principal publishers of Paris that did not contain illustrations from his hand. He worked steadily both day and evening, often burning the midnight oil, and when the week's work was done he would start off in the night with his friend Geffroy-Dechaume, so that all the next day might be spent amid the delights of the open country. He went generally by preference toward Valmondois, Auvers, or Isle-Adam, on the banks of the Oise, some twenty miles or more north of Paris. It was at the first village that he spent the early years of his life, in charge of the good Mère Bazot, his old nurse, and he always retained a deep affection for the vicinity. He immortalized Mère Bazot's cottage in one of his first etchings, "The Village Wedding," where it appears among some trees to the right, and again in one of his last Salon pictures, in 1874, painted when the good old woman had long since passed away, and the master himself was nearing the end of his journey.

After his début in 1838, and the "St. Jerome" of 1840, we find him continuously represented at the Salons, excepting those of 1842–46. He often suffered from the restrictions of the Academic jury, as did his contemporaries Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and others; but he bore his reverses bravely, almost gaily, and, assuring his daily bread by constant practical work, went cheerfully on. About the year 1848 a little inheritance fell to him, and he was able to take a trip into the Dauphiné and Morvan, whence he brought back a number of interesting and delicate studies, six of which he exhibited in the Salon of 1848, and was awarded a second medal. Thus encouraged, from this period he begins to take an important position. At the Salon of 1850–51 he exhibited "The Washerwomen of the River Oullins," "The Willows," "Boat on the River Oise," and "The Vintage," all of which created a veritable sensation among artists and connoisseurs. Daubigny was now a declared master. The following year brought forth "The Har-

ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

LANDSCAPE AND RABBITS. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

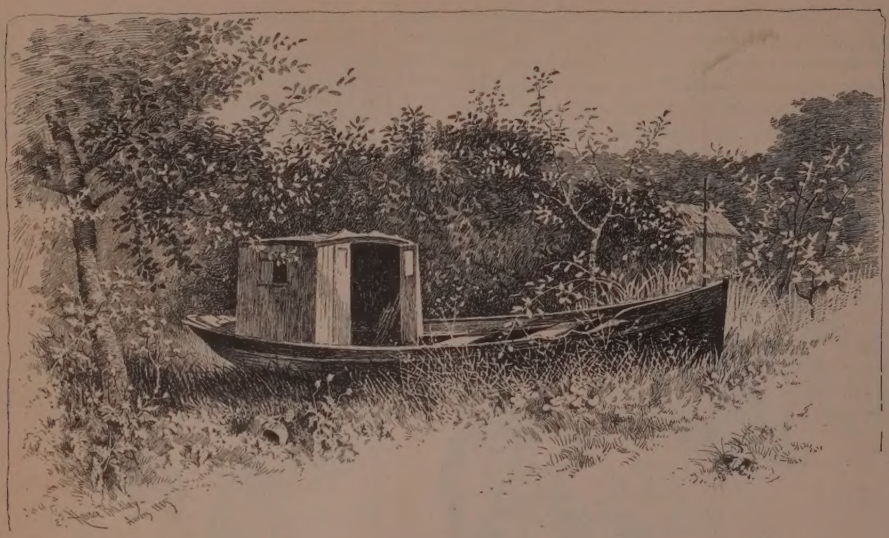
vest," which also received much applause for its vigorous composition and effect. The busy movement of harvest, the wheat-fields, the reapers, the binders, the carrying in and building of stacks, were all given with a powerful outdoor feeling and brilliant quality. Here and there the painter had increased its vigor by laying on color broadly with the palette-knife, and some critics of the day thought the drawing of details rather sacrificed to the unity of impression, which latter quality Daubigny always considered, and properly too, of primary importance. The following year "The Lake of Gylieu," "The Valley of Optevoz," and the "Entry of the Village" satisfied the most exacting, and gained their author a first-class medal. The impression produced by these works is perhaps best given in the following description by Count Clément de Ris, a critic of the time:

ENGRAVED BY M. ACASTER.

WOMEN IN THE FIELD. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

Have you not had it happen to you, in your explorations as a tourist, to see opening before you, under your very feet, a break in the ground, a little valley, calm in repose, and full of elegant and tranquil forms of discreet, harmonious colors, of shadows and softened lights, bordered by hillsides with advancing and retiring crests, and where no step seems to have troubled the poetic silence? A lake, placed there like a mirror, reflects its image, and carries on its brink sheaves of rushes, coltsfoot, reeds, water-strawberries, white and yellow lilies, among which swarm a humming world of gnats and insects. At your approach some stork occupied in arranging its plumage flies off snapping its beak; a snipe runs away piping its little cry; then all falls again into silence, and the valley, welcoming you as its guest, takes up again under your very eye its mysterious work. It is this effect, these colors and harmonies, that M. Daubigny has rendered in "The Lake of Gylieu." The limpidity of the water, the lightness and *finesse* of the sky, the freshness of the air, are indescribable. One breathes in this picture while looking at it, and there escapes I know not what intoxicating aroma of wet foliage. The truth of the second picture, "The Valley of Optevoz," is felt even more. The eye rests on every part with pleasure, and floats undecided between the sapphire of the sky and the velvet of the vegetation. One seems to smell the clover and hay, to hear the hum of the insects, and catch the sparkling of the light over the wheat-fields.

Amid the mass of work exhibited by the official masters of the day at the Universal Exposition of 1855, the pictures of Daubigny were somewhat pushed out of place, but among them was "The Sluice of Optevoz," afterward at the Luxembourg, having been bought by the Government. The jury, too, does not seem to have been very generous, awarding him only a third-class medal. "The Springtime," and "The Valley of Optevoz," exhibited in the Salon of 1857, marked the highest degree of perfection he had yet attained, and gained him a first-class medal for the second time. Any one who has seen "The Springtime," formerly in the Luxembourg and now at the Louvre, must appreciate its merit. Under a sky where the light, vaporous clouds of spring relieve themselves on delicate atmospheric azure spreads out a fresh, green landscape. The ground rises gently



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO-BOAT AT AUVERS.

to the right, covered with growing wheat-fields, while to the left an orchard in full bloom relieves its pink blossoms against a woody grove, and, higher still, against the sky. Birds sing their songs of joy from the topmost branches, and everything expresses the season when nature is budding into the fullness of new life. Near the foreground, on a path leading through the fields, comes a peasant woman seated on a donkey, while farther back two lovers are seen almost hidden by the grain. Both in sentiment and execution this picture is all that one could desire, filled with a fresh poetic beauty, vigorously and frankly expressed. In it the real and the ideal unite under the sure and delicate hand of a master, and one feels that this is great and classic art, which can well stand by the side of any works the past has given us. "The Valley of Optevoz" was also a landscape of noble qualities, and was bought by the Emperor Napoleon III. At the Salon of 1859 were seen "The Graves of Villerville" and "The Banks of the Oise," both of which had a great success, the latter picture being especially desired by connoisseurs; but it was already possessed by a M. Nadar, who afterward sold it to the museum of Bordeaux. On July 15 of the same year Daubigny was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the state favored him with two important decorative orders for the palace of the Louvre; two panels, "Deer" and "Herons," for the Department of State, and in the following year with "The Ancient Pavilion of Flora" and the "Grand Basin of the Tuileries Gardens" for the staircase of the same department.

The success of "The Banks of the Oise" caused him to reproduce the subject several times, and as a demand seemed to grow for

DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

UTENSILS USED BY DAUBIGNY ON HIS STUDIO-BOAT.

subjects of a like kind, with which his temperament was fully in sympathy, Daubigny prepared himself to satisfy it. He wished to be free from following on foot the banks of rivers, to be independent of hotels, to be on hand at sunrise and sunset, when the effects were most enchanting, and to move about stream at will. With material cares, living close to nature, he produced those marvelous studies of river life by which he is perhaps most widely known. Besides the accomplishment of much serious work, there was a gay and amusing side to these voyages, which Daubigny noted in a series of etchings in memory of the *Botin*, done first to amuse

DAUBIGNY AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO-BOAT.

this desire he went to see his friend Baillet the boat-builder at Asnières, and explained his project. "Hold!" said Baillet, "I have just what you want, a boat intended to be used for a ferry." Daubigny, who was accompanied by his son Karl, looked over the boat, which was some twenty-eight feet long, six feet beam, flat-bottomed, and drew only eighteen inches of water. Baillet agreed to complete it, so that three or six rowers could be used, and a sail at will. At the stern was to be placed a cabin in pine sufficiently large to work and sleep in, with lockers on each side to contain bedding, cooking-utensils, provisions, and artist's materials. Thus equipped, with a plentiful supply of provisions on board, and accompanied by his son Karl, other pupils, or a chance friend, Daubigny made extensive voyages on the *Botin*—for so was this curious little craft christened by an impudent rustic—along the Oise, Seine, Marne, and adjoining rivers. Here, freed from his family and friends, and afterward published. Often did the rustics at the villages where they stopped take them for gipsies, fortune-tellers, or quack-doctors; but they were not long in gaining the good will of these country-people, who had never before seen a like craft or crew. Corot was the "Grand Admiral Honoraire," but took no part in the voyages. Yet the gay old "*père*" was often present at the starting-out dinners and on the completion of a trip, when good things both in art and edibles were plentiful, and his joyous nature had full play. An intimate and familiar friend, he designed the decorations of Daubigny's studio when the latter built his country-house at Auvers, about the time that the *Botin* made her appearance. Oudinot, who was the architect, also assisted in the decoration, reproducing a lovely Italian scene, after Corot's "Maquette," along the largest side of the studio, while Daubigny and his son Karl laid in the studies at each end.

These prove how extremely decorative and poetic Corot's designs appear on a large scale. The "Villa des Vallées," as it was named, is still preserved carefully by the widows of Daubigny and his son Karl,[1] two most amiable ladies, and is a worthy monument to the spirit of the builder. Out in the garden, drawn up under the apple-trees, and overrun with grass and vines, rests the *Botin*, now serving as a sort of summer-house, and sadly recalling in its loneliness the departed masters. For several years the writer has lived near by, and one summer occupied the larger studio, thus becoming a more careful student of the genius of Daubigny. Many and famous were the guests of this hospitable house in the old days; Millet and Rousseau were among the number. One likes to think of these men, simple in habit, but great in thought and deed, meeting around a common board and discussing the burning questions of the art-world of their day.

Here, too, removed from the interruptions and feverish life of Paris, in the heart of a picturesque country to which he was bound by

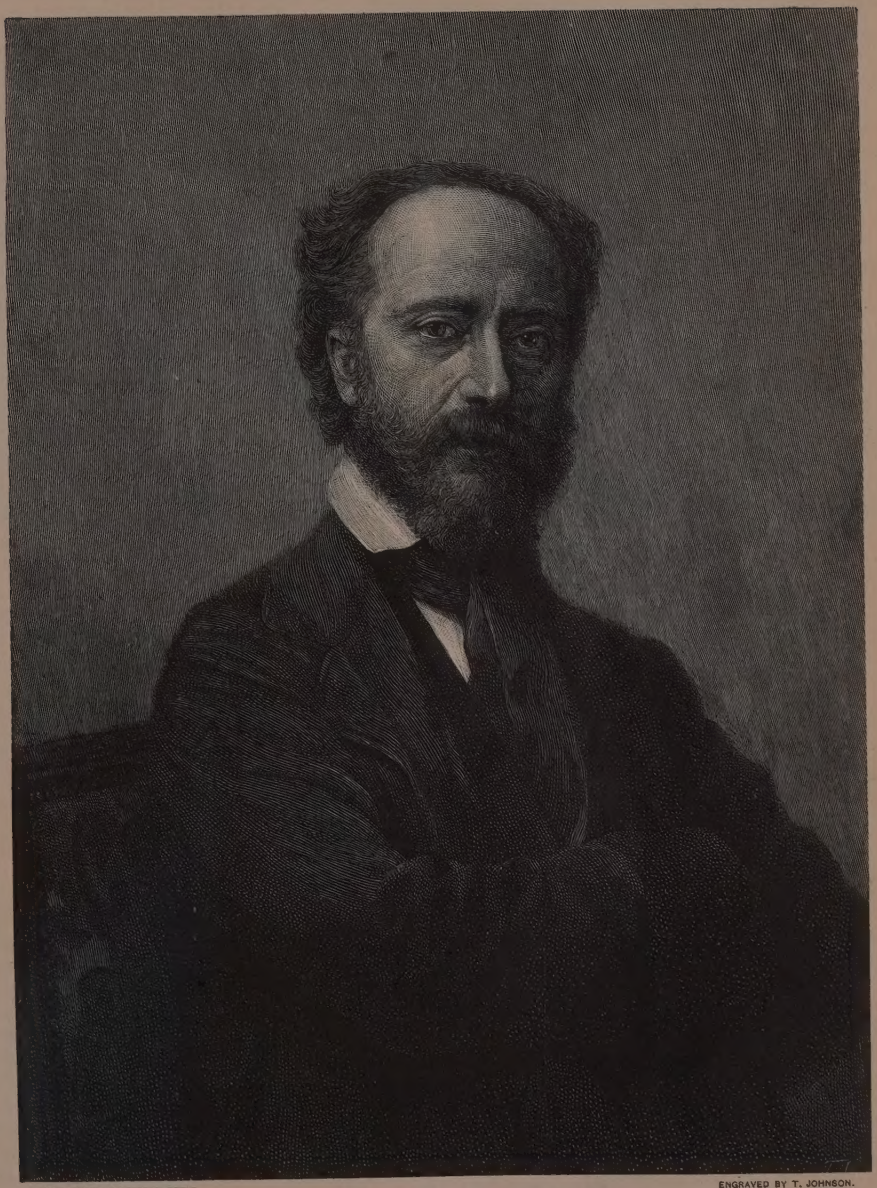
ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

A BARGE. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

associations reaching back to his infancy, Daubigny felt able to attempt the production of several works that he had for a long time meditated. Having succeeded in painting effects that would, as it were, wait to be painted, noting down living truths in the daylight and the fresh open air, he wished to record his impressions of those most beautiful but more delicate effects which last for so short a time that their realization must be the result of careful thought and patient creative labor, rather than of direct out-door interpretation. "The Sheepfold" and the "Moonrise" of the Salon of 1861 were the first examples of this new departure, and although they possessed much poetic feeling, the public, who had been used to the more vigorous interpretations of his brush, could not recognize their old favorite in the more hesitating technic consequent on a change of style. He soon regained his place in their hearts, however, by such works as "The Morning" and "The Banks of the Oise at Auvers" in the Salon of 1863, "The Château and Park of St. Cloud" in 1865, "The Banks of the Oise, near Bonneville," of 1866, "The Meadows of the Graves at Villerville" in 1870, the pictures called "Moonrise" of 1865 and 1868, and "The Pond in the Morvan" of 1869. Several of these pictures were reëxhibited at the Universal Exposition of 1867, gaining their author another first-class medal. At the Universal Exposition of Vienna, in 1873, Daubigny did much to sustain the honor of French art by such works as the "Moonrise" from the Salon of 1868, and "The Beach of Villerville at Sunset," in which both deep sentiment and great science unite. The first-named marks perhaps the highest point he ever reached in rendering the mysterious poetry of twilight, the hour when the moon takes the throne of the heavens, and tired man and beast go to their well-earned rest.

These works gained him a promotion to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor. Then came "The Fields in June," full of brilliant scarlet poppies, and "The House of Mère Bazot," his old nurse, in 1874.

[1] Charles-Pierre Daubigny, called Karl to distinguish him from his father, was born in 1846. Always at his father's side, he soon developed a taste for painting, which in the strong art-atmosphere in which he grew up was not long in becoming skill. To the Salon of 1863 he sent two landscapes done at Auvers. He was then only seventeen, but this precocious success did not prevent his continuing to study assiduously. Not wishing to follow exactly in the same line with his father, he felt that it would be best to attempt subjects where figures would have the chief interest, and, always having possessed a taste for the sea, he spent several seasons along the Brittany and Normandy coasts. "The Winnowers of Kérity-Finistère" in the Salon of 1868 gained him a medal. "The Plateau of Belle-Croix, Forest of Fontainebleau," gained him yet another, and is now owned by the museum of Bordeaux. He was then only twenty-two years old. He continued his work, constantly striving to improve, and every succeeding Salon found him in the line of progress. Fishing-life, and the rustic surroundings of Auvers, mostly occupied his brush, and he had attained an eminent position when a rapid consumption, the result of a boat accident, suddenly carried him off in 1886, at the age of forty. Several of his works were bought by the Government, and were placed in the national museums. The future would in all probability have brought him still greater successes.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE PETIT.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

DAUBIGNY, ABOUT 1865.

BY PERMISSION OF F. H. FULLER. ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

"THE CLIFFS AT VILLERVILLE."

It was at this time that the master's health began to fail. Exposure to all sorts of weather, absorbing the miasmatic vapors of morning and evening on the rivers, had no doubt told severely upon his sensitive and delicate temperament, and renewed attacks of asthmatic gout cut seriously into his painting time. He did not appear at the Salon of 1875; it was his first absence since 1848. In 1876, however, he sent "The Orchard," an immense canvas, some ten feet in length, depicting the time when apples are ripe, and are gathered under the changeful sky of breezy October. The whole effect was that of a "symphony in green," relieved here and there by the richly colored fruit, and touches of flowers among the grasses. The summer of 1876 was spent on the Normandy coast at Dieppe, and he there made a number of studies, among them a "View of Dieppe," which appeared in the Salon of 1877. With it he sent another "Moonrise," contrasting in its tender poetry with the vigor of the first-named picture, which he had completed in two sittings, one for the drawing and another for the painting. His malady gained fast upon him, however, and a hypertrophy of the heart suddenly carried him off on February 19, 1878, just as he had completed the sixty-first year of his age.

We have not spoken of his etchings and illustrations. He was one of the revivers of the former art, and the many powerful plates that he left testify to his power with the needle, both as a means of expressing new ideas, or in reproducing his best work. Whether on copper or canvas, he always treated his subject in the same broad, masterly manner, keeping the means subservient to the end pursued, and no artist has left work showing wider range or versatility. His works record the beauty of his own country, for while he visited Italy in his youth, England in 1866 and 1870, Spain in company with Henri Regnault in 1868, and Holland, which he describes "as blond as the women of Rubens," in 1871, he does not seem to have found in these places the inspiration for his greatest pictures.

In appearance he was of medium height, his complexion inclining toward olive, with dark hair and eyes, a strongly set head and forehead, well filled in its reflective and perceptive portions, and of an open, sympathetic expression, indicating much *bonhomie*, and at the same time great penetration and power to discriminate. In manner he was genial, modest, and entirely without assumption, giving his counsels more as a comrade than as a master; his advice having weight from its intrinsic worth, rather than from any manner of imparting it. His whole nature was childlike in its impulsive directness. He never kept systematic account of his works or progress: it was his to do the work; others might reckon up and classify. His methods were extremely simple. He usually prepared his own canvases, and continued this practice long after a world-wide reputation would make it appear

to be anything but an economical use of his time. He would begin a picture by sketching in a few broad traits with charcoal or brush, and then lay in his masses freely, keeping the colors from the start clear, rich, and pure. The palette-knife played an important part in covering large surfaces, which he afterward worked into form and detail with the brush. For smaller pictures and his river studies he preferred panels of oak and mahogany, first coated with a priming of neutral gray. He was one of the first painters to begin and complete large canvases out of doors. He would fasten them in place with stout stakes, working with fury when the effect was propitious, often leaving them in the open fields during the intervals to the mercy of wind, weather, cows, and small boys. The truths he sought were of far more vital importance than surface polish, and this direct outdoor work, guided by his artist's instinct, gave to his pictures great freshness of execution, as well as an added interest from the point of view of composition and sentiment.

He painted as freely as a bird sings. His joyous, emotional temperament rarely looked at life and art with the deep melancholy view of Millet. Perhaps we find more of the joy of springtime in his earlier works, and later on come the "moonrises" and "twilights," when life's cares had awakened in his heart a deeper sympathy with the tender mysteries of eve and night. He never philosophized much about art or reduced his ideas to literary form. A lack of early education had left him ignorant of books in general, and his work gave him but little time to study them afterward, had he so desired. This, however, may have made him more purely a painter, thinking always in form and color, free from any foreign preoccupation whatever, content to express the joy he felt in nature just as he received it. "What does it matter?" he would say. "There are always people who are paid to know all one has need of, without counting the dictionaries." And so he did not stop painting to read. Particularly did he enjoy the society of his chosen comrades, and no social pleasure could compare with a quiet evening at home, or with friends, discussing art. He loved his house and home, and was his children's best playmate. Seldom was the table without guests, and here his kindly humor made every one feel happy. Whether at the Emperor's reception or in a laborer's cottage, a like politeness was extended to all, and the peasants of Auvers remember him with respect and affection. They might not fully have understood his pictures or their importance to the art-world, but they felt his fine personality and genuine interest in their life and work. When he was painting "The Island of the Valleys at Auvers," just after having concluded the purchase of the property on which he built his studio, he amused himself by telling them, "This picture is to pay for my house," and it was sold for thirty-five thousand francs. If a French peasant understands anything it is the value of a sou, and this immense amount to the rustic minds gave them forever afterward great respect for painters and painting.

"Ah," said to me Ferdinand Guilpin, his old gardener, "he was a good, kind man, M. Daubigny; the goodness of such people cannot be told. And M. Corot, too, he used to put on his blouse, light his pipe, and sit down to paint in the middle of the road like any workman. He had a merry word for all who passed, and was a rare good fellow. Those were the times when 'les vallées' were full of life. Monsieur Daubigny would go off on the plain in the early morning, work an hour or two, and then start for the river. Sometimes he would come to draw my donkey, or have some rabbits let loose in the kitchen here to sketch from. I always attended to his garden, in which he was very much interested, and it was a great loss to me when he died. Such times will never come again." Then *Mère* Sophie, his good wife, chimed in: "And don't I remember how we took the Prussians in here during the war to keep them from spoiling M. Daubigny's house. I had the keys, and knew he would not like the place being ransacked, so I stowed them all away here. It was only for a few days, but when monsieur came he made me a very handsome present; and M. Karl, poor child, who was in the National Guard during the siege of Paris, when at last he was dismissed from service, ran straight across the country here, in the night, without stopping. I was out in the yard in the early morning, and when he arrived he called out, '*Jardinière, jardinière*, some milk, give me some milk!' He was terribly thin and worn, and I thought he would never stop drinking. Then he went into the house, threw himself on a bed just as he was, and slept for twenty-four hours."

And so the old folks, seated at each side of the big open fireplace on a Sunday afternoon, when Ferdinand has lighted his pipe after having shaved, will gossip on, lingering with regret over the eventful days of the past.

Daubigny never hesitated if his impulses carried him toward new experiments. He boldly undertook them, regardless of profit or loss. When death came it found him still occupied with new problems, and several large unfinished canvases make one regret that the master's hand should have been stayed so soon. But as he himself said, "One is never reasonable; like La Fontaine's wood-cutter, we never wish to be making the last fagot." In his frank, extemporaneous way of working he seemed to

BY PERMISSION OF F. L. AMES.

ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

"THE SETTING SUN."

have set himself free from all schools and influences, yet the early lessons learned from Poussin, Ruysdael, Claude Lorrain, and during his visit to Italy, always remained with him, and gave an elevation and largeness to his own fine, innate sense of composition. Perhaps no landscapist ever enjoyed the velvety richness of vegetation more than he, and he never failed to carry his greens up to the key of nature. A less refined painter would have gone beyond, into crudity; but while attempting the greatest possible brilliancy, he always stopped at the right place. Nature, seen through his eye, was never crude; and after all, is it not the eye that determines all differences of quality in painting? There is no absolute truth; we each see and do as our organization permits, and a universal standard of judgment decides what is best.

Daubigny brought into landscape-art greater freshness and spontaneity than had yet been seen, and his work first seizes you by its force, and then charms you. As poems of nature thrown off in the heat of passion and feeling, so his works affect you, and continue to do so the more they are studied. "He painted better than he knew" when with palette-knife and brush he dashed in effects instantaneously, and one wonders how so much can be expressed by such slight means. He was among the first "impressionists," and "realism" was one of his mottos, but how different his art from that too often called by these names to-day. It was not the coarse materiality, the surface qualities, and the bare optical effect alone that he sought to render. He penetrated deeper, and the surface was always the outgrowth and expression of a spiritual center. The thing and the thought, the spirit and the matter, were equally balanced, and never did he put a touch of color to canvas that had not first passed, no matter how rapidly, through his own spiritual self. His interpretation of nature was direct, and he sought to obtain scientific truth; but art, too, for him was expression, never mere reasonless imitation alone. A presiding intelligence, and still farther back an impulse of soul, directed the production of all his works. He found his ideal in the real, and set to work to record it. Thus each work was the result of a fresh emotion, expressed in its own way; and if you see fifty pictures by Daubigny you will find each different in conception, color, and execution, as the motive itself differs. The great amount of illustrating done in his earlier days had much humanized his art, and he dropped in figures and animals here and there most happily, not always drawn with academic precision, but full of life and movement, taking their proper place in the effect of the whole. There are drawings by him that show he could refine as well as any when he chose; but he valued life and movement more than photographic precision, and these he always obtained. There was a rude vigor in his technic, tempered by great delicacy in the perception of tones and tints, that adds interest by its very antithesis. He did not reach results by feeling after them so much as by grasping his subject firmly and by painting it at once. His entire freedom from false pride and personal vanity is vividly shown in the following anecdotes:

"Come," said he one day to a friend, "I am going to paint the *Botin*." The friend followed to see the production, as he thought, of another masterly sketch, and was much surprised, on arriving at the river, to see Daubigny arm himself with brush and paint-pot and lay in vigorously on the side of his beloved boat. It had not occurred to him, with his usual habit of self-help, that the village house-painter's time would be less valuable. At another time, in July, 1874, just after his promotion to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor, he had come up to Paris to pay the usual visit to the Minister of Fine Arts. Returning to his home on the Boulevard Clichy, in full dress of black with white necktie, he was met by Vollon, who demanded:

"What are you doing here, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade?"

"A duty visit; but I am off again to-morrow," replied Daubigny.

"Then you are alone?"

"Yes."

"Come to dinner at my house."

"Willingly," and arm in arm they walked over to Vollon's.

"But, now I come to think of it," said Vollon, "my wife is also in the country, so we must turn housekeepers, and prepare our dinner."

Off they went to the baker's, grocer's, wine-merchant's, and roasting-shop, soon reappearing, Daubigny with a loaf of bread under one arm, a bottle of wine under the other, and with papers of pepper and salt sticking out of each pocket, while Vollon, with a view to saving the new officer's broadcloth, took charge of the turkey and other fatty purchases.

Some extracts from letters to his friend Henriet also give clear glimpses of the inner man. In 1860 he writes:

I have bought at Auvers thirty perches of land, all covered with beans, on which I shall plant some legs of mutton when you come to see me. They are building me a studio there, some eight by six meters, with several rooms around it, which will serve me, I hope, next spring. The *Père* Corot has found Auvers very fine, and has engaged me to fix myself there for a part of the year, wishing to make rustic landscapes with figures. I shall be truly well off there, in the midst of a good little farming country, where the ploughs do not yet go by steam.

BY PERMISSION OF HON. G. A. DRUMMOND.

ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

"A FLOCK OF SHEEP."

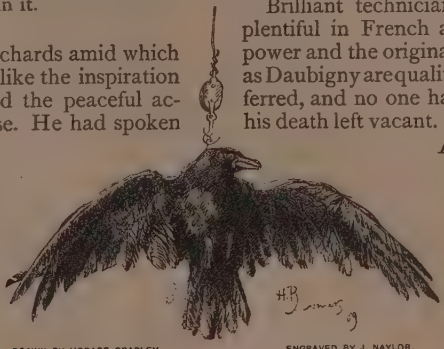
Again, in 1872, he writes after his return from a visit to Cauterets, taken in the interest of his health.

I was not able to work in the several excursions and ascensions made in the neighborhood, where it was very beautiful. One is so surprised by these grand aspects that it would be necessary to remain a long time before finding the interpretation capable of rendering them. I am going to finish the season at Auvers. There is nothing like one's natural every-day surroundings where one really takes pleasure. The pictures we do then feel the effect of our home-life, and the sweet sensations we experience in it.

Thus the fields and orchards amid which he opened his life were alike the inspiration of his noblest works, and the peaceful accompaniments of its close. He had spoken of being laid away at Auvers, but it was especially desired that he should go to Père-la-Chaise. The services were held at the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, February 21, 1878, amid a large following of his friends, pupils, and admirers. Geffroy-Dechaume, Steinheil, Lavieille, and Vollon were pall-bearers. In finishing his discourse at the cemetery, the Marquis de Chennevières, Director of Fine Arts, said, after referring to Daubigny's forerunners: "Of those whom I have named, Daubigny came the last, but was neither the least convinced, the least in love with nature, nor the least sincere."

Brilliant technicians have been and are plentiful in French art, but the intellectual power and the original force of such a painter as Daubigny are qualities that cannot be transferred, and no one has since filled the place his death left vacant.

Robert J. Wickenden.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY. ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

RAVEN WHICH HUNG IN DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO.

OUTBOUND.

A LONELY sail in the vast sea-room,
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer,

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

Bliss Carman.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XIX.

T. CLAIR'S tea was postponed, and as the weeks ran by I often saw Miss Leigh at Mrs. Vincent's, and now and then at her own house. No more was said by me as to her plans. I less and less liked the subject, and when she approached it I merely put the matter aside, saying that it was too late to consider it this year because the college courses were half over, and would she let it rest for a time? But at last Mrs. Leigh, who was irrepressible, urged me to speak again to her daughter, and, seeing that it was as well to make an end of it, I put her off until I could talk once more with Mrs. Vincent.

I learned, of course, that Miss Leigh's plan for a fresh departure in life had become widely known through her mother's freedom of talk, and I did what I could to contradict the gossip. Yet, somehow, the thing haunted me. I seemed to see this handsome, high-minded girl with her exquisite neatness and delicacies of sentiment and manner amidst the scenes and work which belong to the life of the student of medicine. And was I not also a man essentially refined and sensitive? Had it hurt me? I knew it had not. But it is terribly true that a man may do and be that which is for him inconsistent with his ideal of the highest type of womanhood. He may puzzle himself mad with the logic of the thing, and be beaten utterly by its poetry.

At last I found leisure to see Mrs. Vincent. "Do not forget St. Clair's tea," she said; "and come early. It will be amusing. I really made him do it. And the Leighs. Mrs. Leigh told me of your talk. Do you like her?"

"Yes and no. May I speak? She did seem to me hard and—"

"Oh, only in talk. If one has any real trouble, she is angelic. She likes you. But, then, she likes success, as I do. Yes, strange as it may seem to you, she would make an admirable mother-in-law."

"I should be pitiful of the man," said I.

"No. If he were morally weak she would rule him for his good, because in all worldly ways, and in business matters, no one is more shrewd; and if he were a man of eminence and force, she would give up once for all. She has no real fight in her, none at all."

I smiled.

"Oh, you may laugh."

"I only smiled."

"Yes, I know." And she set her large eyes on me watchfully. "Now, suppose by any chance our friend St. Clair were to lose his heart to my friend Miss Alice?"

"Impossible."

"Not at all. He comes here every day to talk about her. Now, with Alice's good sense and efficiency, and her mother's—"

"Pardon me, what?"

"Oh, her mother's desire to settle Alice, and then Alice's fortune. Now do you not see how very wise a thing it would be?"

"Are you jesting?" I said seriously.

"I? Not at all. I lent Alice his last book, and she is delighted with it. Yesterday she quoted the whole of that poem of his about the storm. If he could only hear her recite it, I—I fancy he would propose on the spot."

"May I be there to see!"

"And he is so handsome," she returned.

"The dear fellow would make any woman hopelessly wretched in a year. If I were you (if you are in earnest, which I doubt a little), I would meddle no more with this matter. I never thought you less reasonable."

"And I think I have annoyed you. Why, I cannot quite see. Am I forgiven?"

"What is there to forgive? Let us talk about the doctor matter. I told her what I thought."

"All?"

"No; not all. There are things one cannot discuss fully. But I said I did not believe it was best either for the sick or for society for women to be doctors; that, personally, women lose something of the natural charm of their sex in giving themselves either to this or to the other avocations until now in sole possession of man."

"And I am to think that you mean what you have last said?"

"Yes; most honestly."

"My own mind is hardly clear about it. At all events, it would not trouble Alice Leigh. At least, I don't think it would."

"No; nor any other woman, nor any woman doctor. They fail to realize what they have lost. The man who is sensitive to womanly ways sees it. It is worse than nursing the sick, for even nursing makes some women hard. Were you with us when we discussed the influence of avocations upon men? Their effect upon women is yet to be written."

"I think Alice will study medicine. What men think of her will in no way disturb her. What the one man thinks, or will think, may be quite another thing. I believe I could stop her short by showing her some duty as imperative. And you laughed at me, too. But women have, over and over, given their lives, and lovingly too, to reclaim a sot. Why were it not a better task to keep straight a man of genius like St. Clair? If you fail to convince her—"

"Fail! I do not mean to try. Who cares whether one pretty woman more or less studies medicine? I talked to her and to her mother because you desired it, but, really, it is of no great moment."

Mrs. Vincent was playing with a paper-knife. Now she put it down with a certain resoluteness in the small action, and returned: "Of course; that is all true, and let us drop it. What is Alice to me or to you."

There was a false ring in her phrase, and I said, "You do not mean that."

"Nor you what you said just now. I don't understand you, and we are both a trifle annoyed, and that is the reason why you must go away. And remember to be early at Mr. St. Clair's; we must make it a success."

"And the Leighs?"

"They will come; and now go and repent of your having been cross to Fred Vincent's wife."

I looked at her reproachfully.

"Oh, but you were, and you would have liked to be still more unpleasant. Good-by."

At this I did go, and, passing a florist's shop, repented in the form of a basket of lilies to my friend, and ordered a bushel of cut roses to be sent to St. Clair's on the Tuesday after.

XX.

It was a brilliant snow-clad day near to the dusk of early twilight as I met Mrs. Vincent at the door of the studio, a little before the hour set for St. Clair's tea.

"The lilies were enough," she said; "but never, never be so bad to me again."

"Never. I promise." And we went in.

St. Clair had opened his stores of Eastern stuffs, and all the dingy chairs and lounges, the camp-stools and benches, in the molding-room were covered with brocades, priests' robes, and superb Moorish rugs and embroideries. Two of the statues, now finished in marble, were uncovered, but not that of the Roman lady striking with the *cestus*. Around this St. Clair had wrapped a vast sheet of worn purple silk heavy with gold fleurs-de-lis. I knew that he was proud of this work, and I wondered a little why it was hidden, but checked myself as I was about to speak. Whether Mrs. Vincent noticed it I did not know. Few things escaped her, but she too said nothing.

"Well," exclaimed St. Clair, "do you like it all? Is n't it pretty? And these flowers? Who sent them? And what shall we do with them?"

"That is easy," cried Mrs. Vincent, and began to throw them on to the white marble bases of the statues, and upon the chairs, and around the tent of heavy crimson stuffs, within which St. Clair's athletic figure of Saul leaned in profound dejection against the tent-pole. On the inner walls of the tent, which filled all the end of the studio, were Eastern weapons and spears, swords and shields, of which he had a curious collection. When we had finished, St. Clair drew the folds of the tent together, and Clayborne and Vincent presently came in.

"And you really have come," said St. Clair.

"I?" said Clayborne. "Tea unlimited, and Mrs. Vincent? Of course I came."

"Why did you not uncover the Roman lady?" I said, in an aside to the sculptor.

"I do not know. I did not."

"It is not the nude that troubled you?"

"Oh, no! We come to be utterly indifferent as to that even in the living, and wonder at the feelings of others about it."

"Then why was it?"

"Would you uncover it? You may."

"No."

"And why not?"

"I do not know."

Then his guests began to drop in, men and women, society folks, for every one liked him, and no one took his social failings very seriously. There were half a dozen artists too, and by and by, to my amusement, Mrs. Leigh and her daughter. What Mrs. Vincent had said to the elder woman I never knew, but she was exceeding affable to her host. She put up her eye-glasses, and with a glance at St. Clair, who was faultlessly dressed, began to admire everything and to be largely gracious to everybody. As to St. Clair, he was at his best. His Huguenot blood had long since lost the gravity it brought out of persecution, and there were only the French grace and ease along with the individualized charm which made him always a delightful companion.

Vincent and I, of course, did our best, and a happy company wandered about and appropriated the roses, drank St. Clair's Russian tea

and Turkish coffee out of tiny cups, and chattered around the statues, or recognized medallions of familiar faces.

Mrs. Leigh soon fell to my share. "Show me the things," she said. "I had no idea of Mr. St. Clair's force as a sculptor, and yet I remember De Visne in Paris spoke of him with great respect, oh, even with enthusiasm. And what lovely stuffs! Is n't he rich?"

I glanced at the woman. "No; he is as wasteful as a boy. He could easily make money. He does not care to."

"What a pity. He needs some strong, sensible woman."

It appeared to me that I had heard this before.

"He is not made for Benedict, the married man." Then I repented. "It might depend upon the woman. He is a dear old fellow, and amiable past belief."

"I have great faith in the capacity of women to manage men." This, too, did not sound home-made, and as I soon learned, Mrs. Leigh liked to repeat phrases which pleased her. "And now," she said, "a chair, and a cup of tea, and some time pray talk again to Alice about that fad of hers. An old doctor has so much influence; not that you are so very old either, but, you see, as your cousin I can take liberties. Thanks. Where does the man get his tea? I must ask him."

Presently I got away, and found Miss Leigh talking with Clayborne. She was saying, "I have just finished your book on the 'Influence of the Moor on European Civilization.' We were in Spain two years ago, and now I wish I had read it earlier."

"And you liked it?" inquired Clayborne.

"Liked it? I liked it very much. I envied you the power to do it, the pleasure of the search, the joy there must be in such a review of historic or heroic lives. You must have learned Arabic and Spanish."

"Yes; that was easy enough. But I ought to tell you that my friend North says my defect is that I am not a worshiper of heroes."

"No; I saw that sometimes you were cold, when I wanted you to be warm. And Dr. North — I should scarcely take him for a worshiper of heroes. You might improve under criticism," she added, smiling.

"I will remember next time," he said with rare graciousness.

At this moment a woman asked him some absurd question about the statue beside us. I took advantage of it to call Miss Leigh's attention to a piece of embroidery, and began to wander with her to and fro.

"Tell me something," she said, "about the statues. These Greeks. What a poem the group is!"

"Yes. A Western city has ordered it for a memorial of the dead it lost in the war."

She looked at the group in silence, and said presently, "Did you know my elder brother, the one who fell at Antietam?"

"Yes; I knew him well. I may say he was of earth's best."

She made no answer. Her eyes were full; her face flushed. I said nothing, but moved quietly away to a corner as if to show her some rugs from Fez, and talked volubly until, looking up, she said, "Thank you. And now the statues. What is the one covered up?"

"It is a Roman lady. St. Clair does not uncover it."

"Why?"

"He is not pleased with it."

"But I might be. I shall ask him. Here he comes."

"No; do not. It is disagreeable."

"But I want to see it," she continued.

"You will not, must not. Pardon me."

"Must not?" And she looked at me steadily a moment. Then she turned to St. Clair. I was annoyed. I did not want her to see the sensual, cruel abandonment of the woman to the brute man's pose.

"What is your covered statue?" she said.

"A woman aping a man. A woman gladiator."

"And Dr. North does not like women to imitate men. If I want to see it, will you not show it?"

"And why not?" cried St. Clair, gaily.

"I am satisfied," she said. "I do not want to see it," and then to me, aside, "Was I very wicked?"

"No; I did not think you would persist. Be satisfied with your victory."

"I am. Be generous, and never remind me of my weakness."

"It was strength, not weakness."

"I am half sorry already. Would you have thought worse of me if I had persisted?"

"Yes."

"You are very frank."

"And you do not like that? If you had been my — my sister, I should have been annoyed with St. Clair and much more imperative."

"You have no sister?"

"No; I am alone in the world. Come, I shall reward you. Ask St. Clair to open the tent."

"And your lordship permits that?"

"Please don't, Miss Leigh."

She regarded me with a briefly attentive glance, but said no more until we were beside the sculptor.

"I should like to see your tent," she said.

"You can ask me nothing I shall not be

glad to do," he returned. So saying, he cast back the tent-folds, as the crowd of laughing girls fell away a little.

"It is 'Saul in his Tent,' in his madness," I said.

"But, good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Primrose, "it 's a Jew!"

"And was he not a Jew?" said Miss Leigh.

"Oh, but in art! A Jew, you know. Why, the painters don't dare to make Christ a Jew."

"But they should," said Alice Leigh. "A Prince of the House of Judah. And this face is typical. And a king too. One misses 'the ruby courageous of heart.' If some one would only read us Saul."

We went on talking, not missing St. Clair.

"Hush!" said Miss Primrose, "what is that? Oh, how too delicious a surprise!" For now we heard the sound of strange music, and St. Clair came from behind the tent in sandals and a white burnoose. Whether it was prearranged or not I do not know, as he always declined to tell. But here was the boy David, with a small, curious harp, his face all aglow under the curling brown hair. The crowd fell back surprised, and St. Clair dropped on one knee, and began to recite, or rather to chant, "Saul," with now and then a strange accompaniment from the instrument. The effect of the eager and strong young face matched well the intensity of dramatic power that he threw into the lines of that wonderful poem. As he ended, there was silence, and then he cried out merrily to Miss Leigh: "Was n't it absurd? I was miles in the desert already," and the applause was loud and long. As he spoke, I watched Miss Leigh. She regarded him with an intense interest, her face flushing. A few minutes after it was over he came back to us in his own garb.

"How good it was that you liked it," he said to Miss Leigh.

"And did I? How do you know?"

"I felt it. I saw. If you had not, I could not have done it. You could always make me do things well."

"Indeed. You do me honor. You have made me know that old friend better. But I see mama is signaling. I must go. We dine out, and never shall I venture on an afternoon tea again. It would spoil a perfect memory. Good-by."

I stood an instant as if studying the "Saul." What annoyed me? Every one went away laughing and joyous. I heard Mrs. Leigh praising it all to St. Clair. And then I went too.

XXI.

I SAW the Leighs now and then, and heard from St. Clair that he was making a bas-relief of Miss Alice. This he told me at the Vincents', where were the Leighs and Miss Primrose, whom I took in to dinner, and who was, as Vincent confided to me, the final young person selected for me by Mrs. Vincent.

"Is n't she charming?" said my hostess in a quiet aside. Her dinner was prospering, and she now found time to turn to me. "I knew you would like her."

"Like!" I said. "She is adorable. The prettiest girl I know, and so intelligent, and so — well, so full of tact." I saw in Mrs. Vincent's eyes signs of distressed failure.

"Fred has been talking. I never have a fair chance, and you are getting old, too."

"Will she be like 'the rath primrose,' etc., think you? Oh, well, I will try again, but just now De Witt is coaching her about pigeon-shooting."

"Look at St. Clair and my dear Alice. Was there ever a more charming couple? Between us, now — do not you think — really —"

"I?" I ejaculated. "Do you sincerely want to marry her to that dear fellow? And you who care for both, and know him."

"You are possessed, I think, about our poet. He wants just such a person to make him as staid as — well, as you, and I really cannot see why you are called upon to interfere."

"Dear Mrs. Vincent, did I say I would interfere? And how could I? And what is she to me? A mere acquaintance, and he my friend."

"Very true; but you can be so irritating sometimes. I fancy Mrs. Leigh is quite hurt that you have not been near them for so long. She says Alice talks less of the doctor business; but then St. Clair gives her little leisure. What between sittings, and visits, and dinners, the man has become madly delighted with society, and dance — I thought they would never stop at the last assembly."

It was all true. I rarely saw St. Clair. I asked him one day if he were writing. He said no, he was *living* poetry. After dinner I declined Vincent's cigar, and went up to join the women. I made my peace with Mrs. Leigh very easily.

"Ah," she said, "dear Alice is quite tranquil nowadays; and by the way, Doctor, we are of kin, you know, and I may ask you, entirely in confidence, — you won't consider it a liberty, — what kind of person is Mr. St. Clair? Of course he is a genius, and wears strange clothes, but not always; and occasionally does surprise one."

"He is my friend."

"Oh, of course, and that is why I ask. You see, I am alone, and have to be father and mother, and it is always well to look ahead. It may come to nothing. Are his habits good?"

"Really," I said, "you must ask some one else."

"Oh, then, you mean he is n't a man you can talk about."

"I could talk about him all night. He is to me as a brother. Ah, Mrs. Vincent," I added — "No; no coffee," and, rising, gave her my seat. "Ask Mrs. Vincent," I said, and strolled to the corner where Miss Leigh was looking over some prints.

"You are a stranger of late," she said. "And all that pleasant friendliness we began with — alas! it is squandered, as they say in the South."

"I am a busy man," I said, "and Mrs. Vincent tells me you are as busy a woman." And then, feeling cross and vicious, I added: "And what has become of those grave views of life? Is it still so unsatisfying?"

She regarded me with a trace of surprised curiosity, and then said: "No; I am as I was, and some day you will let me tell you my side. I listened pretty patiently to yours. I suppose that you men who live amidst life's most serious troubles get a little — well, stolid as to so small a thing as how a woman of your society, a mere girl, is disturbed about her days, and what to make of life, or whether just to let it alone and drift."

"And is not happiness everything, and are not you happy now?"

"Happy? That is my temperament; and what has that to do with it?"

"Indeed," I said, "I do not know."

"Then why talk so?" she added almost sharply. "I do not understand you. You seemed so fair, and now —"

"How comes on the rilievo?" I said, abruptly turning the talk.

"Oh, well enough."

"And my friend, St. Clair; is he not charming?"

"I do not know. The phrase is rather strong. He is interesting. I like him. You should have seen his face when I told him I meant to be a doctor. He looked at me a moment, and then said, Good heavens! and would I cut my hair short, and might he send for me if he were ill, and would I be expensive as a medical attendant? He was certainly very amusing, but it takes two to make a joke as well as a quarrel, and I do not like to be laughed at by a man who — " and she paused.

"Well," I said, "who —"

"In some ways I am more of a man than he. He is undecided, easily led, and expects every one to indulge him."

"I assure you that a more delightful friend no one could have."

"Friend? Yes, certainly."

I looked at her. A little flush like a faint, rosy sunset cloud was slowly moving over her cheek. A signal of something. Was it doubt, or annoyance, or what? I began to feel a renewed interest in the woman before me. It faded when I ceased to see her. It grew up again when we met and talked. As the idea crossed my mind that Mrs. Vincent's schemes might this time be successful I had a sense of discomfort which I did not stay to analyze, but said at once:

"Are there not men who are incomplete without women? I most honestly think that some noble-minded woman could be the complement of this man's nature. She should be one fixed as to character, resolute, tender, and absolutely conscientious. If she were beautiful, and — well, if she loved him, he would be at his best always. It would be not the poor task of saving a worthless man, but the nobler one of helping one well worth the helping."

"Ah," she laughed:

> "If he be not in word and deed
> A king of nature's highest creed,
> To be the chancellor of his soul
> Were any but a happy rôle.

Some women love and learn. Some learn and, learning, love. It seems to me hard to understand how a woman could with knowledge aforethought undertake such a task. Would you?"

"Oh, I am not a woman."

"Well, it is a pretty problem. Imagine yourself that woman."

"I cannot. But men and women may marry with clear ideas of the imperfections of the being they marry, believing that to love all things are possible."

"I see. But though one might love a man with a bad temper, or morose, or despotic, one might with more doubt face the qualities which come out of lower forms of moral weakness. But how serious we are. Why not invite Susan Primrose to the post of conscience-bearer. Ah, here come the men you deserted."

St. Clair joined us, and presently I took my departure.

Mrs. Vincent detained me a moment. "Really," she said in an undertone, "I think our friend is — well, and my gentle Alice — you laughed at me about it at dinner, but now it is serious, I think, and how nice it would be. If Mrs. Leigh speaks to you, do be careful."

"She has spoken," I said.

"And of course I know what you must have said."

"Said! I referred her to you."

"Ah, indeed! She must think that odd."

"I do not see why," I answered shortly. "But I am rather tired of the subject. I must go. Good night."

"One moment," she said. "I seem to have annoyed you; I certainly do not want to do so. I am unlucky of late. I can see no reason why

you should object to being asked questions as to your friend by Mrs. Leigh. It is plain to us all that St. Clair is in love with Miss Leigh, and what more natural than her mother's desire to know something definite as to the man."

"And how can I tell her that St. Clair, with all his fine qualities, is unfit to be a husband?"

"Then why shift the responsibility of an answer upon me?"

"Because you think otherwise. I shall tell him exactly what passed."

"Perhaps that is best. It may really be of use to him. His character—"

"Oh, confound his character! I beg pardon, I did not mean that; I was rude. I must speak out frankly to Mrs. Leigh, or not speak at all, and I prefer the latter course. I would rather not discuss it further."

"Well, as you please. Good night. You are very cross and most unreasonable."

XXII.

I HAD never before been so vexed with Mrs. Vincent. She was apt to meddle gently with the affairs of other folks's hearts, and sometimes to retreat bewildered or dismayed at the consequences. Moreover, she was subject to acute attacks of social remorse, and suffered out of all proportion to the greatness of the crime. I must say that I am not an easy quarreler. I am troubled deeply by a cold phrase, or a hasty word, and lie awake repentant upon the rack of self-examination. Therefore it was that our two notes of self-accusation and apology crossed each other next day.

She said:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I was persistent, and perhaps — yes, I was unreasonable last night. I mean unreasonably persistent. And it may be that I am quite wrong. Fred says I am, which will perhaps comfort you. For although I hate to be wrong, I hate more to be told I am, even by Fred. I do not understand you, but that does not make me grieve less at having annoyed or hurt you. As to Alice and St. Clair, I shall never say another word, and if I were not afraid of a pledge, I would vow never to be kind to man or woman again — unless the man is the friend to whom now I excuse myself. And if it only were you.

ANNE VINCENT.

There was also a package, which was a first edition of "The Urn Burial," and inside was written "I am so sorry. 12.30 P. M. A. V."

And as for me, I had written: "I was rude last night. Pardon me."

Then, the day being Sunday, I sulked over my misdeeds, and went to see St. Clair. I found him idling in his studio before the bas-relief of Miss Leigh's head.

"Oh, come in," he said. "Jolly cold, clear day, is n't it? Had two hours on the ice at six this morning. Is n't this a success?"

It was, and I said so shortly.

"What 's the matter?" he queried of a sudden. "You look as you do when I have been in mischief. By all the gods, I have been a good boy of late. I gave Clayborne money to invest for me last week. I have n't been to a beer-garden for days. I have even paid my dinner-calls, idiotic custom. What is it?"

"Nothing. I have to say something unpleasant."

"Then get it over. I loathe suspense, as the fellow said when he was about to be hanged."

"Mrs. Leigh has asked me to give her some idea of your character. Oh, confound it! how stiff that sounds. She thinks, as we all do, that you are in love with Miss Alice, and, like a straightforward mama, says, 'Is this a good man? Will he be the husband she ought to have?'"

"Well, old man, what then?"

"Oh, simply this: Do you want to marry Miss Leigh? If so, I must go on. If not, you are doing her a wrong, and I need say no more than that."

"Is n't she noble-looking?" he replied. "Just look at that head; the color of the hair; the tranquil kindliness of the face; and the proud prettiness of the neck."

"Do you love her?" I said abruptly.

"Oh, how do I know?"

"Are you really a child, St. Clair? Yes or no. How is it with you?"

Then I looked from him steadily at the medallion. I could not tell why it so touched me, but, as I looked, my eyes filled. I was puzzled at my own causeless emotion. Meanwhile, for this brief moment, he was silent, and then his face, as I turned to it, took on a look I well knew of peculiar sweetness as he said gently, "Would you like me to love her?"

"No," I said.

"And why not?" he went on, touching the clay here and there.

"Because you would make a bad husband. You would in a year break her heart. You would not want to. She is a woman resolute, proud, and firm as to her beliefs, and the duties to which they bind her. You have no creed. You are amoral, not immoral. You would hurt her all the time, and at last lose her love and — and —"

"Her respect. Do I lose yours sometimes? Yes, I know I do; and you mean that you can fail to respect me and yet cherish my friendship, but that with her love must go with respect. Is that it?"

"Yes," I said, astonished.

"And you could not, would not, tell her

mother all this, and you came to say so to me?"

"That is it."

"Am I a bad boy?"

"Oh, don't," I said. "It all hurts me. I see trouble ahead."

"And you like her. She is your friend, and so am I. I would have been a weak fool under like circumstances, and praised you through thick and thin, right or wrong. Pretty head, is n't it? Would you like a copy of it? I 'll send you one."

"My dear St. Clair, what are you talking about? How can you trifle so? How do you suppose she would like that, or Mrs. Leigh?"

"Hang Mrs. Leigh."

"With all my heart; but let us have no nonsense about this matter—I mean, as to this head. As to the rest, I have done my duty as to a friend. Go on, or stop. It does not concern me. I am free of responsibility." I was vexed with his indecision, and dissatisfied with the rôle I was playing.

"And what do you advise? Now, really."

"How childish you are, St. Clair." I shrank from saying: "Give her up. You are unfit for her. Women do not resist you. You were made to please for the hour, not the year." I went on at last quickly: "If you are honestly in love, I have no more to say. Go on, and God help her and you. Perhaps he may, and time may show what a fool I have been."

"Frankly, Owen," he returned, "is it of me or of her you think?"

"Of both."

"Of whom most?"

"Oh, what matters it? I have said enough."

"Too much or too little. But do not think I am not thankful, and more thoughtful than you suppose. Let us drop it. I hear that you may go to Charleston about this yellow fever."

"Yes; I am asked to go South on a Government commission to study the outbreak they have had. I think I shall go. I saw it once before, and, for various reasons, no one else is quite as well fitted for this not over-pleasant task."

"It is risky."

"Very."

"I would n't go. What 's the use?"

"It is a simple duty. I should like to go away for a while, and it fits in nicely."

"Darn duty."

I laughed, as if darning duty mended matters, and we parted.

XXIII.

WHAT I had said was true. I was out of spirits. My work bored me, and, as has been seen, I was peevish and irritable.

The next evening I was at Mrs. Leigh's. They were alone—or rather Miss Alice was—for a time.

"Good evening," I said. "I am very busy, but I have come in just for a little talk, and to say good-by."

"Yes; Mr. St. Clair told us this morning. He thinks it quite needless—your going, I mean."

"Needless? He knows nothing at all about it. A man of experience is wanted, and I, unmarried and without ties, am of the men alone fit for it."

"But you have friends, and sometimes those ties are strong."

"Yes, very."

"And is—is the risk great? You have never had the fever. Is there no one who has had it who can go?"

"No one. And I want a change, too. At times life wearies one. You ask why, and I cannot tell. A fresh duty, an absence, winds one up, and we go on again."

"And is your life wearisome? You, who live for others, who are dear to so many, the rich, the poor. Ah, you smile, but you know we are friends, and I manage to learn all about my friends."

A sudden impulse mastered me. "If you were I, would you go?"

"Go!" she exclaimed. "Without a doubt."

"And you advise me to go?"

"I am only a girl," she replied.

"You are my friend."

"Thank you; would one say to a soldier, 'Stay at home'? Yours is a nobler calling. I do not think the world has bonds would hold you back."

"That was kindly said and true. But you overrate me,—I mean as to what you said a moment ago,—and to be overestimated always humiliates me. I shall think of what you have said, and, please God, will come home safe and happier."

"You ought to be happy. It seems strange to me that you are not. You cannot be compassed about with doubts as I am, and see duties you must not accept, or a path you may not tread."

"And are you still tormented?"

"Yes."

"And why not go on?"

"It may appear to you odd, but only one statement of yours really disturbed my resolution."

"And that?"

"The idea that—that a woman might lose in the work I look to certain of those nameless graces, those tendernesses, which seem to me so much of her honest property."

"I think so, and I have seen you often. We have come to be friends. Now, suppose that

you promise me you will not go on in this matter till I come back. I have much to say about it, and no time in which to say it. I leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; but one word more. If I never come back, of course it releases you."

"It releases me? It releases me?"

"Yes. Ah, Mrs. Leigh, good evening," I said, rising. "I came to say good-by."

"Yes; I saw it in the paper, and Mr. St. Clair told us. I suppose it is not very dangerous, and then, if it is, you are a doctor, and it is a matter of business after all. If you see the Temples, remember me to them. But they must have gone, of course."

"When do you return?" said Miss Alice, who had been watching her mother with a grave face.

"In a month, I hope."

"If you see any nice feather fans," said Mrs. Leigh, "do spend a few dollars for me. There are red ones, really charming."

"Charming? What is?" said Mrs. Vincent, entering with her husband. "We missed your call, and Fred and I have been to see you. You leave to-morrow, your note said. I do not call that charming."

"Oh, it was fans," said Mrs. Leigh. "Dr. North is to bring me some nice feather fans."

"Indeed! Bring me nothing but yourself. I am horribly troubled about you. It recalls our talk about fear. Are you ever afraid of disease?"

"I? No—yes. I have always had a slight, a vague dread of this especial malady. I think I said so. I find that physicians often have some such single pet fear."

"Like a soldier's," said Miss Leigh, glancing up at me. "That alone would make you go." Mrs. Vincent glanced at her curiously.

"We won't talk of it," said Vincent. "Write soon and as often as you can."

"Oh, not to me!" said Mrs. Leigh. "Is n't it dangerous?"

"No," I said, laughing. "And now good-by. And this day month, Miss Alice. Good night."

XXIV.

Of my really perilous commission I have nothing to say except that it brought some empty honors, and cost my colleague a sharp attack of the fever. This detained me longer in Charleston, and I got home early in May, tired out with nursing and anxiety. I had heard often from home, but, until a week before my departure, nothing of moment. Clayborne from time to time sent me large sums to be used among the poor of the pest-stricken city. He wrote that of course it was all due to bad hygiene and carelessness, but that I might like to spend some of his spare cash, and thus excused in his cynical way acts of unusual generosity.

A week before my return came a letter from Mrs. Vincent.

Our friend St. Clair [she wrote] has been at his wicked worst of late. He told Fred last month that he had been gambling in stocks, and was in debt. The speculations, Fred says, were simply absurd. I asked him why he did it, and he replied that it amused him. I cannot make him out of late. I ought to say that Mr. Clayborne at once paid some thousands for him, remarking that it was so comfortable to make a fool of one's self now and then. I said that St. Clair puzzled me. He has shut up his studio, declined recklessly to complete his contracts, and really told Mrs. Leigh, to her disgust, that he could not finish the relief of Alice's face, because work bored him. I do not think he has been near the Leighs since you left. It is too annoying; I shall never try to help anybody again. I am furious at the thought of how right you were. If you bring Mrs. Leigh any fans I will never speak to you any more.

I reopen this letter to tell you an astonishing piece of news. St. Clair came in on us to-day, and would we tell him when you would be at home. Fred said, "Next week." Upon which he was so sorry, because he was to sail for Europe in four days, and gone he has. The new statue for Cleveland has to be cast in Paris. I do not believe it. At first I suspected that Alice had said "No," but this is not so, for, as I said, he has not been near her, and the last time they were here they were on pleasant terms enough. I am dying to ask Alice, but she is hardly the girl to put questions to, and, besides — however, you never appreciated her duly, and I do not want to bore you.

She told me to-day that he had called before he left (his first visit in a month) and that he did nothing but talk about you, which amused me.

Fred sends his love, and I am as always,

Your friend, A. V.

P. S. I hope that St. Clair wrote to you, but I do not believe he did. That man is capable of any virtue or any vice. Do share with me my exasperation.

This letter gave me much to think over as I gladly left the roses and jasmines of the luckless town, and rolled away northward. I was annoyed at St. Clair for the hundredth time, but it was like being vexed with some charming, thoroughly spoiled girl, and of course I wrote to him.

Arriving late I found a note from Mrs. Leigh, which perplexed me.

She said:

I am so glad of your return, because I need you. We have had Dr. Simpson since our return, but really he has not the least respect for my

judgment, and if I do not know the constitutions of my own children, I should like to know who does or can. Alice is not at all well. She does not know I send for you, but do come soon. Of course, it is a drawback to have a single man, but then you are a relative, and no longer young. [I was just thirty-seven.] Come soon, etc.

I dropped the note as I stood; picked it up; read it again, and went at once to Mrs. Vincent's, although it was as late as 11 P.M. Mrs. Vincent had just left her husband. After we had exchanged warm greetings, I said, "Won't you ask Mrs. Vincent to come downstairs? And, Fred, let me see her alone a moment; I want a little advice."

"Really," he said, "I ought to charge for these consultations. St. Clair was at it last week. Mrs. Vincent makes a good average for all easy-tongued women by secretiveness quite exasperating."

"After the consultation," I said, "I will consider the fee."

"It ought to be large. What do you get for being rung up at midnight?"

"When you are through perhaps you will ask Mrs. Vincent if she has gone to bed."

"She has not," cried Mrs. Vincent, entering. "I heard your voice, and really, I only came down to say how glad and thankful I am. You look tired, but then—it was a fine thing to do. I was proud of you. I could not do it; my friend could, and oh, I liked—liked it well, and so did Fred. He has bored me to death about you, and now you are back, and—and I thank God."

She had my two hands while she spoke, and was a little tearful as she ended, being nothing if not enthusiastic as concerned her friends.

"I cannot weep," said Fred, "but you are very welcome."

"You men are horrid. I shall leave you."

"No; it is Fred who will go, and you will stay."

"A consultation, Anne. You will find me in the library."

"And now," said Mrs. Vincent, "this is altogether too delightful. What can I do for you? It is so pleasant to know that I can give you anything. But tell me about Charleston. No, not now; another time. What is it that I can do?"

Now that I was into this grave consultation, I began to distrust the doctor and myself. I reflected that I had not enough considered the matter; that, in short, I was a fool. As a result, I put off the fatal moment.

"Presently we will talk," I said; "but first tell me all about everybody—all my friends."

"Mr. Clayborne has been as fidgety as a fish on a bank. I think he loves you best of any one on earth—better even than Clayborne. What is your trick of capturing people?"

"How can you ask? I am your friend; you must know. And St. Clair? Of all his crazes, this is the queerest. To love a man who does everything you don't expect, and nothing that you do expect—alas! it is hard on men, and on a woman harder. But I suppose the fancy for Miss Leigh is over, or has it gone to wreck? How has it ended?"

"How cool you are," she replied; "and how easy to call it a fancy, and what has come of it. You may know as well as I."

"No, no; but I must not invite you to violate a professional confidence."

"Indeed, it is useless."

"Oh, then you do know?"

"I did not say so. And is all this because you came here to tell me something, and now repent a little?"

"Good gracious! what a woman! How is Fred?"

"Oh, very well. And if you wish to put off what you have to say, I shall go to bed at once. I am—"

"No; it may as well be now as at any time."

"Ah, that is better."

"Read that."

"Ah, Mrs. Leigh wants your advice about Alice. I am so glad. I advised her to send this very morning. You know I cannot have you myself, but I want every one else to have you, and now I shall be easy, quite easy, about Alice. It is only that she is looking pale."

"But I do not mean to go. You know I am only willing to go in consultation. I do not want practice. I—"

"But this! Oh, this is different."

"Very. And you who got me into this scrape must get me out of it. I do not know how you will do it, but you must manage it, because I do not intend to go."

"You cannot mean that?"

"Yes. Tell Mrs. Leigh that I chanced in, and that I do not take cases outside of my house. Anything you like."

"But it is not true; and after all, it is I who ask you to go, and imagine my making an excuse so ludicrous as that to a woman of the world like Mrs. Leigh. I am quite willing to do anything sane for you; but this! What is your real reason? You do have a reason for most actions."

"Oh, I don't like that hard old woman. Surely one may choose one's patients."

"Assuredly. But write and say so. Why come to me?"

"Then I shall fall ill. I simply will not go."

"I am sorry; I am more than that—and after I took so much trouble. I am—well, just a little hurt."

"But I would not annoy you for the world."

"Well, that is a strong phrase. Why do you?"

"I cannot be Miss Leigh's physician."

"Ah, it is Alice then?"

"Yes; it is Miss Leigh. Cannot you understand?"

"I? No. What do you mean?"

"Mean! Cannot you see that I love Alice Leigh?"

"What a fool I am! Oh, you dear, delightful man! The thing I have dreamed about. And now I see it all. All. And how long has it been? And does she know?"

"I think—I am sure not. And one favor I must ask. It is that neither by word nor sign do you betray me."

"And I must not help you?"

"No."

"And as to Mrs. Leigh, you are quite too tired to see patients. You are not well. You wished to leave it to me to explain, rather than to have to say abruptly in a note that you cannot come. And that was so nice of you. But you will dine here with Alice to-morrow?"

"Indeed, I will not."

"But I must tell Fred?"

"No."

"Then good night. I hate you, and I am so glad."

When I went to see Mrs. Vincent it was only with a sense of my own difficulties, and a desire to find a way out, but with no clear idea of how it was to be done. The note had of a sudden set me face to face with a grave fact in my life. I cared deeply for a woman, and had never meant to do so again. At first this self-knowledge humiliated me, and seemed disloyal to an ideal I had loved and lost. I am sure that most deep affection is of gradual growth. I am as sure that the discovery of it as something victorious over memory, prejudices, resolutions is often sudden and surprising. It was so to me. I recoiled from the practical issue of becoming this woman's physician, and in the recoil, and in the swift self-examination which followed, I knew that I loved her.

I walked away but half pleased with myself. It was plain that I had not dealt fairly as to my friend, or perhaps with him, and yet I had meant to do so. I had had, as the Indians say, two hearts about it, or, as we say, had been half-hearted. I laughed as I thought that half a heart had been an organ incompetent to carry on the nutrition either of love or friendship.

At last I reached my home, and sat down with a counseling cigar to think it all over. Emotion had clouded my mind. Now it became more or less clear to me. St. Clair had seen through me as I had not seen through myself. My cigar went out. I relighted it. It was rank to the taste. I threw it away. It was like some other things in life.

As I rose to go to bed I turned over the letters on the table. There was one from the citizens of Charleston; warm thanks for a great service—Alice Leigh would like that. Beneath it was a letter from Paris in St. Clair's well-known and careless hand. I read it as I stood:

DEAR OWEN: Sorry to have missed you. I am busy here with my new studio and the statue group for Cleveland. I want you to pay the arrears due for rent in my old den in Blank street, and have what is worth keeping stowed somewhere. My remembrances to the Leighs. I left Miss Leigh's rilievo in the front room. Keep it. I am not sure that the eyes are quite correct. The upper lids drop straight, or rather in a gentle curve, from the brows; it gives a look of great purity to the upper part of the face; the peculiarity is quite rare, but is to be seen in Luini's frescos. In fact, the type is medieval. The slight forward droop of the neck is pretty, but not classically perfect as to form. Also, the head of my charming model is rather large for the shoulders, which are a trifle out of proportion to the weight of the head.

Write me soon and often. I shall not answer, but I shall intend to do so. Love to the Vincents and to the historic giant. From your friend,

VICTOR.

For a moment I stood in thought with the letter in my hand. Then I read it again with care. Had St. Clair deliberately sacrificed himself to me? Was his devotion to Alice Leigh only the expression of his adoration of an unusual type of human beauty? I had before seen brief attacks of this passionate idolatry. Had he become satisfied that marriage was a contract he could not honestly enter upon? That would have been unlike the man. I was exceedingly perplexed.

XXV.

THE next day I called on Clayborne, but found him absent, and toward noon wrote to Mrs. Vincent that I hoped to find her alone that evening.

The enigma of last night was no clearer in the morning. A hasty note bade me feel sure that she would be at home about ten, and of course she would take care that we should not be interrupted. After that, and until I could talk to Mrs. Vincent, I resolutely put my problem in a corner, and tried to forget it. But despite my control it turned every now and then like a bad child and made faces at me, so that I had an uneasy and very restless day.

I found Mrs. Vincent alone, and quickly saw that this gracious actress was on for a large rôle, but just what was not clear to me. The room had a rather unusual look. The easy-chairs were not in their places. A crimson mass of velvet heavy with Eastern phantasies of color hung in stately folds over the far end of the grand piano. I knew it well as one of St.

Clair's wildest and most extravagant purchases, the fruitful text of sad sermons by the friend whom the naughty poet called the Rev. Dr. Clayborne. St. Clair had sent it to Mrs. Vincent the night he left — a royal gift. I glanced from it with a full heart to the roses which were everywhere in bowls and tall vases, each, as I well knew, sedulously arranged as the woman's perfect sense of harmony in color dictated. She herself was dressed with unusual splendor, a style not after her ordinary habit, which rather inclined to a certain extravagance as to stuffs, and to great simplicity in outline and forms. Also, she wore two or three jewels, and these especially flashed a warning to me as to there being some surprise in store.

As I entered, the house rang with the triumphant notes of a love-song of Schumann.

"Ah, this is good of you," she cried, rising. "And now that we shall have a nice talk, I am so happy. Did you hear how my piano was rejoicing with me?"

That was so like her, and I said as much.

"Yes," she went on, as I looked about me; "we are *en fête* to-night. And you look so grave, Owen." Once in a great while she used my first name, being, despite our extreme and long intimacy, little apt to be familiar in certain ways.

"Yes," I said; "I am as you say, because I am troubled."

As I spoke, Vincent entered. "Ah, North," he cried, "how welcome you are!" and cast a glance of faint amusement over the room and his wife's costume. "I have been away since morning, or I should have called. I met Clayborne on the steps."

The historian carried a book and a stiff bouquet, which he deposited on the table. "Here," he said, "are the essays, pretty obvious stuff, and some flowers."

Mrs. Vincent thanked him profusely. "So good of you," she said. "What lovely gardenias!" And presently she set one in her belt, saying, "A thousand thanks."

"Why not one?" laughed Vincent. "Why is that noun only plural? It ought to have a definite value — one thank. Then one could grade one's gratitude. Why not thirty-seven, or half a thank on occasions?"

"Quite true, quite true," said Clayborne. "The nouns which are only plural must be rare. Hum —" and he fell into a reverie.

"How absurd you are, Fred," remarked his wife.

"Well, the surroundings account for that. Do you entertain Haroun al Raschid to-night, Anne?"

"I entertain myself," she replied, and I detected a little ocular telegraphy meant for Vincent alone. Then Clayborne looked up.

"I can recall no other," he said. "And in French it is the same, and in Arabic. I must look it up."

"Mrs. Leigh told me to-day that you had been to see her," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes; we are old acquaintances. You know I was Leigh's executor. That girl must have a pretty fortune. There has been a long minority. Why did not you marry her to St. Clair?"

"I did my best," returned Mrs. Vincent, gaily. "And there is the mama. Now what could be more fitting for you?"

"I! What! Me!" cried Clayborne.

"You might let me mention it to the widow."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "I believe you are capable of that, or — or of anything. Let us go and look at the dictionaries, Vincent. Mrs. Leigh! Ye gods of sorrow!"

"Well, think it over," cried Mrs. Vincent, delighted, as the historian rose.

"I leave you to your patient, Mrs. Vincent," said the husband. "Is the case a bad one?"

"Prognosis favorable," returned the wife, laughing and striking a few gay notes on the piano. "Diagnosis certain. Am I professionally correct, Dr. North?"

"I never interfere with other folks's cases," I said, and we were alone again.

"And now," she said, "what is it? And do look happier. Fred says I am crazy to-day, and you would not let me tell him. But what is wrong? Surely —"

"Oh, everything is wrong," I said. "I have been a fool, and I have helped to break up St. Clair's life, and I must talk about it to some one."

"Of course. And perhaps I can help you. Only women know women."

"It is not the woman, it is the man, that troubles me. To have won a possible happiness at the cost of a friend, I — I —"

"But perhaps the happiness is not possible," she answered.

"That were no better. I should be doubly punished. Do you think he loved her?"

"I do not know. St. Clair is seemingly so transparent, and then of a sudden you become aware that they are only surface reflections that reach you. There are curious depths in that man's nature. Presently, as Fred says, one is off soundings. I understand you, I think, and I am sorry for you. And now what is it?"

"Read this letter," I said.

As she read I saw a faint smile of pleased surprise gather upon her face. She re-read it. Then slowly she folded it up, gave it back to me, and took a perfect white rosebud from the jar near by, and put it on the table beside me. I took it up mechanically.

"It is sweet," she said, "and pure, and there is no canker at the core. The rose is my dear

Alice, and you may take her if you can, and without a pang."

I was accustomed to these little dramas, but this was too much for me.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"And you read that letter?"

"I did."

"Well," she said, "I never was more fully persuaded as to the depth of folly, of incapacity, one may find in a man."

"You are enigmatical."

"Am I indeed? May I show that letter to Alice?"

"What! You must indeed think me a fool."

"I shall not answer you according to your folly. And people say you are a student of character and see through women! It is past belief; but trust a woman's insight for once. Ah, certainly I am at home. Show Miss Leigh up. Here comes the answer to my enigma."

"O Mrs. Vincent! This is one of your little—"

"Hush! Is n't this joyous?" And she struck the keys again until the glad notes of the love-song rang through my brain."

"My dear Alice, how good of you to come!" she cried. "You must have left your dinner-party early. Why, it is only ten. Dr. North has just chanced in, and now we shall have a quiet talk. You have not seen Dr. North since he came back. My room is *en fête* to welcome him."

"When you give me a chance I shall tell him how glad all his friends are to see him safe back again." Her words were quite formally spoken.

"It was worth the price, such as it was," I said, "to come home and find one has been thought about." Her formality affected me, and I struck automatically the same note in reply.

"And now tell us about it," said Mrs. Vincent. "You were detained by Dr. Roy's illness?"

"Yes; I had to be nurse and physician."

"Well, I want to hear it all—everything; but pardon me a moment, and talk of something else. I must answer Susan Primrose and two invitations for Fred."

Upon which she retired to a desk in the corner, and we fell into talk. At last I said, "I did not keep my engagement. To-day month, I said when we parted, and now it is—"

"Nearly two," she replied.

"Oh, quite two," ejaculated our lady manager from the corner, rising with notes in her hand. "Excuse me, I so want to hear that I cannot write; I have made two horrid blunders, and I must ask Fred if he will dine with the Carltons. I shall be back in ten minutes," and she was gone. Then I began to understand the drama, and was instantly on guard. At the door she turned back. "Do make that man smile a little, Alice. I found him too stupid for belief. I turn him over to you. Half an hour have I spent in trying to make him understand just the simplest thing conceivable. You may be more fortunate, or—well, more clever." And she was gone. I could have pinched her.

"And the problem, Dr. North?" said Miss Leigh.

"It was purely personal."

"And troublesome? Mrs. Vincent has left me heir to the talk."

I interrupted:

"Yes, very."

"I am sorry, and you look so tired. I can understand that one might suffer long in mind and body after what you have been through. Seriously, I do not suppose Anne Vincent would have spoken so lightly about anything that I might not talk of. You once said that we were friends. Perhaps you do not know by this time that I take life gravely, even its friendships. Can I help you as a friend?"

"No," I said, grimly.

"Then pardon me. I did not mean to be indiscreet, or—or—"

"You are not. You are only and always kind. But Mrs. Vincent is sometimes carried away by her moods."

"And you think we should always be responsible for our moods? I wish I were. It is so pleasant to coddle them, and I do try not to." Then her eyes fell on the crimson and gold embroidery. "Have you heard from St. Clair? He is very apropos of moods, is n't he?"

"Yes; I had a letter to-day. He is in Paris."

"I wish I had his sense of irresponsibility," she returned. "It must be so nice to have a heart and no conscience. You must miss him, or you will, I am sure. Every one must."

"Yes, I shall. I am fond of him."

"Anne says he will return in the autumn."

"I do not know."

"Do you think he knows?"

"Who can say?"

"I have been wanting so much to see you to talk again of my plans. Do you not think—"

"I don't think," I said. "I prefer not to discuss the matter. Ask some one else. I am useless."

"How short you are with me. Don't you know friends are for use?"

"I suppose so. Mine fail me at times."

"Now, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must turn you over to Anne Vincent. I don't wonder she considers you difficult."

"You are certainly the last person to whom I should go." The situation was fast getting out of my control.

"That is the worst of friendships between men and women. Mama says they are impossible. There are so many limitations. I wish some one would write a book about friendships. There are so many about — about other things."

"Your mama is quite right," I said. "Friends should be kept in their right places, and that is not always easy. They take liberties. They — suppose I were to ask you an impertinent question?"

"I don't like the word — the adjective."

"Well, un-pertinent."

"That is better. I should try to answer it." But she glanced uneasily at the door.

"Do you care for Mr. St. Clair?"

"Care?"

"No. Love him?"

"That is a question you have no right to ask."

"I am his friend."

"Then his friend is unwise, and permit me to say —"

"Stop," I said. "Do not hurt me more than you must. What I ask profoundly concerns my life, my —"

"I would rather you said no more. I beg of you to say no more."

"I cannot pause here. I must speak. If you love him, I have been false to him. I have misunderstood. I have trodden roughly on sacred ground. What I thought it right to say to him I said without seeing where I stood."

"But now," she said, "I must understand all this. I confess I do not. You ask me if I love Mr. St. Clair, your friend."

"That was what I said."

"And it was more, so much more, than you ought to have said. But now I will answer you. I do not think many women would — I will. I do not. You have gone to the limit of friendship, and perhaps beyond. And now please to ask Mrs. Vincent to come; I must go away. I had only a few minutes."

All this was said with unusual rapidity of speech, and she rose as she spoke.

"One moment," I said.

"Not one," she said with a nervous laugh, taking up the bud I had left on the table and plucking it to pieces leaf by leaf. "Oh, not a minute," she repeated. "Please to ring."

"Alice Leigh," I said, and, speaking, caught her wrist, and felt as I did so the slight start of troubled maidenhood, "let the poor rose alone. Try to think it is my life you are busy with. What will you do with it — with me?"

As I spoke, she regarded me a moment with large eyes, and then sat down as if suddenly weak, her fan falling on the floor. Some strong emotion was troubling the pure lines of her face. What was it? Pity or love? Then, looking down, she said, as if to herself, "And is this the end?"

"Of what?" I said faintly.

"Of me, of my life, of it. Why did you speak? Am I wrong? Am I right? Why were you so cruel as to speak — to speak now? You might have seen; you might have known. I have duties before me; I have a life. I — I am not fit for — for anything else. I mean to be. Oh, I wish I were not a woman. Then, then I should know how to do what is best, what is right." And upon this, to my bewilderment, she burst into tears and sobbed like a child.

"Alice," I said, "I love you."

"I know, I know," she cried. "And the worst of it is I — I — O Owen North, be very good to me. I meant to have done so much."

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes. No; a thousand times no."

"Oh, here is Anne Vincent."

"My dear child," said that matron, "your fan is in a dozen bits."

"And so is everything else, Anne Vincent — everything. Let me go."

And she ran out of the room, and left me to tell the end of this story to my friend and hers.

THE END.

S. Weir Mitchell.

"WHEN ON THE MARGE OF EVENING."

WHEN on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar;
Or when my lattice opens before the lark has spoken,
On dim laburnum-blossoms and morning's dying star;

I think of thee (O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!)
Whose great and given splendor the world may share and see,
While, day on day forever, some perfect law is keeping
The late and early twilight alone and sweet for me!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

III. WINNING THE FAVOR OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

BAS-RELIEF OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OVER THE DOORWAY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

THE many journeys of Columbus since quitting Portugal, and the little advantage that followed his negotiations in Seville and Puerto Santa Maria, had aggravated his poverty, and he went about so ill clad that he was named the "Stranger with the Threadbare Cloak." In this straitened condition he presented himself before the royal pair. In Ferdinand political sagacity predominated; in Isabella the moral nature. The pious king believed, notwithstanding his piety, in the efficacy of works, and professed the dogma of aiding to execute the divine will, which he generally found favorable to his undertakings; Isabella, with her enthusiasm, trusted in her hopes and in prayer. The queen was all spontaneity, the king all reflection. She trod the paths of good in order to attain to good, but he scrupled little to resort to dissimulation, deceit, and, in case of necessity, crime. Valiant and warlike, Ferdinand joined the strength of the lion to the instincts of the fox. Perchance in all history there has not been his equal in energy and craftiness. He was distrustful above all else; she, above all, was confiding. He was all mind; she all heart. Isabella took pleasure in increasing the number of her vassals, that she might possess a dominion over human souls, whereby to swell the ranks of true believers upon earth and of the elect in heaven; Ferdinand took pleasure likewise in the growth of the Church and of Christianity, but above such religious gratification he set the satisfaction born of domination and conquest. Daughter of a learned king, and of an English mother who died bereft of reason, Isabella had a clear perception of ideas and lived in a ceaseless state of exaltation. Son of that quarrelsome and wily king John II. of Aragon, and of a mother of masculine and ambitious nature, Ferdinand inherited on the paternal side a mixture of political and warlike temperaments, and on the maternal that incredible ambition which led him to add to his royal house and to his native country by conquest and by marriage. The two founded the Inquisition; Ferdinand for political reasons, Isabella for religious ends. Both were conquerors; Isabella gained Granada for her Castile, and Ferdinand, Navarre for his Aragon. The conquest of Granada reads like some book of chivalry, the conquest of Navarre like a chapter of Machiavelli. By the one achievement Isabella expelled the Moors; and by the other Ferdinand drove the French from our peninsula.

As a natural consequence of their different temperaments, Isabella and Ferdinand each dealt with Columbus as their several natures prompted; the queen ever enthusiastic, the king, as usual, cautious, guarded, crafty, and reserved. He computed the cost of the enterprise, and the returns it might yield; she thought only of spreading the dominions of her idolized Castile and winning souls to Christianity. Besides all this, the sea had its temptations for the queen of Castile, for all her enterprises and conquests tended oceanward, just as her great rivers, the Tagus, the Duero, the Guadalquivir, and the Miño, flowed toward the main. With Ferdinand it was quite the other way; his conquests trended like the Ebro, the Llobregat, and the Turia toward the waters of the Mediterranean. The Canaries were the island domain of Isabella; the insular possessions of Ferdinand stretched from the Balearic Islands to Sicily. Ferdinand dreamed only of Italy; Isabella of Africa. Hence, the one looked toward the past, the other toward the future. But both were great with a measureless greatness,

for they assumed the stature of a great idea, and obeyed, by ways and deeds, as much in contrast as their characters, the quickening spirit and the transcendent impulses of the creative era in which they lived. The unity of the state, of the territory, of the laws was imposed upon them by the age, and to the attainment of such unity were all their efforts consecrated; so that, besides winning for themselves renown, they did good service to their nation and their time.

The sovereigns heard Columbus after their respective natures, Isabella with enthusiasm and Ferdinand with reserve. But the king's reserve and the queen's enthusiasm tended to like results, and made delay inevitable. The reconquest of Granada admitted of no rival undertaking. It was impossible to divert the royal minds from that paramount purpose. So they referred the matter to the queen's confessor, Fray Hernando de Talavera. Accustomed as we are to modern ideas and customs, it is hard to comprehend the genuine father-confessor of the fifteenth century, the supreme counselor of the sovereigns in virtue of his office and in the confidence of the confessional. Fray Hernando de Talavera, first prior of the monastery of El Prado in Valladolid, later bishop of Avila and lastly archbishop of Granada, when seated in the confessional, deemed his seat higher than the throne, and held himself to be the dispenser of the earthly and eternal salvation of the sovereigns. Even in his first confession he had an altercation with the queen; for when Isabella desired to confess either standing or sitting, he replied that she should do neither, but kneel at his feet. He was as rightly able to call himself Minister of State as of the Treasury, and as well Minister of the Treasury as of Instruction and the Fine Arts, without question as to the ministry of Good Behavior; and so Isabella confided to his zeal the management of the debt equally with the choice of her daily reading in the royal library, and asked his counsel alike concerning the most important decrees and the most ordinary household affairs.

The good Talavera's acts were governed by no monkish scruples; he reprimanded with the severity of the patriarch, and even with the rod of the pedagogue, the foremost and most saintly queen of Christendom. He had but one certain, fixed, continuous and abiding idea — the conquest of Granada. At a time when all his thoughts were absorbed in this one idea, and all his powers devoted to it with that force of concentration and of will which he was universally admitted to possess, Columbus came, with his tremendous schemes, distracting the reverend scholastic from his traditional convictions, and from his purpose to regain Granada.

The aversion with which Talavera regarded the Indian project was therefore natural and inevitable. To him it was an innovation fraught with peril to the general beliefs, and a criminal malversation of the public resources in behalf of an object that in truth seemed sacrilegious beside the completion of the seven-century epic of endeavor by the reconquest of that sultana among the cities of Ishmael, and beside the triumph of the Cross that he adored with fervid and ceaseless worship. When the queen on many occasions, before the conquest, promised Talavera an archbishopric, his answer always was: "Either will I be archbishop in Granada, or archbishop nowhere!" Such was Talavera.

The sovereigns could hardly have intrusted to a person more unsuited for so high a duty the decision of this arduous problem. Talavera was assisted by a man of competence and brains, the royal counselor, Maldonado; who, however, believed the less in the scheme the more he heard of it from the eloquent lips of its author, and went about arguing the impossibility of the thing imagined and proposed by Columbus. The primary ground of his disbelief lay in the assumption that the theory of Columbus rested indispensably upon the spherical shape of the earth, which was from every point of view inadmissible, because the Psalms described the heavens as a stretched-out curtain, and because St. Augustine treated as a heresy the existence of antipodes in another hemisphere, with their feet turned toward our feet and their heads downward. In that age, doubtless, when religious objections prevailed above all others, needs must that the discoverer should study holy writ and theological problems together, and acquaint himself with the mystical ideas of his own and older times.

To make clear all these vague imaginings that environed his purpose, and to meet the theological scruples that opposed his arguments, he steadfastly searched the Scriptures, and found therein confirmation, not only of his personal mission to redeem Zion from her chains, but to redeem our blind and erring race in Christ. For him there was scarce a psalm or a prophecy but lamented the manifold transgressions of Israel that had brought captivity upon Zion, and foretold a liberator who, in truth, could be none other than himself, Columbus. The book of Kings, the Psalms, the prophecies, the book of Job, all predicted the redemption of Jerusalem by such a man as he, divinely chosen and predestined to providential ends. At times, in the confusion of his mystical conceptions, he added that not only was he personally called by the Lord to such an achievement, but that Joaquin de Flora in his writings had designated Spain by name, and the Bible, too, pointed out the furthest nations of the west with singular clearness. He steadily claimed that this resto-

DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

STATUE OF FERDINAND, IN THE CATHEDRAL, MALAGA.

ration of the holy house of Jerusalem to Christianity had from an early age inspired all his voyages. So, therefore, he asserted that he had not imbibed his theory from cosmography, astrology, or any other of the profane sciences so thoroughly familiar to him, but from constant study of the revealed word of God that leads mankind to righteousness and the truth. Yet neither Hernando de Talavera nor the counselor Maldonado cared to believe him, and they reported *a priori* against the possibility of the discovery, whereupon the sovereigns put off any new examination of it until better times.

But, whilst some were thus disheartening him, others were aiding him with their support and encouragement. Among the adepts who espoused his ideas shine conspicuously the Franciscan padre, Antonio de Marchena, and the Dominican padre, Diego de Deza. Doubtless the former upheld him in Andalusia with his

counsel and assistance against the adverse opinions of Talavera's Cordovan junta, while the latter by his learning and influence opened to him the portals of Salamanca. There is no tradition so well grounded as that which holds up to the world the strange ignorance of geography and cosmography prevailing in the Salamantine university, which went so far as to put all its doctors unanimously on record against Columbus, and to oppose the superstitions of the vulgar mind against the presentiments, the predictions, and the prophecies of genius and learning. Nevertheless, this popular belief is not only to be reversed and forever regarded as groundless, but to Salamanca is to be attributed the beginning of the good fortune of the discoverer, for with his sojourn in that learned city coincides the first pecuniary aid advanced by the sovereigns to assist his scheme.

All the investigations made and documents discovered during recent years confirm the sagacious opinion of the learned Salamantine writer, Señor Rodriguez Pinilla, who holds that the first flat refusal of the court to entertain the scheme of Columbus was made in the official council at Cordova, over which Hernando de Talavera presided, and that the first signs of a favorable disposition on the part of the State are seen in the sums which the sovereigns ordered to be paid to the extra-official councils, the commissions of the university sitting in the great hall of San Estéban, whereupon a speedy understanding followed between the crown and Columbus.

It is the historical and unquestionable fact, that soon after the conferences of Salamanca, held at the beginning of 1487, the sovereigns began to give the necessary orders for supplying the discoverer with funds, and to provide for his treatment as a royal retainer by recognizing his right, wherever he might be, to maintenance and lodging. In a bundle of old accounts of the treasurer, Francisco Gonzalez of Seville, which may be seen copied in the second volume of Navarrete's celebrated collection, are found the following entries:

On the said day [May 5, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo, a foreigner, who is now here performing certain things in the service of Their Highnesses, three thousand maravedís, on the warrant of Alonso de Quintanilla, by command of the Bishop [of Palencia].

On the 27th of said month [August, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo four thousand maravedís, to go to the Royal Seat [Malaga], by command of Their Highnesses and on a warrant of the Bishop. This makes seven thousand maravedís, with three thousand which were paid to him by order, to defray the cost of another journey on the 3d of July.

On the said day [October 15, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo four thousand maravedís, which Their Highnesses ordered to be paid to him to help defray his expenses.

On the 16th of June, 1488, gave I to Cristóbal Colomo three thousand maravedís, upon a warrant of Their Highnesses.

The writings of the time contain countless evidences of the confused clashing of ideas in all minds. As neither Vives nor Bacon had yet employed the cognition of natural phenomena in the study of material things, and as neither Pereira nor Descartes had applied the observation of psychic phenomena to the mind, there prevailed a traditional system, which, like the ancients, heard with laughter the voice of the oracle, and mingled the teachings of the recently revived classic authors, resuscitated and new-come from a supernatural sphere, with the confused theories of the Christian writers. Thus, for instance, Albertus Magnus averred the existence of two races of black Ethiopians, belonging to the two opposite hemispheres. But these affirmations of the great medieval philosopher could in no wise prevail against the sixteenth book of "The City of God," in which St. Augustine outlines a universal history literally taken from the Bible, and denies the existence of the antipodes, because of the impossibility of their being descended from Adam, and because they would give the lie to the blessing pronounced upon the sons of the patriarch Jacob, and to the division of the earth between them as recorded in Genesis. But those illustrious collegians disputed alike concerning the dispersion of the human race to the four quarters of heaven, and the distribution of the solid and liquid parts of the unknown planet. While the opponents of Columbus alleged as the outcome of their calculations that the ocean was of vast extent, and that therefore it was impossible to discover the Indies by sailing downward to the west, owing to the physical difficulty of ascending the watery steep on the homeward voyage, his supporters, relying upon the sixth chapter of Esdras, declared the land to be sixfold greater than the sea, and that consequently the East Indies could readily be reached by going westward, since their eastern shores could be but a short distance beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the Bay of Cadiz.

Columbus maintained these latter assertions with much persistence, as Padre Las Casas tells us, resting equally on the verses of the prophet Esdras, then of general acceptance, and on the writings of Cardinal d'Ailly, his oracle, who likewise deemed the sea of small extent compared with the land, in conformity with passages from Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny, who, according to him, must have known much about the earth, for the singular reason that the two first were the preceptors of Alexander and Nero,

DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

WOODEN STATUE OF ISABELLA, IN THE CATHEDRAL, GRANADA.

and the latter the friend of Trajan, three widely traveled emperors, who in the course of their continual voyages and nomadic life must have gathered abundant knowledge of the physical distribution of the earth and the characteristics of the various races of men. The authorities upon which the partizans of Columbus relied did not stop here, for they gathered a rich harvest of other proofs from writings such as Pliny's "Natural History," which, in the seventh chapter of its second book, recorded facts in regard to the sea and its secrets sufficient to

stagger and bewilder the most expert: such as the perfect ease of navigating the sunset seas; the exploration of the Indian shores by the ancient Seleucians, who inherited in Syria the power and glory of Alexander; the expeditions which, setting out from Baetica afterward sailed in the waters of Mauritania and others even further south; the remains of Spanish ships seen by Prince Caius in the Arabian Gulf in the time of Augustus; the world-girdling voyage of the Carthaginian Hanno, abundant in prophetic statements; the arrival of one Eudoxus at Cadiz by unknown and mysterious courses, fleeing from Ptolemy, and a hundred tokens more, each fitting better than the other the project then under consideration, with various embellishments that served with some show of consistency to give it weight and authority.

Again, Macrobius, in the second book of his commentaries on Scipio's "Dream," afforded weapons to the friends of Columbus; for, in the midst of many errors, he vaguely maintained the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes. This opinion seems to have been shared by Polybius, Mela, and Solinus, who are cited by Las Casas in his great "History of the West Indies," a work very favorable to the memory of Columbus. To the vexed problem of the antipodes there was joined another, concerning the habitability of the torrid and frozen zones, which was generally denied, notwithstanding the testimony of Columbus that he had sojourned in Iceland and in Guinea. Paying no heed to the practical proofs of experience, the contestants resorted to ancient authors for evidence, and recited how Aristotle, in his book "Of the World," strewed the western seas with numerous islands and even continents greater than our known world, all of them perfectly inhabitable; how Lucan in his poems alluded to a mysterious tribe of Arabs, scattered through unknown deserts; how Marcianus taught Pliny the existence about the north pole of the Hyperboreans, fortunate in being born and reared under the frondage of elysian groves, and so long-lived that family succession could only be effected by suicide in leaping from the crags of the highest mountains — an expedient often resorted to, it seems, in the torrid zone also, where the life-giving ocean winds prevail; how two such diverse authors as Avicenna and Anselmo told of groups of islands, lost and forgotten, like gigantic pearls, in the wastes of the Shadowy Sea; how Plato, in his divine dialogues of the Timaeus and the Critias, commemorated a land called Atlantis, which stretched with reefs of coral and groves of palms, and opaline seas and mountains of gems, between the Pillars of Hercules and Africa's western shores even to farthest Asia, swallowed up in the abysses, but still showing its traces in the sunken forests of rare and unknown leafage that stayed the keel of the passing bark, and held it in their vast embrace; how the Platonists had inherited their traditions of the mysterious Atlantis from the wise lawgiver Solon, who in turn derived it from the mystic Nile; how the principal classical geographers connected with the disappearance of Atlantis the submersion of Acarnania in the Ambracian Gulf, of Achaia in the Corinthian Sea, of a part of the Asian and European continents in the Propontis and the Euxine Sea, the cleavage of the two splendid shores of the Bosphorus, and the comparatively recent formation of Lesbos; how Seneca in the sixth book of his "Morals" attributed to Thucydides the attempt to assign a definite date to the submersion of the Atlantean continent; how certain legends told of the former union of Africa and Europe by an isthmus between the two shores of the straits, recorded the disappearance of an arm of Guadalquivir, and told of strange plants and seawrack seen filling the ocean to the westward of the Canaries; how St. Ambrose, in his discourse upon the "Vocations of Men," declared a perfect and assured hope of bringing to day far-off regions where new races should receive the light and revelation of the Gospel — confused and contradictory legends, all of them, well calculated to lead astray an unfixed and irresolute mind, but not the mind of Columbus, — that prophet absolutely confident in his own predictions, — who, in the midst of such a sea of confusion, begotten of innumerable reports, some known to him and others unknown, listened only to the sure voice of his heaven-decreed mission, and pressed on, with firm and invincible will, toward the realization of his divine ideal.

A practical result followed all this upstirring of diverse opinions, in that the pilot reached a better understanding with the sovereigns and gained a more effective patronage for the plans which the Cordovan junta had condemned. But although aid was frequently, and even abundantly, given, despite the interminable straits of the court, a decisive decree ordering the voyage itself could not be obtained while the paramount efforts for the reconquest blocked the way. After the sojourn in Salamanca, the royal pair undertook the conquest of Malaga, and during its progress Columbus shifted about, now at the siege of the city, now at the court in Cordova, and at one time even in Lisbon. Many deny this last journey of his, but we need not be surprised at their denial, seeing that such uncertainty and perplexity reigns among the historians of that age that some among them are ignorant of and deny the conferences of Salamanca, locating in Cordova and Granada the two commissions convoked to

hear the discoverer and investigate the discovery. But there is no room for doubting the visit of Columbus to Lisbon. It suffices that we possess the letter of Dom John, granting him safe-conduct and immunity from any suit for debt in 1488; and we have moreover a famous marginal note written by his own hand in his favorite volume, "De Imagine Mundi," of d'Ailly, wherein he records the coincidence of his journey to Lisbon with the discovery, so favorable to his plans, of the extremest point of southern Africa, known as the Cape of Good Hope.

We know naught of what Columbus did during his last visit to the fair capital of Portugal; we can fix neither the date of his departure nor of his return; but we may certainly say that he gathered there all the facts then attainable in that era of geographical discovery, and set them down with wise diligence and scrupulous exactness in his memory and in his books. Bartolomé Diaz had in fact just discovered the Cape, beyond which the superstitious dread of his sailors prevented his going. The world had taken another stride toward the realms of Prester John, that weird goal which stimulated countless expeditions and so strongly influenced the dreams of Columbus. The abode of that mysterious personage, said by Marco Polo to lie in the odorous forests of Central Asia, stretched, as conjectured by the Portuguese Corvilhan, to the crags of Abyssinia amid Libyan sands; and, when the tidings spread, the pilot-discoverer could not fail to note the hardships suffered in the search for the Cape, thenceforth already known by the contradictory names of Good Hope and Tempest. In his preserved memoranda he records how, in a second attempt, he would have abandoned the use of ships of large size, preferring vessels built so solidly as to defy the fierce gales, yet small enough to enter any arm of the sea; and how he would have taken three times the quantity of ship's stores needed for a long voyage that had been taken on previous voyages — and in this he showed his good judgment. Tempests so often lashed those waters, and with such fury, that ships foundered in the turbulent waves. But now the Sea of Shadows was dispelled; Africa almost circumnavigated; Prester John almost within reach of the hands stretched out to him from every quarter; the Eastern Indies brought very near — almost found, indeed — by expeditions as daring as Alexander's; the aroma of new spices spread in the senses of men; and the fountain-head of humanity and of history well nigh discovered, the Aryan land of fetishes and castes, of palanquins and palms, of gold and gems, of symbolical flowers and prehistoric fables, completing the planet with its exuberant life, and coinciding with the resuscitation of Grecian statues from the dust and ruins of the olden time, and with the hope of discovery of new worlds in the time to come. But Columbus, who noted down prophecies and fables alike, records in his marginal memoranda how Bartolomé Diaz sailed six hundred leagues beyond the furthest known limits of navigation and discovered the Cape of Good Hope; whereby, taking its latitude by the astrolabe of Behaim, he proved not only that it lay forty-five degrees south of the equinox, but also three thousand five hundred leagues distant from Lisbon. The mathematician and the prophet were blended in Columbus, who, just as he read, with sacred reverence, Esdras and Job in his prayers, accepted as mathematical truths latitudes and distances which he set down in bald figures.

As soon as Columbus returned from Portugal, he endeavored to renew his negotiations with the sovereigns; but he found the physical road to their court, and the moral pathway to their hearts, blocked and impeded by his having been lost sight of during his unfortunate absence, and by the absorption of all minds in the Moorish war. The sovereigns, having won at Malaga and Velez-Malaga, were spurred on by the seductive power of victory to continue their task, now become easier through the innumerable internal dissidencies of the Granadian kingdom, broken into fragments, which were held, like hostile fortresses reared against one another, by the three nominal kings of the Moors, Hacem, Boabdil, and Zagal. So, after convoking in Aragon one of their famous cortes, quickened with the life-giving breath of liberty, and after celebrating at Seville, with justs and tourneys and festivals, the marriage of their eldest daughter Doña Isabella to so powerful and eminent a youth as was Prince Miguel, heir to the crown of Portugal, they turned anew their thoughts to the necessary completion of the glorious work of reconquest. It was an inauspicious moment to discuss any other business. The partizans of Columbus had increased, and, withal, their individual influence. Quintanilla, the good and thrifty comptroller, gained importance in proportion as he displayed his talents in procuring for the royal treasury large levies, to which he often added advances from his private fortune; Mendoza, the faithful cardinal, increased his power and won distinction in proportion as his charity aided the living and his prayers the dead — without losing sight of the everlasting struggle against the Moors; the Marchioness of Moya, whose splendid garments and gorgeous tent, during the siege of Malaga, exposed her to a violent death, for she was wounded by an Arab *santon* who mistook her for Isabella, had won the heart of the queen, who declared that never would she have reigned in Spain without the vote of her

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

CONVENT OF LA RABIDA, HUELVA, SPAIN.

This convent has been preserved as a National Memorial since 1846. Cortez also found shelter here after his return from Mexico.

friend's husband; yet despite the great authority and influence of all of these in the royal government and in the Christian camp, they remained mute as the dead, and dared not divert a single man or doubloon from the chief enterprise of the day. While Columbus knocked at every door, offering continents to men whose sphere of action was confined within a single city, the devastation of the Granadian estates under the Christian invasion; the investment of the conquering hosts round about Baza — where a Spanish city had been reared face to face with the Arab town, both glowing with festivals and combats, the knightly feats of the Pulgars awaking among the soldiers of the Cross a new zeal in the religious crusade, and bequeathing to Moorish poetry new strains in the national epic tale; the last but one of the Moorish kings upon his knees before the Catholic Sovereigns, offering to them in homage, within sight of the blue sea fringed with wild fig-trees and roseate sea-walls, the city of Almeria, crowned with towers and palms; the ambassadors of Turkey, come from Jerusalem the captive to stay the arm stretched out over cowering Granada, who in her tribulation appeared beautiful as Zion of the prophets; the rampart of the mighty Alpujarras, flaming beneath the sun of Andalusia and odorous with oriental jasmine, yet echoing with the clash of bloody but poetically heroic combats; Salobreña, scene of the death of the aged Hacem, that scourge of Christendom, whose memory is tearfully sung in elegies of his race which call to mind the sublime lamentations of the scriptures; every laurel-tree of the Vega turned into a warrior's lance, and every link of the fetters unrived from the feet of the captives redeemed in thousands by these same lances; every garden become a scene of ceaseless encounters; every dwelling made a fortress of defense and a goal of attack; all that broad plain a Homeric field of Troy, the end of a century-old war and the beginning of a new fatherland; all these things left no room for any undertaking apart from that marvelous epopee. How then, in such a moment, could thought be given to Columbus? — until then scarce heeded, and now forgotten!

COLUMBUS, on seeing himself forgotten, contemplated, as a last stern resort, the beginning

of his task anew by offering it to other monarchs, and of reliving his past by quitting Spain as he had beforetime quitted Portugal. He determined therefore to appeal to the French court, finding encouragement in his bitter affliction by discerning there some ray of salvation and some dawn of success. In this dejected state, he went to Cordova to take farewell of Doña Beatrice, and to kiss Ferdinand, the offspring of his love for her. From Cordova he seems to have gone to Seville to confer with such friends as the Geraldinis, and to make his sorrows known to them, so that they in turn might inform Mendoza; from Seville to Marchena to tell his old protector, the wise monk Antonio, the sad tale of his faded hopes and the ill-success of all his aspirations; from Marchena to Huelva in search of his brother-in-law Muliarte and his son Diego, the latter left under the care of his uncle while Columbus was leading his anxious and restless life of endeavor; from Huelva, with the wandering impulse of a stricken man, under the terrible hypnotism of monomania, and suffering from nervous attacks like those that herald dementia or death to the madman or suicide, he went in search of some isolated and solitary convent, whither he could flee, as to the shadows of the tomb, and in eternal silence find relief from the sorrows of his overladen heart. When he turned away from the Vega, where every passer-by pauses to look upon the Vermilion Towers, and from that city where none remembered him or his great project, the convent of La Rabida must have seemed to him like a beacon-light in the black night of shipwreck.

A little inclosure, pine-shadowed, in the solitude; the measureless western ocean before his eyes; a cloudless heaven toward which to turn a clouded sight; a pavement of sepulchral stones; cloisters wherein to meditate and prepare for the end; sanctified altars to which to cling in hope of pardon and of an eternity too long unthought of amid thirstings for earthly glories, less substantial than a vapor-wreath, and, ah! for the discovery of worlds which, compared with the Infinite, are but as atoms; penitents and recluses about him that to his soul seem but as shadows — in all these is found an explanation of the refuge sought by Columbus at La Rabida. The old traditions assign his sojourn at the convent to the hour of his arrival and of his high hopes; contemporaneous criticism, better informed, fixes it at the period of his departure and his disenchantment. And herein is the chiefest glory of that spot, that it was the scene of the new birth of a lost hope. And this hope returned because Columbus was devout, and was beloved of those devout men. It was a sacred rock of faith, whereon sprang the purest of all affections — the affection of inexhaustible admiration mingled with unquenchable friendship. Let hatred and envy know that the humble Franciscan monk, Juan Perez, in truth discovered the New World, through his deep friendship and admiration for Columbus.

Juan Perez, astounded at the dual flow of religious and scientific ideas from Columbus, would recall the many things he had heard, from the pilots who swarmed thereabouts, of the vast ocean and its distant shores. But none among them went further than the astrologer and cosmographer, Garci-Fernandez, who, led on by the padre and charmed by the words of Columbus, was ready to avouch the probability of reaching the oriental Indies by sailing across the western sea. It is ascertained that they sent a certain gentleman named Sebastian Rodriguez, an inhabitant of Lepe, to the camp at Santa Fé, with letters from Juan Perez to the queen; that Rodriguez returned a fortnight later with a positive and urgent command for the monk to present himself at the court; that he, being not only enthusiastic but active too, borrowed a serviceable saddle-mule from a farmer named Cabezudo, and set out, by cross-cuts and byways, at the risk of his life and liberty, for the royal seat at Granada; that the father-superior saw the queen, receiving from

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

VIEW OF LA RABIDA, SHOWING THE GATE AT WHICH COLUMBUS HALTED FOR ALMS.

her hands twenty thousand maravedís in florin-pieces, to be sent in charge of Diego Prieto from Palos Alcalde to La Rabida, and by him delivered to Columbus, who, provided with a decent mount and suitable apparel, was thus enabled to present himself to receive the wherewithal to fit out three caravels which the sovereigns were pleased to supply for the glorious voyage.

Columbus arrived, and the queen at once told him that she could not formally attend to anything whatever until after she had taken Granada. So intimately is the triumph of our Cross in that famous siege linked with the discovery of America in the ocean-wilds, that the succeeding scenes of our narrative could not well be described without likewise relating that surpassing episode. Juan Perez, although the need of his return to La Rabida was urgent, did not go back, on account of his enthusiasm for the discoverer and the discovery, until after he had earnestly commended the business to the queen, and had seen her old zeal reawakened in favor of the new project and its great originator. There was a marked difference between the visit of Columbus after his return from the court of Lisbon, and his arrival at this supreme moment. Everything then looked toward the approaching siege; the new city face to face with Granada was then being built in proof of a determined purpose; and there was no room for any thought alien to the great reconquest. But, returning now, he found Granada well nigh a suppliant at the feet of the sovereigns, and his project accepted so soon as the city should surrender. Columbus gladly remained there, and joined valiantly in the fight. At length, on the morning of January 2, 1492, Bo-

DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

CELL OF THE PRIOR MARCHENA.

abdil, with his brilliant following, surrendered himself to the king Don Ferdinand. A legion of pages, with gold-embroidered garments, went before the king on foot, opening the way for his triumphal procession to the high scene of his glorious conquest. The most exalted ricos-hombres of Castile and Aragon, mounted on gaily trapped palfreys and clad in robes of state, surrounded the monarch, with such display of blazonry and insignia, such splendid apparel, such varied standards, such gorgeously attired mace-bearers, that they seemed themselves to be an army of kings. Ferdinand II. had donned his royal robes, and his crimson mantle lined with ermine almost concealed his horse, while the countless crowns of his house and

line were seen in miniature, glittering with jewels, attached to his splendid, plume-bedecked cap. Boabdil, on the contrary, was clad in black, as befitting his dignity and his situation, wearing a casque of gold-incrusted steel adorned with mottos appropriate to his rank, his body covered with those famous oriental amulets whose efficacy he himself had never known, but in whose potency the wretched man trusted even in the midst of his irreparable misfortunes. He attempted to dismount when he came to Ferdinand, and even removed his feet from the stirrups in order to alight and kneel before him who had broken and humbled him, but an imperious gesture of the Christian monarch stayed his purpose. Whereupon, deeply moved by such signs of kindness and benevolence, the Rey Chico, the "Little King," begged earnestly to kiss the royal hand, but Ferdinand replied that such homage was proper from a vassal to his lord, never between equals. Then Boabdil, reining his horse by the side of the Aragonese king, eagerly bent forward and imprinted an ardent kiss upon the latter's right arm. Having fulfilled this act of courtesy, which he deemed to be imposed by defeat upon the vanquished, he quickly put his hands to his girdle, and his tawny visage flushed as they touched the thing they sought, the two great keys of the magic city, keys that opened the twin portals of that paradise whence Mohammedan genius and Mohammedan culture had shot forth their last rays of dying splendor. In relinquishing those keys, Boabdil believed perforce that he gave up, with them, the mosques of his God, the tombs of his fathers, the honor of his race; and he cursed the evil hour wherein he had been begotten of Hacem, and the evil star that frowned from the heavens upon his birth, predestining him to behold the downfall beneath his hands of the miraculous work of Musa and of Tarik, the remnant of the empire set up by the Abderramans and the Almansors over all Spain, to the amazement and dismay of all the world. The Arab *santon*, clad in a white woolen robe whose folds enwrapped him like some funeral statue, with flowing sleeves sweeping the ground, and upon his head the swathing linen turban like the tiara of clouds that wreathes the mountain's brow, sought not to explain the cause of their ruin, but exclaimed, "God alone knoweth!" In his turn the warrior, still wearing his coat of mail, with shield on arm, quivering lance in rest, and scimitar at his side, made token of submission by laying his accoutrements aside, pronouncing the fatalistic phrase, "God doeth all things!" And Boabdil, who embodied the might of his state, the will of his people, and the power of that nation so illustrious and so great in other times, on beholding the towers of the palace of his fathers fading from his sight, and the crown of Alhamar, that in the Eden-fields of Granada had resisted for three hundred years the victories of the Christians, falling from his brow, instead of revolting proudly against his lot and striving with determination to the last, exclaimed, "God willeth it!"

The keys having been given up, Boabdil asked for the knight who, under the noble authority of the sovereigns, was to rule over Granada; and when told that the celebrated Count of Tendilla, Don Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, had been chosen, he turned to him, and, taking from his own finger a golden ring set with a precious jewel, he addressed him in these historical words: "With this signet has Granada been governed. Take it, that you may rule the land; and may Allah prosper your power more than he hath prospered mine."

El Zogoibi, "The Unlucky," continued on his path of sorrows, and after having thus met Cardinal Mendoza at the gate of the Siete Suelos, or the seven-story tower, and King Ferdinand on the heights of San Sebastian, he met the Catholic queen at Armilla, upon the Vega, on the road to the royal seat of Santa Fé. Isabella, like Ferdinand, was clad in festal robes, and was seated upon her horse as on a throne. Upon her brow glittered that glorious crown that so soon was to rule two worlds. Her son, the infante Don John, in garments of oriental richness sparkling with gems, rode on a spirited charger by her right hand, while on her left were the princesses, gaily and richly adorned in robes of mingled Florentine brocades and gauzy Moorish tissues. A crowd of noble ladies and of pages of exalted birth formed her court, and added, if it were possible, to its splendor. Inspired by feelings of natural delicacy, the sovereigns had planned that upon that spot the sorrows of the vanquished were to be compensated by an act which would carry joy to his heart. The first-born of the Moorish king, who since the compact of Cordova had remained a hostage in the power of his enemies, was there set at liberty and restored by Isabella to his father. Hitherto Boabdil had shed no tear, but now, on beholding again the son of Moraima his beloved, he pressed his face against the face of the poor child and wept passionately of the abundance of his heart.

Thereupon the governor of Cazorla, to whose custody the Christian monarch had committed the Rey Chico, invited him to go on as far as Santa Fé, where, in accordance with the royal orders, he was lodged with the greatest courtesy and pomp in the pavilion of Cardinal Mendoza, as had been agreed. The day wore on, and the silver crucifix, borne in the hands of Mendoza to crown and complete the story of

seven centuries, was not yet displayed upon the heights and bastions of the Moorish palace. Isabella, who impatiently looked for its appearance, had found distraction from her thoughts in awaiting the coming of Boabdil and in her meeting with him. But when the Moorish king passed on, and nothing remained to occupy and divert her mind, she again began to glance eagerly at the towers and to be apprehensive lest in that supreme moment some untoward mishap might have befallen the noble cardinal. The Moors, who had thronged about in the early morning, filled with curiosity and with the desire to see the marshaled hosts of the Christians and their gleaming armor, withdrew to their dwellings as to the silence of the tomb when the emblazoned Cross entered beneath those wondrous oriental archways. Granada seemed to be a deserted city in the forenoon of that miraculous and memorable day of deliverance. The hours passed, and the Cross shone not upon the Vermilion Towers, bathed in the rays of the sun that majestically rose to the zenith. Isabella, in her impatience, began to fear that the terms of the capitulation had been violated, and that the cardinal had perchance become the victim of some ambuscade. But at high noon, upon the great watch-tower called La Vela, the emblem of the Cross appeared in all its glory, shining like a day-star in rivalry with the dazzling sun; and when they beheld it gleaming there, upon the greatest and loveliest stronghold of the Koran, illumined by the mystic light of innumerable martyrdoms, and surrounded by the souls of the countless heroes of so many generations, all the soldiers and all the magnates, kings, princes, bishops, ricos-hombres, and all beholders whose hearts throbbed with the Catholic faith and with love for their Spanish fatherland, knelt upon the ground, with cross-folded arms, and to the mystic sound of trumpets and clarions as to the tones of some vast organ they intoned a devout "Te Deum," which rose as it were from the heart of the whole nation — a nation that for seven centuries had fought for the sacred prizes of independence and unity, from Covadonga to Granada.

Moreover, that sublime day was a time of resurrection. The graves were opened and the dead arose! Yes, five hundred captives joined from their dungeons in the "Te Deum" whose sublime strains proclaimed the redemption of our liberties; and, even before it ceased, they came forth to freedom, singing the chants of their own faith, and laying their riven fetters on the altars of their country.

THE reconquest achieved, Columbus found himself face to face with the miracle thus wrought by the dauntless will of a people who, confined within a narrow territory, and unaided from any quarter, by their ardent faith and native valor, for the space of seven centuries, had held at bay, and in the end vanquished, the teeming continents of Africa and Asia, whose tribes, inured to arms, reared in a warlike creed, and led by a warrior prophet, strove in vain against them with equal courage and resoluteness. Two great national virtues overcame them, fearlessness and constancy. The hour had sounded for turning these forces to the achievement of another and no less stupendous work. Columbus beheld the Moorish king on bended knees before the queen, a sinking world before the noontide sun; and he beheld the cardinal, Mendoza, upon the Vermilion Tower, holding aloft the cross that shone, beneath that blue sky and upon that ruddy height, like a resplendent star, heralding sublime ideas and consolatory hopes. In his eyes, nothing was impossible to a living faith backed by a resolute will. The "Te Deum" of the Vega, chanted in presence of a broken and ruined people, was to his soul a forecast of the future mysterious hymn of praise in presence of a new-born race and a virgin land. He could wait no longer; the declining forces of his life renewed their ardor, and impatience mastered him as the tempest sways the tree. No middle course was now possible between the alternatives confronting him; he must either seek in other lands a better opening for his schemes, or win from the power of the sovereigns the three caravels he had begged in vain for twenty years from all the principal states of opulent Europe.

Another junta of learned men appears to have assembled under the presidency of Cardinal Mendoza, very similar in its outcome to the council held under Talavera at Cordova, and under Deza at Salamanca. Geraldini often refers to it, and tells how the old stereotyped arguments were repeated, which the prophet had controverted a thousand times before. Geraldini stood behind Mendoza while the blind opponents of progress were hotly urging their adverse arguments, all based on reminiscences of erroneous teachings culled from such authors as St. Augustine. "Good theologians, these, but mighty poor cosmographers," said the young Italian churchman to the venerable Spanish bishop. To deny the existence of a southern hemisphere when the Portuguese, in several of their expeditions, had lost sight of the north star, seemed to him a piece of folly. The impulsive cardinal took up the idea, and insisted on a favorable decision, in spite of the opposition that found vent in coarse and taunting sarcasm. The court of the sovereigns was constrained to give the discoverer another hearing, and he presented his proposals as though

there could be neither doubt nor uncertainty as to the result. He spoke so confidently and so resolutely that one might have thought him already the owner of his newly discovered lands; and, assuming the discovery as a fact, he discussed its territorial organization and civil government. He demanded the supreme office of admiral, whereby he would become almost a king among kings, for the title carried with it the rank of a grandee of Castile, who remained bonneted before his sovereign. He next demanded the office of viceroy over all the peoples and countries he should discover. Furthermore, he demanded the tenth part of all the revenues, and to sit as a judge in any tribunal which might have cognizance of litigation growing out of such appropriation of the lands and division of the profits. And as the means of successful discovery, he asked for three caravels, well equipped, and a goodly allowance of maravedís.

The reaction caused by these extraordinary pretensions sent the scheme abruptly back to the beginning. Talavera, opposed by Mendoza in those days and somewhat lessened in importance since the fall of Granada, became again indignant, and declared that it was intolerable that such a tattered beggar should put on the airs of a king. Ferdinand, although surrounded by a court altogether favorable to Columbus, foresaw with anxiety the revival on the other side of the ocean of the feudal powers he had with such effort combated at home. Many persons affirmed that, if the scheme succeeded, Columbus would at a single bound become a king; and if it failed he would lose little, while the Catholic Sovereigns would be made ridiculous in the eyes of the world; for which reasons this crack-brained and absurdly ambitious visionary should be packed off to scrape his tiresome fiddle elsewhere. On the other hand, never before had the discoverer shown such masterful prescience and strength of will. He beheld the success of his enterprise so absolutely assured; his new lands seemed to him so tangible, and the seas so thickly peopled; he so positively saw the Great Khan as a living reality, the kingdom of Cathay resplendent with gold, the island of Cipango fringed with spice-trees and begirt with pearls, that he adhered obstinately to his demands, and declined to chaffer away for empty honors the gold and gems whose glitter dazzled his eyes as one entranced with the sight of such wondrous things.

Upon being thus contemptuously dismissed, he mounted his mule and galloped with a loose rein toward Cordova, to bid farewell to his loved ones and thence to shape a new course to France, where he proposed to deliver over, without hesitancy, the absolute ownership of the schemes which purblind Spain had rejected. Amid the half-conscious reveries of that journey, the bitter reflection possessed his mind that he had chosen the Iberian peninsula as his starting-point, as being the most westerly part of Europe and the nearest to the East Indies by the westward course, yet none of the great Iberian sovereigns, of Castile, of Portugal, or of Aragon, had believed in him.

Ferdinand, being above all else a statesman, remained well contented that there was little prospect of the revival of feudalism beyond the seas after its death-blow here; but Isabella, of higher and more devout nature, more trustful, gentle, and poetical than he, regretted that she might not add to the great work achieved on land another greater sea-venture, nor give to the Church of God new regions to be consecrated and new races to be baptized as a fruit of those promise-laden victories. Aware of her feelings, the adherents of Columbus sought the queen, and earnestly represented her loss in the dismissal of the prophet and the rejection of his prophecy. Quintanilla the comptroller; Deza the learned; Mendoza the cardinal; Medinaceli the potentate; Geraldini the influential; Cabrera the royal steward; the trusted governess of the infante Don John; the famous count who, because of his close but mysterious kinship with the cardinal, stood with him on the summit of the watch-tower of Granada; Marchena, the intimate associate of the discoverer, conning with him the same books and the same stars,—all these ardently joined in earnest but respectful appeal to the sovereigns not to withhold the new world from the Church nor such an unfading laurel-crown from the nation.

But alas! even prophets and sibyls encounter in this world the stumbling-block which now baffled these two Titans of our story — the lack of funds. They possessed all else: faith, genius, inspiration, prophetic intuitions, but no money. It was as though they possessed nothing. Lope puts into the mouth of Columbus, in a dialogue with Ferdinand, who earnestly invites the discoverer to ask of him the wherewithal to prosecute the discovery, the following verses:

Sire, give me gold, for gold is all in all,
'T is master, 't is the goal and course alike,
The way, the means, the handicraft and power,
The sure foundation and the truest friend.

As it happened, Isabella had no money at hand. Her war with Granada had cost a prodigious sum. She found herself in debt even to her own servants. Political reasons, of great weight with the resolute Ferdinand, who was justly content with the practical results of concentration of power, and economical reasons, of great weight also with the conscientious Isabella, who was most anxious to bring about

some system and regularity in her revenues, induced their refusal, in view of the fresh outlays required for the expedition, and of the exaggerated demands for rank and office should the expedition yield its promised results. But to the friends of the discoverer neither of these considerations appeared sufficient to warrant the abandonment and rejection of such marvelous plans.

The Marchioness of Moya remained in the noontide of Isabella's reign the same as she had been in other days, in its ill-starred beginning, and in its tempestuous dawn. First and last, she counseled decisive action. Long before, she had threatened death to any who might prevent the union of the two crowns by the marriage of the prince and princess; now she moved the mind and the will of the fortunate royal pair to undertake the chiefest of all their enterprises, and the one that was to bring them the greenest and most precious of all their laurels. Her soul was in harmony with the spirit of that century, which, after having found the printing-press in a wretched sacristy of Strasburg; after having unearthed from ancient heaps of ruins those famous classic statues whose advent rudely disturbed the penitential monkish life and rejuvenated the human form; after having, in the sibylline tome of Copernicus, set the solar sphere in the center of all the spheres and in the focus of all the planetary ellipses, was now to add to the wide discoveries of the Portuguese in the Old World by creating new lands in the ocean, to reveal the unknown Pacific and the austral pole, and to spread in the infinite heavens new suns, and constellations of more ethereal effulgence, to proclaim God's glory. The Marchioness of Moya, like Vittoria Colonna, like Bianca Cornaro, like so many glorious women of the Renaissance, awakened with the breath of her lips the splendid fire of the new ideal.

But, if she represents the idea and the impulse, Santangelo represents the practical achievement of the project. Quintanilla had opened to Columbus the pathway to the court, Santangelo opened the road to Palos. Of a family of converts, himself but recently a Christian, one of those antique Jews who have so greatly helped to enlighten the Christian world, like the Cartagenas of Burgos for instance, he joined, as is the nature and tendency of his race, the love of the ideal, appropriate to the prophets divinely inspired of the Lord, to the reflective calculations of the schemer and the mathematician. It is a historical fact that, one day, Ferdinand V., on his way from Aragon to Castile, and needing some ready cash, as often happened owing to the impoverishment of those kingdoms, halted his horse at the door of Santangelo's house in Calatayud, and, dismounting, entered and obtained a considerable sum from the latter's inexhaustible private coffers. He must have enjoyed great power, for although some of his near kinsfolk took part in the immolation of Pedro Arbues, the first inquisitor, who was slain in the cathedral of Saragossa in the frenzy of a popular uprising, no harm came to Ferdinand's treasurer, neither did he fall from royal favor nor incur the usual penalty of infamy.

As soon as Santangelo heard of the flight of Columbus, he went to the queen's chamber, and implored her to order him to return, being supported in this by the Marchioness of Moya. And when the queen complained of the exorbitant demands of the discoverer, he reminded her that the cost would be but a trifling consideration if the attempt succeeded, and if it failed could be reduced to next to nothing. When to this cogent reasoning the queen objected the emptiness of the Castilian treasury, and the need of again pawning her jewels to raise the means, Santangelo unhesitatingly assured her of the flourishing state of the Aragonese finances, doubtless because of the revenues yielded by the expulsion of the Jews, and of the resources there available, promising at the same time to win over the perplexed and inert mind of Ferdinand the Catholic. Thereupon messengers were sent post-haste, who stopped Columbus at a neighboring bridge some two leagues away, and made him turn back to Granada, where, in April, 1492, the articles of agreement, known as the Capitulations of Sante Fé, were signed, granting Columbus all he asked. Thence he went to Palos in May, to set out in August from that port upon the new and incredible Argonaut voyage, in the course of which his search for the oldest and most historic regions of the earth of olden time was to lead him, the revealer, unintentionally and unknowingly, to chance upon a new creation.

Emilio Castelar.

A WISH.

THIS be my wish: let all my lines
Across the pages run like vines;
The words, their shining blossoms be,
The book, a field of melody.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

V. BEAUTY.

FOR the moment, and somewhat out of the order of discussion, I will assume that no poem can have birth without that unconscious process of the soul which is recognized in our use of words like intuition, insight, genius, inspiration. Nor can it be brought to completeness without the exercise of conscious afterthought. True poetry, however, is reinforced by three dynamic elements. No work of art is worth considering unless it is more or less effective through beauty, feeling, and imagination; and in the consideration of art, truth and ethics are a part of beauty's fidelity to supreme ideals.

You will find it needful to examine the nature of that which is termed Beauty, before acknowledging that poetry can be no exception, but rather the chief illustration, when it is declared that an indispensable function of the arts is the expression of the beautiful.

With respect to the artists and critics who abjure that declaration,—as when, for instance, a critic said of an American draftsman that he was too fine an artist to concern himself about mere beauty,—I am convinced that they simply are in rebellion against hackneyed standards. They have adopted some fresh, and therefore welcome, notion as to what is attractive. This they have given a new name, to distinguish it from an established and too familiar standard. They are unwittingly wooing beauty in a new dress—the same goddess, with more disguises than Venus Mater. Some day they will recognize her, *et vera incessu patuit dea*, and again be taught that she never permits her suitors to escape. She has the secret of keeping them loyal in spite of themselves. This belief that they are free, is a charm by which she lures them to her unknown haunts, rewarding them with the delight of discovery, or ironically permitting them to set up claims for invention. One may even compare beauty to the wise and charming wife who encourages a fickle husband's attentions at a masquerade. She has a thousand graces and coquetries. At last the masks are removed. "What, is it you? And still superior to all others!" He needs must worship her more than ever, and own that none can rival her adorable and "infinite variety."

No; the only consistent revolt is on the part of those who declare that she has no real existence—that beauty is a chimera. Let me confess at once that I am not in their ranks. I doubt whether any artist, or any thinker who honestly loves art and has an instinct for it, believes this theory of esthetics, though he may advocate it or be driven into its acceptance. An argument can be made on that side, granting certain premises. Even then it is a dispute about terms. The claim may serve for metaphysicians, not for those whose vocations relate to the expression of artistic ideas in what is called tangible form. Go back to Berkeley and his forebears, if you like. Deny the existence of all things—for that is what you must do if you deny the actuality of beauty, else you are instantly routed. Your only safe claim is that naught but soul exists, and this not the general soul, but your own soul, your Ego. You think, therefore you are; everything else is, for all that I can prove, the caprice of your own dream. Some of our modern transcendentalists, vaunting their Platonic allegiance to ideal beauty, affected indifference to its material emblems. The modern impressionists, after all the most ardent and ingenuous of technicists, are unwittingly their direct successors. Now, the transcendentalists often were speculators, and not, as they deemed themselves, artists and poets. Having little command over the beautiful, they took refuge in discrediting it. I speak of certain of the followers: their chief was Argus-eyed. In Emerson the true poet constantly broke loose. He, too, looked inward for the ideal beauty, that purest discovery of the soul, but in song he always recognized its visible reality.

> For Nature beats in perfect tune,
> And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
> Whether she work in land or sea,
> Or hide underground her alchemy.
> Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there,
> And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

But, as I say, the recantation of beauty, by transcendentalists, realists, and impressionists alike, is the search for her in some other of her many realms. Whatsoever kingdom the impressionist enters, he still finds her on the throne. For him she may veil herself in twi-

Copyright, 1892, by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

light and half-tints — or at rare instants of perception in still more witching drapery worn for him alone. The individual impressions enrich our museum of her portraitures. The impressionist depicts her not as she was known to Pheidias, or Raphael, or Velasquez, but as she appears to his own favored vision. This is the truth that makes impressionism a brave factor in modern art and poetry. What lessens its vantage is the delusion, absurd as Malvolio's, of incompetents, each of whom fancies that he is in special favor and that myopic vision and eccentric technic result in impressions that are worth recording.

WHENEVER there is a notable break from that mediocrity falsely termed "correct," which lurks in academic arras, it is not a rebellion but a just revolution. This is why it has been said that "the strength of Shakspere lay in the fact that he had no taste; he was not a man of letters." But men of letters now accept Shakspere as their highest master. Thus every new movement or method in art has the added form of strangeness at first — of a true romanticism. In time this too becomes classicism and academic. The mediocrities, the dullards of art, are ever the camp-followers of its shining soldiery. In every campaign, under every mode that a genius brings into vogue, they ultimately pitch their ragged tents; and even if they do not sink the cause into disrepute, they make in time a new departure necessary. In the greatest work, however, there will be found always a fresh originality that is not radically opposed to principles already established; you will have a union of classicism and romanticism.

Any poem or painting which produces a serious and lasting impression will in the end be found to have a beauty, not merely of its own, but allied to universal types and susceptible of logical analysis. Its royal stamp will be detected by the expert. Gainsay this, and you count out a host of the elect brotherhood who make this the specific test — who will forego other elements (as in religion the Church passes over minor matters if you accept its one essential) and concentrate their force upon the dogma tersely expressed by Poe when he defined poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty." One need not accept this as a sufficient statement, but one may assert that no statement is sufficient which does not pointedly include it.

Confront, however, the fact that the new esthetic is grounded in science, and see to what this leads. It opposes, for example, the theory of those who accept the existence of a something which we recognize as beauty, and which as a sensible and primary quality can be defined only by itself, or by a synonym, though its conditions are observable and reasons can be given for it. Expression is its source; is not beauty itself, but that which gives objects beauty. Now Véron, a forcible expositor of the school that has in mind the scientific situation, declares that beauty is solely in the eye or mind of the artist, and that everything turns on the expression of his impression. The latter clause is true enough. The beauty which the painter or poet offers us certainly depends upon the quality of his vision, upon his ability to give us something in accord with general laws, yet deriving a special charm and power from the touch or atmosphere of his personal genius. As each race has its specific mode of vision, so for each there are as many and different impressions and expressions as the race has artists; and the general or academic outlines of perfection being known, the distinctive value of a poem or painting does come from its maker's habit of vision and interpretation.

But why, in order to advance the banner of impressionism, or of realism, good as these may be, should we assume the task of denying beauty altogether? Beauty is confessedly not a substance; you cannot weigh it with scales or measure it with a yard-stick: but it is a vibratory expression of substances. It characterizes that substance which enforces upon intelligence — in our case, upon human intelligence — a perception of its fitness. In the mind of a creative poet, it is a quality of his imagined substance — poetry dealing, as we have seen, with "the shews of things" and treating them as if real. To the pure idealist they are the only realities, as Emerson himself implied in his remark when called away from an abstract discussion in the library to inspect a farmer's load of wood: "Excuse me a moment, my friends. We have to attend to these matters just as if they were real."

To be sure, from the place where I stand, I cannot see the rays, the vibrations, which convey to you the aspect of something in your line of vision; the light and shape and color which constitute your impression are your personal sensations. But the vibrations which produce them are actually occurring, and the quality of the substance from which they emanate is operative, — unless, again, you choose to deny *in toto* the existence of matter, — and, after every allowance has been made for personal variation, if I move to your point of view, they will, so far as we can know anything, produce approximately the same effect upon my mind and upon yours. It matters not through which of the senses impressions are received: sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch — all resolve themselves at last into spiritual feeling. Form, for example, appeals to the touch as well as to the eye. Note the blind Herreshoff, that skilled designer of

the swift, graceful hulls of yachts and other cruisers. As his sensitive fingers passed over, and shaped, and reshaped his model, he had as keen a sense of the beauty of its lines as we have in seeing them. A poem, conveyed by touch to one congenitally deaf, dumb, and blind, will impress him only with the beauty of its thought, construction, and metric concordance; but in one who has lost his sight and hearing in mature years, and who retains his memories, it will excite ideas of sound and imagery and color. Moral and intellectual beauty is the spiritual analogue of that which is sensuous; but just now we are regarding concrete qualities; for example, the form, the verbal and rhythmical excellence, of a poet's poem. Our reference to arts that specially appeal to the eye is illustrative, since they afford the diagrams, so to speak, of most service in this discussion.

For the perception of the beautiful there must be a soul in conjunction; that statement is irrefutable. Yet I think that the quality of beauty exists in substances, even if there be no intelligence at hand to receive an impression of it; that if a cataract has been falling and thundering and prismatically sparkling in the heart of a green forest, from time immemorial, and with no human being to wonder at it, it has no less the attribute of beauty; it is waiting, as Kepler said of its Creator, "six thousand years for an interpreter." Suppose that an exquisite ode by Sappho or Catullus has been buried for twenty centuries in some urn or crypt: its beauty is there, and may come to light. Grant that our sense of material beauty is the impression caused by vibrations; then *the quality regulating those vibrations* is what I mean by the "beauty" of the substance whence they emanate. Grant what we term the extension of that substance; the characteristics of that extension are what affect us. There is no escape, you see, unless, with Berkeley, you say there is no matter.

This is just what the poet, the artist, is not called upon to do. He is at the outset a phenomenalist. He sets forth his apparitions of things, idealizing them for the delight of himself and the world. And as to the law of beauty, whether it lies in use or proportion or what not, it all comes back to the truths of nature, to the perfection of the universe, to that sense of the fitness of things which is common to us all in our respective degrees; so that there are some objects so perfect that we all, if of the same breed and condition, assent to their beauty. There are women, for example, who take the world with beauty at first glance, and there are other objects only partly beautiful, less perfect, about which, therefore, even critical judgments are in dispute. That beauty does go somewhat with use is plain from its creation by necessity. The vessel that is most beautiful, that differs most from the lines of a junk or scow, is the one best fitted safely and swiftly to ride the waves. The condition is the same with everything in nature and art, from a bird to a portico. If the essence of beauty lies in conformity to the law and fitness of things, then all natural things are as beautiful as they can be — that is, beauty is their natural quality; they develop it unconsciously as far as possible under limitations imposed by the pervading struggle for existence. This is what leads Hartmann to assert that in Nature's beauty "the individual, who is at the same time marble and sculpture, realizes the Idea perfectly unconsciously; in human artistic production, on the other hand, the instigation of consciousness supervenes."

The poet, through intuition and executive gift realizing the normal beauty of everything, imaginatively sets it forth. He detects it even within the abnormal gloom and deformity imposed by chance and condition, helps it to struggle to the light, restores it — I may say — to consonance with the beauty of the universal soul. This being partly comprehensible through empiricism and logical analysis, men of talent, and of little insight, produce tolerable work by means of trained esthetic judgment. But no art, no poetry, is a distinctive addition to the world's stores unless its first conception be intuitive; then only it is a fresh expression of the universal beauty through one of its select interpreters. Like all things else it comes to us from Jove.

Even Véron is compelled to assume the element which he denies. When he begins to illustrate and to criticize, he instantly talks of "the perfection of parts." The despotism of established art systems springs from this perfection—the academic sway of the antique and of Raphaelitism. Much of this discussion belongs to metaphysical esthetics, and some persons may think these notions antiquated. We know little of these things absolutely. We know not the esoteric truth in matters of art or nature — otherwise the schools at once would cease their controversies. As it happens, certain of the latest physicists claim that "deduced facts" — that is, the objects inferred from our sensations — are the true substantialities; that only our perception of them is transient; that the world of subjective feelings is the chimera, not the objective matters which excite perception.

One question you very properly may ask: "Why not take all this for granted, and go on? Join either side, and the result is the same. Eclipses were calculated readily enough upon the Ptolemaic method." Not so. The theory that beauty is a chimera leads to an arrogant contempt for it on the part of many artists and poets, who substitute that which is bizarre and

audacious for that which has enduring charm. It begins with irreverence, and leads to discordant taste; to something far beneath the excellence of noble literatures and of great plastic and poetic eras.

THE tentative revolts that break forth in art and letters are against methods to which, however fine they be and grounded in nature, the world has become too servile. Movements in poetry, like those of Blake and Whitman and Lanier for greater rhythmical freedom, of the Rossettians for a study of Preraphaelite methods, of Banville and Dobson for a restoration of attractive forms; movements in art like those of Monticelli and Monet — all these are but the quest for values so long unwonted that they seem new; and thus art returns upon its circuit and the wisdom of the Preacher is reaffirmed. Still, every race has its culminating or concurrent ideal of beauty, which is affected, again, by the conditions of life in the different regions of the race's establishment. Each nation, like a rose-tree, draws from the soil and air its strength, and wealth, and material sustenance; it puts forth branches, and leaves, and sturdy thorns, and battles with the elements and with the thicket that hems it in; finally, with all its hardier growth assured, it breaks into flower, it develops an ideal; its own and perfect rose of beauty marks the culmination, the intent, the absolute fulfilment, of its creative existence. Thus the ideals of Grecian art and song doubtless represent the South, and those of the Gothic or romantic the North, in Europe; and the two include the rarest of our Aryan types. In art, these have resulted in various academic standards the excellence of which cannot be discredited. Pater has rightly said that it is vulgar to ignore the "form" of the one, and vulgar to underrate the "substance" of the other. The charm of the antique, for instance, is so celestial that, supposing we had been deprived of it hitherto and were suddenly to be introduced to it through discovery of a new continent, the children of art would go wild over its perfection. The very artists who now revolt from it would in that case break from other standards and lead a revolt in its favor, and a momentous progress in art and song would be recorded. As it is, we are intellectually aware of its nobility; but anon our sense of delight in it is blunted,— we have no zest in its repetition, being to the manner born. Zest is the sensation most worth possessing. The eager student instinct is right in essaying discovery and revival, since only thus can zest be sustained, and, for the sake of this, occasional changes even to fashions of minor worth are not to be scouted. The element of strangeness itself conveys a peculiar effect of beauty. This, by the way, is the strength of the Grotesque, a subordinate form of art and at its best accessory.

You will observe that after most revolts the schools go back, in time, to certain ideals — to those which become academic because the highest. They recover zest for these, having wearied of some passing fashion or revival. An occasional separation is not a bad thing, after all, in friendship, art, or marriage. Thus it was that the classic Renaissance of Italy reopened a world of beauty, and began a fresh creative period, in which new styles of painting, molding, architecture arose, different from the antique, but inspired by it, and possible because the spirit of beauty itself was reborn.

We constantly have illustrations of the dependence of artistic zest upon the stimulus of novelty. Some of you possibly were brought up in our old towns and in those old houses where architecture, furniture, wall-paper, were all "in keeping." How prim and monotonous it then seemed, and how a lad longed to get away from it! Citified folk long since got away, and with zest, to something vastly inferior — to something with no style at all. At last the Colonial and Revolutionary homestead styles became rare to find in their integrity. Now we see a restoration of them; now we rediscover their lightness and fitness,— their beauty,— and are reviving them in all departments of taste; until in fact, as I recently heard an artist break forth, "there is a great deal of taste — and some of it is good!" It may be that another generation will tire of them, as we did, though it seems heresy to say so now.

For a long time after 1775, Sir Joshua Reynolds stood, in his work and "Discourses," as a representative exponent of the academic. One must remember that he had no light task in promoting taste among his Anglo-Saxons; their race is not endowed with the intuitive Southern perception of the beautiful. The English acquire their artistic taste intellectually, except in landscape-gardening, although their poets seem to be even more noble (perhaps because more intellectual) than those of nations whose sense of material beauty is congenital. Sir Joshua was a good deal of a poet with his brush. The chief of academicians, he had a touch, a lovely feeling, an impressiveness of his own. When he sought a foundation for his discourses upon art, he wisely went to the best ideals known to him. His lectures are in the main sound; no artist, even a recanter, can afford not to read them; yet the attempt to carry them out almost confirmed the English School in "correct," rigid, and lifeless methods. And why? Because Sir Joshua, an original painter in his studio, in his teachings did not sufficiently allow for and inculcate a local, cli-

matic, racial divergence from his revered Italian models.

Now, the Indo-European ideals of beauty usually have been the foundation of academic theoretics upon art, just as they are interwrought, in sooth, with English poetry, and with the great criticism thereon — from Lamb and Coleridge to Dryden and Arnold and Lowell. But what would Sir Joshua Reynolds have made of the extreme antipodal type, that of those Asiatic Greeks — our delightful Japanese? To be sure, there were Indian and Chinese cults, but these were merely capricious and accessory, and not pursued to any just appreciation of their ideals. Here, then, in Japan is a race developed under distinctive biological conditions, with types of art and life almost the reverse of our own, yet perfectly consistent throughout, and — as we now see — superior to those of Western civilization in more than one department. Its ideals are just as perfect as those of the Greeks or Goths, yet absolutely different. Here we indeed enter a new world. Ideal beauty plainly lies in adaptation of the spirit to the circumstances, though not always to the apparent material exigencies. La Farge, whom I have before quoted, — and upon the subject of beauty the sayings of a painter or an architect (*mutatis mutandis*) apply just as fully to poetry as to his own art, — La Farge says, in speaking of the adaptation of Japanese buildings to resistance against earthquakes, that

> like all true art, the architecture of Japan has found in the necessities imposed upon it the motives for realizing beauty, and has adorned the means by which it has conquered the difficulties to be surmounted.

No better illustration could be given of the relations of fitness and beauty; but he soon has occasion to add:

> Everywhere the higher architecture, embodied in shrines and temples, is based on some ideal needs, and not essentially upon necessities.

We see, then, every people recognizing an extramundane conception of beauty, founded in the spirit of man, and this again conforms itself to the spirit of each race. Through it the poets become creative rather than adaptive — the beauty of their imaginings coming from within, just as the beauty of nature is the efflux of the universal spirit. So far as human artists share the Divinity of that spirit, their interpretations give it form to human eyes, melody to human ears, and imagery and feeling therewithal to move the recipient. It seems, then, I say, the lot of each nation, as if an individual, and of each period, as if a modish season, to discover the beauty conformed both to general laws and to specific needs and impulse; to create, moreover, its proper forms in every art, thus making new contributions to the world's thesaurus of poetry and design. This is acknowledged by all, as concerns the every-day art of dress. A Japanese gentleman is dignified in his national costume; his wife and daughters are charming in their clinging and curving robes. Attire them — and that is the shameful thing which our Western invasion is effecting — in the dapper broadcloth, the Parisian gown, and their comeliness is gone. A pitiful incongruity takes its place. I believe that such a race as theirs also develops its fine arts, manners, government, literature — yes, even religion — to its foreordained capacity; that if you force or coax it to adopt the modes of a divergent people, you sound the death-knell of its fair individuality. If the tempter race is the superior, the one that surrenders its own ideals is doomed to be absorbed — at least, to lose its national distinction. Possibly with the progressive modern intercourse of peoples a general blending is to result. Languages, arts, races, may react upon one another and produce a cosmic mongrelism. If this is according to the law of progress, something grand will come out of it, a planetary and imposing style. But during centuries of transition the gradual loss of national individualities will seem pathetic indeed. Something of this passed through my mind as I watched, half sorrowful and half amused, an accomplished Japanese lady, the adopted daughter of an American, yielding to the influence of our Western ideals. A natural artist, like so many of her blood, she is impressible by beauty of a novel type. As far as personal experience is concerned, she doubtless adds to the worth of her own life by assimilating the results of an art no more perfect in its kind than the decorative — and therefore secondary — art of her own race, yet one far beyond the power of her race to originate, or to pursue in competition with its originators. Therefore it seemed almost a pity to find her at work upon a lesson from the Art Students' League, copying in crayon an antique Apollo, with deft fingers, which to my thinking should be tracing designs in lacquer or in cloisonné on bronze, or painting some group of Japanese men and maidens, in their flexible costume, by the bayside, on a terrace, with herons stalking among sacred lilies in the near distance, and the eternal peak of Fuziyama meeting the blue sky beyond.

Meanwhile our present standard of beauty is the European, with modifications. To comprehend any other you must enter into its spirit by adoption, by a certain naturalization; until then you will find it as hard to master as the idioms of a language not your own. These seem grotesque and childish until you speak,

even think, in their tongue without mentally translating it. A translation will give you the imagination, action, thought, of a poem, for instance, but not its native and essential *beauty*. Esthetics relate to the primal sense, and must be taken at first hand. This is all the truth there is in the maxim *De gustibus*. If the rays of our sun were as green as those of the star β Libræ, beauty would exist and have its standard in conformity. Taste would be as intuitive as now, and just as open to cultivation.

These general principles should entitle us to our surmise respecting the ultimate value of a poem. A mode attractive for its novelty may be only the vogue of a generation, or of a brief season. I take endurance to be the test of art. History will show, I think, that if a poem had not the element of beauty, this potency in art, its force could not endure. Beauty partakes of eternal youth and conveys its own immortality. Passion and imagination intensify much of the poetry that has survived; but under their stress the poet summons beauty to his aid. Wisdom and morals do not so inevitably take on grace; their statements, impressive at the time, must be recast perpetually. The law of natural selection conserves artistic beauty in the poem as in the bird and butterfly. Besides, just as gems and gold are hoarded while iron is left to rust, and as paintings that are beautiful in line and color grow costlier with time, so the poetry that has the beauty of true art becomes the heirloom of generations. For beauty seems to consecrate both makers and possessors. Just as all the world clings to the legends of Helen and Cleopatra and Mary Stuart, so it has a fondness for the Cellinis and Villons and Marlowes and Lovelaces—the ne'er-do-weels of art and song. This is because it reads the artist's higher self in his work; there alone it is expressed, and we give him credit for it. The truth of fairy tales is that of beauty; the Florizels and Cinderellas and Percinets are its ideals. Beauty loves the Beast, but the Beast is beauty in disguise. Thus creative taste holds the key to the future, and art for art's sake is a sound motto in so far as beauty is a legitimate end of art. That it is not the sole end of art-life is the lesson of Tennyson's "The Palace of Art." One who thought otherwise at last found need to throw her royal robes away:

"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
"Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt."

All in all, if concrete beauty is not the greatest thing in poetry, it is the one thing indispensable, and therefore we give it earliest consideration. Besides, it so depends on the elements of emotion and truth that when these are not expressed in a poem you may suspect the beauty to be defective and your sense of it mistaken. It may be said to symbolize truth in pure form.

The young poet, as instinctively as a plant seeks the light, feels that he must worship and express the beautiful. His passion for it, both in his life and in his art, is his greatest strength and danger. It is that which must distinguish him from other men; for many will have more wisdom, more virtue, than himself, while only he who can inform these with beauty by that token is the poet. In the early poems of Shakspere, Milton, Goethe, Tennyson, Rossetti, thought is wreaked "upon expression." Even the minstrels whose development stops at this point, such as Herrick, the cavalier singers, the Provençal minstrels, have no obscure stations in the hemicycle of song.

Why is it that all the relics of Grecian poetry have such beauty? Were there no dullards, was there no inartistic versifying, even in Athens? It is my belief that for every poet whose works have reached us a score passed into obscurity, and their writings were lost; furthermore, that, in spite of the burning of the Alexandrian library, comparatively little has been lost since the time of Herodotus that was worth saving. Only the masterpieces, large and small, were copied and recopied, and treasured in men's hearts and homes. And those were. The ugly statues, also, went to ruin. It is the Venus of the Louvre that is piously buried when danger threatens, whether in Melos or by the Seine; and it is she who always rises again and comes to light. Doubtless we have the *most* beautiful dramas of even Æschylus and Sophocles, and some of the rarest odes of even Æolian and Dorian lyrists. Time and fate could not destroy the blooms of the anthology, the loveliest Syracusan idyls, the odes of Catullus and Horace. By chance something less attractive has remained: we keep Ausonius and Quintus on the archaic shelves, but they have no life; they are not cherished and quoted, they cannot be said to endure.

All service is in a sense acceptable, and hence the claim that the intent, rather than the outcome, crowns the work. Thus Browning in his paper on Shelley and in certain poems shows himself to be a pure idealist in his estimate of art. Professor A. H. Smyth explains that the object of Browning's "Old Pictures in Florence" is "to show that Greek art in all its matchless perfection is no more admirable than dim and almost undecipherable ruins of efforts merely monastic, on smoke-stained walls of Christian churches." But to me the latter

suggest merely faith and aspiration, without that perfected beauty which adds the grandeur of attainment and completes the trinity of art.

The poetry of our own tongue is sufficient to test the law of durability. Its youth, as if that of a poet, was pledged to the mastery of the beautiful as soon as it grew out of half-barbaric minstrelsy and displayed a conscious intent. Chaucer is a poet of the beautiful; always original in his genius, and sometimes in his invention, he for the most part simply tells old tales with a new and English beauty. Five hundred years later his pupil, Morris, renews the process. Spenser's rare and exhaustless art makes him the poet's poet. Passing by Shakspere as we would pass by nature, what we cull again and again from the Elizabethan garden are those passages in the dramatists, beautiful for rhythm and diction, which furnish examples for the criticism of Coleridge and Lamb. From the skylark melodies and madrigals of that English Arcady those which are most beautiful are ever chosen first by the anthologists. We never tire of them: they seem more perfect and welcome with each remove. Too few read Ben Jonson's plays; who does not know "To Celia," "The Triumph of Charis," and "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"? The song, "Take, O take those lips away," even were it not embalmed by Shakspere, would outlast the dramas of John Fletcher. Suckling's "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" and his verses on a wedding, Lovelace's "To Lucasta" and "To Althæa, from Prison,"—such are the gems in whose light the shades of courtier-poets remain apparent. More of Herrick's endure, because with him beauty of sound and shape and fancy was always first in heart, and always fresh and natural. I have written a paper on Single-Poem Poets, but the greater number of them were no less the authors of a mass of long-forgotten verse. Of Waller's poetry we remember little beyond the dainty lyrics "Go, Lovely Rose" and "On a Lady's Girdle." From time to time the saddest and gladdest and sweetest chansons of Villon and Ronsard and Du Bellay are retranslated by deft English minstrels, as men take out precious things from cabinets and burnish them anew. A ponderous epic disappears: some little song, once caroled by Mary Stuart, or a perfect conceit of imagery and feeling, whose very author is unknown, becomes imperishable. For instance,

THE WHITE ROSE.

Sent by a Yorkish Lover to his Lancastrian Mistress.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayest deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

The few lyrics I have named are among the most familiar that occur to you and me; but what has made them so if it be not their exceeding loveliness?

We have but one poet of the first order, but one strong pier of the bridge, between Shakspere and our own century. Milton in his early verse, which has given lessons to Keats and Tennyson, displays the extreme sense and expression of poetic beauty. Dryden and Pope have values of their own; but from Pope to Burns, only Goldsmith, for his charms of simplicity and feeling, and Collins and Gray, who achieved a certain perfection even in conventional forms, are still endeared to us. Examine the imposing mass of Wordsworth's poetry. With few exceptions the imaginative and elevated passages, the most tender lyrics, have a peculiar beauty of rhythm and language—have sound, color, and artistic grace. Take these, and nearly all are chosen for Arnold's "Selection" and Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and you possibly have the most of Wordsworth that will be read hereafter.

A revival of love for the beautiful culminated in the modern art school. Naturalness had come back with Burns, Cowper, and Wordsworth, intensity and freedom with Byron; then the absolute poetic movement of Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and of that esthetic propagandist, Leigh Hunt, began its prolonged influence. Poetry is again an art, constructed and bedecked with precision. So potent the charm of this restoration, that it has outrun all else: there is a multitude of minor artists, each of whom, if he cannot read the heart of Poesy, casts his little flower beside her as she sleeps. Who can tell but some of these blossoms may be selected by Fame and Time, that wait upon her? Ars Victrix wears her little trophies as proudly as her great. Dobson's paraphrase on Gautier became at once a proverb, from instant recognition of its truth:

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius;

Even the gods must go;
Only the lofty Rhyme
Not countless years o'erthrow,—
Not long array of time.

In this one lecture, you see, I dwell upon the technical features that lend enchantment to poetry in the concrete. How, then, does the beauty of a poem avail? Primitively, as ad-

dressed to the ear in sound; that was its normal method of conveying its imagery and passion to the human mind, and we have already considered the strange spell of its vocal music. But with the birth of written literature it equally addressed the eye, and since the invention of printing, a thousand times more frequently; so that the epigram is not strained which declares that "It is read with the ear; it is written with the voice; it is heard with the eyes." The mind's ear conceives the beauty of those seen, but "unheard melodies," which are "the sweetest." The *look* of certain words conveys certain ideas to the mind: they seem as entities to display the absolute color, form, expression, associated with their meanings, just as their *seen* rhythm and melody sound themselves to the ear. The eye, moreover, finds the architecture of verse effective, realizing a monumental, inscriptionary beauty in stanzaic and ode forms. Shape, arrangement, proportion, compose the synthetic beauty of Construction. Thus poetry has its architecture and shares that condition celebrated by Beatrice in the "Paradiso": "All things collectively have an order among themselves, and this is form, which makes the universe resemble God."[1] Beauty of construction is still more potent in the effect of plot and arrangement. Simplicity, above all, characterizes alike the noblest and the loveliest poems — simplicity of art and of feeling. There are no better examples of this, as to motive and construction, than those two episodes of Ruth and Esther. Written in the poetic Hebrew, though not in verse, they fulfil every requisition of the prose idyl: the one a pure pastoral, the other a civic and royal idyl of the court of a mighty king. There is not a phrase, an image, an incident, too much or too little in either; not a false note of atmosphere or feeling. These works, so naïvely exquisite, are deathless. Their charm is even greater as time goes on. Now, a remarkable novel has been written in our own day, "Anna Karénina," which chances to be composed of two idyls — one distinctly of the city and the court, the other of the country and the harvest-field. These two cross and interweave, and blend and separate, until the climacteric tragedy and lesson of the book. Powerful as this work is, it has little chance of great endurance, inasmuch as its structure and detail are complex even for this complex period. It is at the opposite extreme from the simplicity of those matchless idyls of the Old Testament.

In poetry true beauty of detail is next to that of construction, but non-creative writers lavish all their ingenuity upon decoration until it becomes a vice. You cannot long disguise a lack of native vigor by ornament and novel effects. Over-decoration of late is the symptom of over-prolonged devotion to the technical sides of both poetry and art. Sound, color, word-painting, verse-carving, imagery — all these are rightly subordinate to the passion of a poem, and must not usurp its place. Landscape, moreover, at its best, is but a background to life and action. In fine, construction must be decorated, but decoration is not the main object of a building or a poem. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is perhaps our finest English example of the extreme point to which effects of detail can be carried in a romantic poem. The faultless construction warrants it. Some of Tennyson's early pieces, such as the classico-romantic "Œnone" and "The Lotos-Eaters," stand next in modern verse. But I forego a disquisition upon technic. All of its countless effects are nothing without that psychical beauty imparted by the true poetic vitality — are of less value than faith and works without love. The *vox humana* must be heard. That alone can give quality to a poem; the most refined and artistic verse is cold and forceless without it. A soulless poem is a stained-glass window with the light shining on and not through it.

Since a high emotion cannot be sustained too long without changing from a rapture to a pang, many have declared that the phrase "a long poem" is a misnomer. Undoubtedly, concentration of feeling must be followed by depression or repose. The fire that burns fiercely soon does its work. Yet he who conceives and makes a grand tragedy or epic so relieves his work with interludes and routine that the reader moves as from wave to wave across a great water. It may be, as alleged, a succession of short poems, but these are interwrought as by one of nature's processes for the building of a master-work. However, let me select the beauty of a short and lyric poem, as the kind about which there is no dispute, for the only type which I can here consider.

Lyrical beauty does not necessarily depend upon the obvious repetends and singing-bars of a song or regular lyric. The purest lyrics are not of course songs; the stanzaic effect, the use of open vowel sounds, and other matters instinctive with song-makers, need not characterize them. What they must have is *quality*. That their rhythmic and verbal expression appeals supremely to the finest sensibilities indicates, first, that the music of speech is more advanced, because more subtly varying, than that of song; or, secondly, that a more advanced music, such as the German and French melodists now wed to words, is required for the interpretation of the most poetic and qualitative lyric. A profound philosophy of sound and

[1] Thus cited by Dr. W. T. Harris in "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia."

speech is here involved—not yet fully understood, and into which we need not enter.

But you know that rare poetic types, whether of the chiseled classic verse or of the song and lyric, have a grace that is intangible. There is a rare bit of nature in "The Reapers" of Theocritus. Battus compares the feet of his mistress to carven ivory, her voice is drowsy sweet, "but her air"—he says—"I cannot express it!" And thus the gems of Greek and Latin verse, the cameos of Landor and Hunt and Gautier, the English songs from Shakspere to Procter and Tennyson and Stoddard, the love-songs of Goethe and his successors, the ethereal witching lyrics of Shelley and Swinburne and Robert Bridges—all these have one impalpable attribute, light as thistle-down, potent as the breath of a spirit, a divine gift unattainable by will or study, and this is, in one word, Charm. Charis, Grace herself, bestows it, blending perfect though inexplicable beauty of thought with perfect though often suggested beauty of feeling. To these her airy sprites minister with melody and fragrance, with unexpectedness and sweet surprises, freedom in and out of law, naïveté, aristocratic poise, lightness, pathos, rapture—all gifts that serve to consecrate the magic touch. However skilled the singer, quality and charm are inborn. Something of them therefore always graces the folk-songs of a peasantry, the ballads and songs, let us say, of Ireland and Scotland. Theirs is the wilding flavor which Lowell detects:

> Sometimes it is
> A leafless wilding shivering by the wall;
> But I have known when winter barberries
> Pricked the effeminate palate with surprise
> Of savor whose mere harshness seemed divine.

When to this the artist-touch is added, then the wandering, uncapturable movement of the pure lyric—more beautiful for its breaks and studied accidentals and most effective discords—is ravishing indeed: at last you have the poet's poetry that is supernal. Its pervading quintessence is like the sheen of flame upon a glaze in earth or metal. Form, color, sound, unite and in some mysterious way become lambent with delicate or impassioned meaning. Here beauty is most intense. Charm is the expression of its expression, the measureless under-vibration, the thrill within the thrill. We catch from its suggestion the very impulse of the lyrist; we are given the human tone, the light of the eye, the play of feature—all, in fine, which shows the poet in the poem and makes it his and not another's.

JUST as this elusive beauty prevails, the song, or lyric, will endure. Art is in truth the victress when she fulfils Ruskin's demand and is able "to stay what is fleeting, and to enlighten what is incomprehensible; to incorporate the things that have no measure, and immortalize the things that have no duration." And yet, recognizing her subtle paradoxy, and if asked to name one suggested feeling which more than others seems allied with Charm and likely to perpetuate its expression (for I can name only one to-day), I select that which dwells not upon continuance, but upon—our perishableness. Think of it, and you will see that Evanescence is an unfailing source of charm. Something exquisite attaches to our sense of it. The appeal which a delicate and fragile thing of beauty makes to us depends as much upon its peril as upon its rarity. In the fullness of life we may have other things as fair and cherished; but that one individuality, that grace and sweetness, cannot be repeated. In time we must say of it—

> Like the dew on the mountain,
> Like the foam on the river,
> Like the bubble on the fountain,
> Thou art gone, and forever!

We marvel at the indestructible gem, but love the flower for its share in our own doom. If the violet, the rose-gerardia, the yellow jasmine, were unfading, imperishable, what would their worth be? Mimic them exactly in wax, reproduce even their fragrance, and the copies smack of embalmment. We have, indeed, blooms that do not wither, that do not waste themselves in exhalations; we call them immortelles, but we feel that these amaranthine, husky blossoms are emblems not of life but of death; they cannot have souls, else they would not be so changeless. Not theirs

> The unquiet spirit of a flower
> That hath too brief an hour.

The ecstatic charm of nature lies in her evanishments. Each season is too fair to last; no sunrise stays; "the rainbow comes and goes"; the clouds change and fleet and fade to nothingness. The height of wisdom is to make the most of life's best moments, to realize that "it is their evanescence makes them fair." So it is with all mortal existence: we idealize the unalterable fact of its mortality. Time passes like a bird, joy withers, even Love dies, and the Graces ring us to his burial. We ask, with the Hindu Prince, concerning life,

> Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
> From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

We ask with sighs and tears, but would we have it otherwise? If Poe was wrong in restricting

poetry to the voices of sorrow and regret, he was right, methinks, in feeling these to be among the most effectual of lyrical values. The word *Irreparable* suggests a yearning as infinite as that for the Unattainable, under the spell of which Richter fled as from a passion too intense to bear. Yes; the sweetest sound in music is "a dying fall." "Mimnermus in Church" weighs the preacher's adjuration, and makes an impetuous reply:

> Forsooth the present we must give
> To that which cannot pass away!
> All beauteous things for which we live
> By laws of time and space decay.
> But oh, the very reason why
> I clasp them is because they die.

Among priceless lyrics from the Greek anthology to our own, those of joy and happy love and hope are fair indeed, but those which haunt the memory turn upon the escape — not the retention — of that which is "rich and strange." Their charm is poignant, yet ineffable. The consecration of such enduring melody to regret for the beloved, whose swift, inexplicable transits leave us dreaming of all they might have been, is the voice of our desire that their work, even though perfecting in some unknown region, may not wholly fail upon earth — that their death may not be quite untimely.

How subtile the effect, even in its English rendering, of Villon's "Ballade of Dead Ladies" — "Where are the snows of yester-year?" Are any lyrics more captivating than our English dirges: the song dirges of the dramatists — "Come away, come away, Death," "Call for the robin redbreast and the wren," "Full fathom five thy father lies," and the like? Collins's "Dirge for Fidele," a mere piece of studied art, acquires its beauty from a flawless treatment of the master-theme. Add to such art the force of a profound emotion, and you have Wordsworth in his more impassioned lyrical strains: "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," "A slumber did my spirit steal," and the stanzas on Ettrick's "poet dead." Landor's "Rose Aylmer" owes its spell to a consummate union of nature and art in recognition of the unavailability of all that is rarest and most lustrous:

> Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
> Ah, what the form divine!
> What every virtue, every grace!
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
> Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
> May weep, but never see,
> A night of memories and of sighs
> I consecrate to thee.

— Of memories and of sighs, yet not of pain, for such vigils have a rapture of their own. The perished have at least the gift of immortal love, remembrance, tears, and at our festivals the unseen guests are most apparent. Thus the tuneful plaint of sorrow, the tears "wild with all regret," the touch that consecrates, the preciousness of that which lives but in memory and echo and dreams, move the purest spirit of poesy to sweep the perfect minstrel lute. To such a poet as Robert Bridges the note of evanescence is indeed the note of charm, and in choosing the symbols of it for the imagery of his most ravishing song, he knows that thus, and thus most surely, it shall haunt us with its immortality:

> I have loved flowers that fade,
> Within whose magic tents
> Rich hues have marriage made
> With sweet unmemoried scents —
> A honeymoon delight —
> A joy of love at sight,
> That ages in an hour: —
> My song be like a flower!
>
> I have loved airs that die
> Before their charm is writ
> Along a liquid sky
> Trembling to welcome it.
> Notes that, with pulse of fire,
> Proclaim the spirit's desire,
> Then die and are nowhere: —
> My song be like an air!
>
> Die, song, die like a breath
> And wither as a bloom:
> Fear not a flowery death,
> Fear not an empty tomb!
> Fly with delight, fly hence!
> 'T was thine love's tender sense
> To feast, now on thy bier
> Beauty shall shed a tear.

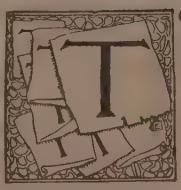
Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

XXI.



O sit still, and to keep sitting still, is the first lesson that the young jockey must learn. Tarvin was learning it in bitterness of spirit. For the sake of his town, for the sake of his love, and, above all, for the sake of his love's life, he must go. The town was waiting, his horse was saddled at the door, but his love would not come. He must sit still.

The burning desert wind blew through the open veranda as remorselessly as Sitabhai's hate. Looking out, he saw nothing but the city asleep in the sunshine and the wheeling kites above it. Yet when evening fell, and a man might be able by bold riding to escape to the railway, certain shrouded figures would creep from the walls and take up their position within easy gunshot of the rest-house. One squatted at each point of the compass, and between them, all night long, came and went a man on horseback. Tarvin could hear the steady beat of the hoofs as he went his rounds, and the sound did not give him fresh hope. But for Kate — but for Kate, he repeated to himself, he would have been long since beyond reach of horse or bullet. The hours were very slow, and as he sat and watched the shadows grow and shorten, it seemed to him, as it had seemed so often before, that this and no other was the moment that Topaz would choose to throw her chances from her.

He had lost already, he counted, eight-and-forty precious hours, and, so far as he could see, the remainder of the year might be spent in an equally unprofitable fashion.

Meantime Kate lay exposed to every imaginable danger. Sitabhai was sure to assume that he had wrested the necklace from her for the sake of the "frail white girl"; she had said as much on the dam. It *was* for Kate's sake, in a measure; but Tarvin reflected bitterly that an Oriental had no sense of proportion, and, like the snake, strikes first at that which is nearest. And Kate? How in the world was he to explain the case to her? He had told her of danger about her path as well as his own, and she had decided to face that danger. For her courage and devotion he loved her; but her obstinacy made him grit his teeth. There was but one grimly comical element in the terrible jumble. What would the King say to Sitabhai when he discovered that she had lost the Luck of the State? In what manner would she veil that loss; and above all, into what sort of royal rage would she fall? Tarvin shook his head meditatively. "It 's quite bad enough for me," he said, "just about as bad as it can possibly be made; but I have a wandering suspicion that it may be unwholesome for Juggut. Yes; I can spare time to be very sorry for Juggut. My fat friend, you should have held straight that first time, outside the city walls."

He rose and looked out into the sunlight, wondering which of the scattered vagrants by the roadside might be an emissary from the palace. A man lay apparently asleep by the side of his camel near the road that ran to the city. Tarvin stepped out casually from the veranda, and saw, as soon as he was fairly in the open, that the sleeper rolled round to the other side of his beast. He strolled forward a few paces. The sunlight glinted above the back of the camel on something that shone like silver. Tarvin marched straight toward the glitter, his pistol in his hand. The man, when Tarvin came up to him, was buried in innocent slumber. Under the fold of his garment peered the muzzle of a new and very clean rifle.

"Looks as if Sitabhai was calling out the militia, and supplying them with outfits from her private armory. Juggut's gun was new, too," said Tarvin, standing over the sleeper. "But this man knows more about guns than Juggut. Hi!" He stooped down and stirred the man up with the muzzle of his revolver. "I 'm afraid I must trouble you for that gun. And tell the lady to drop it, will you? It won't pay."

The man understood the unspoken eloquence of the pistol, and nothing more. He gave up his gun sullenly enough, and moved away, lashing his camel spitefully.

"Now, I wonder how many more of her army I shall have to disarm," said Tarvin, retracing

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

his steps, the captured gun over his shoulder. "I wonder — no; I won't believe that she would dare to do anything to Kate. She knows enough of me to be sure that I 'd blow her and her old palace into to-morrow. If she 's half the woman she pretends to be, she 'll reckon with me before she goes much further."

In vain he attempted to force himself into this belief. Sitabhai had shown him what sort of thing her mercy might be, and Kate might have tasted it ere this. To go to her now — to be maimed or crippled at the least if he went to her now — was impossible. Yet he decided that he would go. He returned hastily to Fibby, whom he had left not three minutes before flicking off flies in the sunshine at the back of the rest-house. But Fibby lay on his side groaning piteously, hamstrung and dying.

Tarvin could hear his groom industriously polishing a bit round the corner, and when the man came up in response to his call he flung himself down by the side of the horse, howling with grief.

"An enemy hath done this — an enemy hath done this!" he clamored. "My beautiful brown horse, that never did harm except when he kicked through fullness of meat! Where shall I find a new service if I let my charge die thus?"

"I wish I knew! I wish I knew!" said Tarvin, puzzled, and almost despairing. "There 'd be a bullet through one black head, if I were just a little surer. Get up, you! Fibby, old man, I forgive you all your sins. You were a good old boy, and — here 's luck."

The blue smoke enveloped Fibby's head for an instant, the head fell like a hammer, and the good horse was out of his pain. The groom, rising, rent the air with grief, till Tarvin kicked him out of the pickets and bade him be gone. Then it was noticeable that his cries ceased suddenly, and, as he retreated into his mud-house to tie up his effects, he smiled, and dug up some silver from a hole under his bedstead.

Tarvin, dismounted, looked east, west, north, south for help, as Sitabhai had looked on the dam. A wandering gang of gipsies with their lean bullocks and yelping dogs turned an angle of the city wall, and rested like a flock of unclean birds by the city gate. The sight in itself was not unusual, but city regulations forbade camping within a quarter of a mile of the walls.

"Some of the lady's poor relatives, I suppose. They have blocked the way through the gate pretty well. Now, if I were to make a bolt of it to the missionary's, they 'd have me, would n't they?" muttered Tarvin to himself. "On the whole, I 've seen prettier professions than trading with Eastern queens. They don't seem to understand the rules of the game."

At that moment a cloud of dust whirled through the gipsy camp, as the escort of the Maharaj Kunwar, clearing the way for the barouche, scattered the dark band to the left and right. Tarvin wondered what this might portend. The escort halted with the customary rattle of accoutrements at the rest-house door, the barouche behind them. A single trooper, two hundred yards or more in the rear, lifted his voice in a deferential shout as he pursued the carriage. He was answered by a chuckle from the escort, and two shrill screams of delight from the occupants of the barouche.

A child whom Tarvin had never before seen stood upright in the back of the carriage, and hurled a torrent of abuse in the vernacular at the retreating trooper. Again the escort laughed.

"Tarvin Sahib! Tarvin Sahib!" piped the Maharaj Kunwar. "Come and look at us."

For a moment Tarvin fancied this a fresh device of the enemy; but reassured by the sight of his old and trusted ally, the Maharaj, he stepped forward.

"Prince," he said, as he took his hand, "you ought not to be out."

"Oh, it is all right," said the young man hastily, though his pale little face belied it. "I gave the order, and we came. Miss Kate gives me orders; but she took me over to the palace, and there I give orders. This is Umr Singh — my brother, the little Prince; but *I* shall be king."

The second child raised his eyes slowly, and looked full at Tarvin. The eyes and the low, broad forehead were those of Sitabhai, and the mouth closed firmly over the little pearl-like teeth, as his mother's mouth had closed in the conflict on the Dungar Talao.

"He is from the other side of the palace," answered the Maharaj, still in English. "From the other side, where I must not go. But when I was in the palace I went to him, — ha! ha! Tarvin Sahib, — and he was killing a goat. Look! His hands are all red now."

Umr Singh opened a tiny palm at a word in the vernacular from the Maharaj, and flung it outward at Tarvin. It was dark with dried blood, and a bearded whisper ran among the escort. The commandant turned in his saddle, and, nodding at Tarvin, muttered, "*Sitabhai kibeta!*" Tarvin caught the first word, and it was sufficient for him. Providence had sent him help out of a clear sky. He framed a plan instantly.

"But how did you come here, you young imps?" he demanded.

"Oh, there are only women in the palace yonder, and I am a Rajput and a man. He cannot speak any English at all," he added, pointing to his companion; "but when we have played together I have told him about you, Tarvin Sahib, and about the day you picked me out of my saddle, and he wished to come

too, to see all the things you show me, so I gave the order very quietly, and we came out of the little door together. And so we are here. *Salaam bolo, baba,*" he said patronizingly to the child at his side, and the child slowly and gravely raised his hand to his forehead, still gazing with fixed, incurious eyes on the stranger. Then he whispered something that made the Maharaj Kunwar laugh. "He says," said the Maharaj Kunwar, "that you are not so big as he thought. His mother told him that you were stronger than any man, but some of these troopers are bigger than you."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" asked Tarvin.

"Show him your gun, and how you shoot rupees, and what you do that makes horses quiet when they kick, and all those things."

"All right," said Tarvin. "But I can't show them here. Come over to Mr. Estes's with me."

"I do not like to go there. My monkey is dead. And I do not think Kate would like to see us. She is always crying now. She took me up to the palace yesterday, and this morning I went to her again; but she would not see me."

Tarvin could have hugged the child for the blessed assurance that Kate at least still lived. "Is n't she at the hospital, then?" he asked thickly.

"Oh, the hospital has all gone *phut*. There are no women now. They all ran away."

"No!" cried Tarvin. "Say that again, little man. What for?"

"Devils," said the Maharaj Kunwar, briefly. "What do I know? It was some women's talk. Show him how you ride, Tarvin Sahib."

Again Umr Singh whispered to his companion, and put one leg over the side of the barouche. "He says he will ride in front of you, as I told him I did," interpreted the Prince. "Gurdit Singh, dismount!"

A trooper flung himself out of the saddle at the word, and stood to attention at the horse's head. Tarvin, smiling to himself at the perfection of his opportunity, said nothing, but leaped into the saddle, picked Umr Singh out of the barouche, and placed him carefully before him.

"Sitabhai would be rather restless if she could see me," he murmured to himself, as he tucked his arm round the lithe little figure. "I don't think there will be any Juggutting while I carry this young man in front of me."

As the escort opened to allow Tarvin to take his place at their head, a wandering priest, who had been watching the episode from a little distance, turned and shouted with all the strength of his lungs across the plain in the direction of the city. The cry was taken up by unseen voices, passed on to the city walls, and died away on the sands beyond.

Umr Singh smiled as the horse began to trot, and urged Tarvin to go faster. This the Maharaj forbade. He wished to see the sight comfortably from his seat in the barouche. As he passed the gipsy camp, men and women threw themselves down on the sands, crying, "*Jai! Jungle da badshah jai!*" and the faces of the troopers darkened.

"That means," cried the Maharaj Kunwar, "'Victory to the king of the desert.' I have no money to give them. Have you, Tarvin Sahib?"

In his joy at being now safely on his way to Kate, Tarvin could have flung everything he possessed to the crowd — almost the Naulahka itself. He emptied a handful of copper and small silver among them, and the cry rose again, but bitter laughter was mingled with it, and the gipsy folk called to one another, mocking. The Maharaj Kunwar's face turned scarlet. He leaned forward, listening for an instant, and then shouted: "By Indur, it is for *him!* Scatter their tents!" At a wave of his hand the escort, wheeling, plunged through the camp in line, driving the light ash of the fires up in clouds, slashing the donkeys with the flat of their swords until they stampeded, and carrying away the frail brown tents on the butts of their reversed lances.

Tarvin looked on contentedly at the dispersal of the group, which he knew would have stopped him if he had been alone.

Umr Singh bit his lip. Then, turning to the Maharaj Kunwar, he smiled, and put forward from his belt the hilt of his sword in sign of fealty.

"It is just, my brother," he said in the vernacular. "But I" — here he raised his voice a little — "would not drive the gipsy folk too far. They always return."

"Aye," cried a voice from the huddled crowd, watching the wreck of the camp, significantly; "gipsies always return, my King."

"So does a dog," said the Maharaj, between his teeth. "Both are kicked. Drive on."

And a pillar of dust came to Estes's house, Tarvin riding in safety in the midst of it.

Telling the boys to play until he came out, he swept into the house, taking the steps two at a time, and discovered Kate in a dark corner of the parlor with a bit of sewing in her hand. As she looked up he saw that she was crying.

"Nick!" she exclaimed voicelessly. "*Nick!*" He had stopped, hesitating on the threshold; she dropped her work, and rose breathless. "You have come back! It is you! You are alive!"

Tarvin smiled, and held out his arms. "Come and see!" She took a step forward.

"Oh, I was afraid —"

"Come!"

She went doubtfully toward him. He caught her fast, and held her in his arms.

For a moment she let her head lie on his breast. Then she looked up. "This is n't what I meant," she protested.

"Oh, don't try to improve on it," Tarvin said hastily.

"She tried to poison me. I was sure when I heard nothing that she must have killed you. I fancied horrible things."

"Poor child! And your hospital has gone wrong! You have been having a hard time. But we will change all that. We must leave as soon as you can get ready. I 've nipped her claws for a moment; I 'm holding a hostage. But we can't keep that up forever. We must get away."

"We?" she repeated feebly.

"Well, do you want to go alone?"

She smiled as she released herself. "I want you to."

"And you?"

"I 'm not worth thinking of. I have failed. Everything I meant to do has fallen about me in a heap. I feel burnt out, Nick — burnt out!"

"All right. We 'll put in new works, and launch you on a fresh system. That 's what I want. There shall be nothing to remind you that you ever saw Rhatore, dear."

"It was a mistake," she said.

"What?"

"Everything. My coming. My thinking I could do it. It 's not a girl's work. It 's my work, perhaps; but it 's not for me. I have given it up, Nick. Take me home."

Tarvin gave an unbecoming shout of joy, and folded her in his arms again. He told her that they must be married at once, and start that night, if she could manage it; and Kate, dreading what might befall him, assented doubtfully. She spoke of preparations; but Tarvin said that they would prepare after they had done it. They could buy things at Bombay — stacks of things. He was sweeping her forward with the onrush of his extempore plans when she said suddenly: "But what of the dam, Nick? You can't leave that"

"Shucks!" exclaimed Tarvin, heartily. "You don't suppose there 's any gold in the old river, do you?"

She recoiled quickly from his arms, staring at him in accusation and reproach.

"Do you mean that you have always known that there was no gold there?" she asked.

Tarvin pulled himself together quickly, but not so quickly that she did not catch the confession in his eye.

"I see you have," she said coldly.

Tarvin measured the crisis which had suddenly descended on him out of the clouds; he achieved an instantaneous change of front, and met her, smiling.

"Certainly," he said; "I have been working it as a blind."

"A blind?" she repeated. "To cover what?"

"You."

"What do you mean?" she inquired, with a look in her eyes which made him uncomfortable.

"The Indian government allows no one to remain in the state without a definite purpose. I could n't tell Colonel Nolan that I had come courting you, could I?"

"I don't know. But you could have avoided taking the Maharajah's money to carry out this — this plan. An honest man would have avoided that."

"Oh, look here!" exclaimed Tarvin.

"How could you cheat the King into thinking that there was a reason for your work? how could you let him give you the labor of a thousand men? how could you take his money? O Nick!"

He gazed at her for a vacant and hopeless minute. "Why, Kate," he exclaimed, "do you know you are talking of the most stupendous joke the Indian empire has witnessed since the birth of time?"

This was pretty good, but it was not good enough. He plunged for a stronger hold as she answered, with a perilous little note of breakdown in her voice, "You make it worse."

"Well, your sense of humor never was your strongest point, you know, Kate." He took the seat next her, leaned over, and took her hand, as he went on. "Does n't it strike you as rather amusing, though, after all, to rip up half a state to be near a very small little girl — a very sweet, very extra lovely little girl, but still a rather tiny little girl in proportion to the size of the Amet Valley? Come, does n't it?"

"Is that all you have to say?" asked she. Tarvin turned pale. He knew the tone of finality he heard in her voice; it went with a certain look of scorn when she spoke of any form of moral baseness that moved her. He recognized his condemnation in it and shuddered. In the moment that passed while he still kept silence he recognized this for the crisis of his life. Then he took strong hold of himself, and said quietly, easily, unscrupulously:

"Why, you don't suppose that I 'm not going to ask the Maharajah for his bill, do you?"

She gasped a little. Her acquaintance with Tarvin did not help her to follow his dizzying changes of front. His bird's skill in making his level flight, his reeling dips and circling returns upon himself, all seemed part of a single impulse, ever remaining confusing to her. But she rightly believed in his central intention to do the square thing, if he could find out what it

was; and her belief in his general strength helped her not to see at this moment that he was deriving his sense of the square thing from her. She could not know, and probably could not have imagined, how little his own sense of the square thing had to do with any system of morality, and how entirely he must always define morality as what pleased Kate. Other women liked confections; she preferred morality, and he meant she should have it, if he had to turn pirate to get it for her.

"You did n't think I was n't paying for the show?" he pursued bravely; but in his heart he was saying, "She loathes it. She hates it. Why did n't I think? Why did n't I think?" He added aloud: "I had my fun, and now I 've got you. You 're both cheap at the price, and I 'm going to step up and pay it like a little man. You must know that."

His smile met no answering smile. He mopped his forehead, and stared anxiously at her. All the easiness in the world could n't make him sure what she would say next. She said nothing, and he had to go on desperately, with a cold fear gathering about his heart. "Why, it 's just like me, is n't it, Kate, to work a scheme on the old Rajah? It 's like a man who owns a mine that 's turning out $2000 a month, to rig a game out in this desert country to do a confiding Indian prince out of a few thousand rupees?" He advanced this recently inspired conception of his conduct with an air of immemorial familiarity, born of desperation.

"What mine?" she asked with dry lips.

"The 'Lingering Lode,' of course. You 've heard me speak of it?"

"Yes; but I did n't know —"

"That it was doing that? Well, it is — right along. Want to see the assay?"

"No," she answered. "No. But that makes you — Why, but, Nick, that makes you —"

"A rich man? Moderately, while the lead holds out. Too rich for petty larceny, I guess."

He was joking for his life. The heart-sickening seriousness of his unseriousness was making a hole in his head; the tension was too much for him. In the mad fear of that moment his perceptions doubled their fineness. Something went through him as he said "larceny." Then his heart stopped. A sure, awful, luminous perception leaped upon him, and he knew himself for lost.

If she hated this, what would she say to the other? Innocent, successful, triumphant, even gay, it seemed to him; but what to her? He turned sick.

Kate or the Naulahka. He must choose. The Naulahka or Kate?

"Don't make light of it," she was saying. "You would be just as honest if you could n't afford it, Nick. Ah," she went on, laying her hand on his lightly, in mute petition for having even seemed to doubt him, "I know you, Nick. You like to make the better seem the worse reason; you like to pretend to be wicked. But who is so honest? O Nick! I knew you had to be true. If you were n't, everything else would be wrong."

He took her in his arms. "Would it, little girl?" he asked, looking down at her. "We must keep the other things right, then, at any expense."

He heaved a deep sigh as he stooped and kissed her.

"Have you such a thing as a box?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Any sort of box?" asked Kate, bewilderedly.

"No — well, it ought to be the finest box in the world, but I suppose one of those big grape-boxes will do. It is n't every day that one sends presents to a queen."

Kate handed him a large chip box in which long green grapes from Kabul had been packed. Discolored cotton-wool lay at the bottom.

"That was sold at the door the other day," she said. "Is it big enough?"

Tarvin turned away without answering, emptied something that clicked like a shower of pebbles upon the wool, and sighed deeply. Topaz was in that box. The voice of the Maharaj Kunwar lifted itself from the next room.

"Tarvin Sahib — Kate, we have eaten all the fruit, and now we want to do something else."

"One moment, little man," said Tarvin. With his back still toward Kate, he drew his hand caressingly, for the last time, over the blazing heap at the bottom of the box, fondling the stones one by one. The great green emerald pierced him, he thought, with a reproachful gaze. A mist crept into his eyes: the diamond was too bright. He shut the lid down upon the box hastily, and put it into Kate's hands with a decisive gesture; he made her hold it while he tied it in silence. Then, in a voice not his, he asked her to take the box to Sitabhai with his compliments. "No," he continued, seeing the alarm in her eyes; "she won't, she dare n't, hurt you now. Her child 's coming along with us; and I 'll go with you, of course, as far as I can. Glory be! it 's the last journey that you 'll ever undertake in this infernal land. The last but one, that 's to say. We live at high pressure in Rhatore — too high pressure for me. Be quick, if you love me."

Kate hastened to put on her helmet, while Tarvin amused the two princes by allowing them to inspect his revolver, and promising at some more fitting season to shoot as many coins as they should demand. The lounging escort at the door was suddenly scattered by a trooper

from without, who flung his horse desperately through their ranks, shouting, "A letter for Tarvin Sahib!"

Tarvin stepped into the veranda, took a crumpled half-sheet of paper from the outstretched hand, and read these words, traced painfully and laboriously in an unformed round hand:

DEAR MR. TARVIN: Give me the boy, and keep the other thing. Your affectionate FRIEND.

Tarvin chuckled, and thrust the note into his waistcoat pocket. "There is no answer," he said; and to himself: "You 're a thoughtful girl, Sitabhai; but I 'm afraid you 're just a little too thoughtful. That boy 's wanted for the next half-hour. Are you ready, Kate?"

The princes lamented loudly when they were told that Tarvin was riding over to the palace at once, and that, if they hoped for further entertainment, they must both go with him. "We will go into the great Durbar Hall," said the Maharaj Kunwar, consolingly, to his companion at last, "and make all the music-boxes play together."

"I want to see that man shoot," said Umr Singh. "I want to see him shoot something dead. I do not wish to go to the palace."

"You 'll ride on my horse," said Tarvin, when the answer had been interpreted, "and I 'll make him gallop all the way. Say, Prince, how fast do you think your carriage can go?"

"As fast as Miss Kate dares."

Kate stepped in, and the cavalcade galloped to the palace, Tarvin riding always a little in front, with Umr Singh clapping his hands on the saddle-bow.

"We must pull up at Sitabhai's wing, dear," Tarvin said. "You won't be afraid to walk in under the arch with me?"

"I trust you, Nick," she answered simply, getting out of the carriage.

"Then go into the woman's wing, give the box into Sitabhai's hands, and tell her that I sent it back. You 'll find she knows my name."

The horse trampled under the archway, Kate at its side, and Tarvin holding Umr Singh very much in evidence. The courtyard was empty, but as they came out into the sunshine by the central fountain the rustle and whisper behind the shutters rose, as the tiger-grass rustles when the wind blows through it.

"One minute, dear," said Tarvin, halting, "if you can bear this sun on your head."

A door opened, and a eunuch came out, beckoning silently to Kate. She followed him and disappeared, the door closing behind her. Tarvin's heart rose into his mouth, and unconsciously he clasped Umr Singh so closely to his breast that the child cried out.

The whisper rose, and it seemed to Tarvin as if some one were sobbing behind the shutters. Then followed a peal of low, soft laughter, and the muscles at the corner of Tarvin's mouth relaxed. Umr Singh began to struggle in his arms.

"Not yet, young man. You must wait until —ah! thank God!"

Kate reappeared, her little figure framed against the darkness of the doorway. Behind her came the eunuch, crawling fearfully to Tarvin's side. Tarvin smiled affably, and dropped the amazed young Prince into his arms. Umr Singh was borne away kicking, and before they left the courtyard Tarvin heard the dry roar of an angry child, followed by an unmistakable yelp of pain. Tarvin smiled.

"They spank young princes in Rajputana. That 's one step on the path to progress. What did she say, Kate?"

"She said I was to be sure and tell you that she knew you were not afraid. 'Tell Tarvin Sahib that I knew he was not afraid.'"

"Where 's Umr Singh?" asked the Maharaj Kunwar from the barouche.

"He 's gone to his mother. I 'm afraid I can't amuse you just now, little man. I 've forty thousand things to do, and no time to do them in. Tell me where your father is."

"I do not know. There has been trouble and crying in the palace. The women are always crying, and that makes my father angry. I shall stay at Mr. Estes's, and play with Kate."

"Yes; let him stay," said Kate, quickly. "Nick, do you think I ought to leave him?"

"That 's another of the things I must fix," said Tarvin. "But first I must find the Maharajah, if I have to dig up Rhatore for him. What 's that, little one?"

A trooper whispered to the young Prince.

"This man says that he is there," said the Maharaj Kunwar. "He has been there since two days. I also have wished to see him."

"Very good. Drive home, Kate. I 'll wait here."

He reëntered the archway, and reined up. Again the whisper behind the shutter rose, and a man from a doorway demanded his business.

"I must see the Maharajah," said Tarvin.

"Wait," said the man. And Tarvin waited for five minutes, using his time for concentrated thought.

Then the Maharajah emerged, and amiability sat on every hair of his newly oiled mustaches.

For some mysterious reason Sitabhai had withdrawn the light of her countenance from him for two days, and had sat raging in her own apartments. Now the mood had passed,

and the gipsy would see him again. Therefore the Maharajah's heart was glad within him; and wisely, as befitted the husband of many wives, he did not inquire too closely into the reasons that had led to the change.

"Ah, Tarvin Sahib," said he, "I have not seen you for long. What is the news from the dam? Is there anything to see?"

"Maharajah Sahib, that 's what I 've come to talk about. There is nothing to see, and I think that there is no gold to be got at."

"That is bad," said the King, lightly.

"But there is a good deal to be seen, if you care to come along. I don't want to waste your money any more, now I 'm sure of the fact; but I don't see the use of saving all the powder on the dam. There must be five hundred pounds of it."

"I do not understand," said the Maharajah, whose mind was occupied with other things.

"Do you want to see the biggest explosion that you 've ever seen in your life? Do you want to hear the earth shake, and see the rocks fly?"

The Maharajah's face brightened.

"Will it be seen from the palace?" he said; "from the top of the palace?"

"Oh, yes; but the best place to watch it will be from the side of the river. I shall put the river back at five o'clock. It's three o'clock now. Will you be there, Maharajah Sahib?"

"I will be there. It will be a big *tamasha*. Five hundred pounds of powder! The earth will be rent in two."

"I should remark. And after that, Maharajah Sahib, I am going to be married; and then I am going away. Will you come to the wedding?"

The Maharajah shaded his eyes from the sun-glare, and peered up at Tarvin under his turban.

"By ——, Tarvin Sahib," said he, "you are a quick man. So you will marry the doctor-lady, and then you will go away? I will come to the wedding. I and Pertab Singh."

THE next two hours in the life of Nicholas Tarvin will never be adequately chronicled. There was a fierce need upon him to move mountains and to shift the poles of the earth; there was a strong horse beneath him, and in his heart the knowledge that he had lost the Naulahka and gained Kate. When he appeared, a meteor amid the coolies on the dam, they understood, and a word was spoken that great things were toward. The gang foreman turned to his shouts, and learned that the order of the day was destruction — the one thing that the Oriental fully comprehends.

They dismantled the powder-shed with outcries and fierce yells, hauled the bullock-carts from the crown of the dam and dropped the derrick after them, and tore down the mat and grass coolie-lines. Then, Tarvin urging them always, they buried the powder-casks in the crown of the half-built dam, piled the wrapped charges upon them, and shoveled fresh sand atop of all.

It was a hasty onslaught, but the powder was at least all in one place; and it should be none of Tarvin's fault if the noise and smoke at least did not delight the Maharajah.

A little before five he came with his escort, and Tarvin, touching fire to a lengthened fuse, bade all men run back. The fire ate slowly into the crown of the dam. Then with a dull roar the dam opened out its heart in a sheet of white flame, and the masses of flying earth darkened the smoke above.

The ruin closed on itself for an instant before the waters of the Amet plunged forward into the gap, made a boiling rapid, and then spread themselves lazily along their accustomed levels.

The rain of things descending pitted the earth of the banks and threw the water in sheets and spurts. Then only the smoke and the blackened flanks of the dam, crumbling each minute as the river sucked them down, remained to tell of the work that had been.

"And now, Maharajah Sahib, what do I owe you?" said Tarvin, after he had satisfied himself that none of the more reckless coolies had been killed.

"That was very fine," said the Maharajah. "I never saw that before. It is a pity that it cannot come again."

"What do I owe you?" repeated Tarvin.

"For that? Oh, they were my people. They ate a little grain, and many were from my jails. The powder was from the arsenal. What is the use to talk of paying? Am I a *bunnia* that I can tell what there is to pay? It was a fine *tamasha*. By ——, there is no dam left at all!"

"You might let me put it right."

"Tarvin Sahib, if you waited one year, or perhaps two years, you would get a bill; and besides, if anything was paid, the men who pay the convicts would take it all, and I should not be richer. They were my people, and the grain was cheap, and they have seen the *tamasha*. Enough. It is not good to talk of payment. Let us return to the city. By ——, Tarvin Sahib, you are a quick man. Now there will be no one to play pachisi with me or to make me laugh. And the Maharaj Kunwar will be sorry also. But it is good that a man should marry. Yes; it is good. Why do you go, Tarvin Sahib? Is it an order of the Government?"

"Yes; the American government. I am wanted there to help govern my State."

"No telegram has come for you," said the King, simply. "But you are so quick."

Tarvin laughed lightly, wheeled his horse, and was gone, leaving the King interested but unmoved. He had finally learned to accept Tarvin and his ways as a natural phenomenon beyond control. As he drew rein instinctively opposite the missionary's door and looked for an instant at the city, the sense of the otherness of things seen daily that heralds swift coming change smote the mind of the American, and he shivered. "It was a bad dream, a very bad dream," he muttered; "and the worst of it is that not one of the boys in Topaz would ever believe half of it." Then the eyes that swept the arid landscape twinkled with many reminiscences. "Tarvin, my boy, you've played with a kingdom, and for results it lays over monkeying with the buzz-saw. You were left when you sized this state up for a played-out hole in the ground — badly left. If you have been romping around six months after something you had n't the sabe to hold when you 'd got, you 've learned that much. Topaz! Poor old Topaz!" Again his eyes ran round the tawny horizon, and he laughed aloud. The little town under the shadow of Big Chief, ten thousand miles away and all ignorant of the mighty machinery that had moved in its behalf, would have resented that laugh; for Tarvin, fresh from events that had shaken Rhatore to its heart, was almost patronizing the child of his ambition.

He brought his hand down on his thigh with a smack, and turned his horse toward the telegraph-office. "How in the name of all that 's good and holy," said he, "am I to clear up this business with the Mutrie? Even a copy of the Naulahka in glass would make her mouth water." The horse cantered on steadily, and Tarvin dismissed the matter with a generous sweep of his free hand. "If I can stand it she can. But I 'll prepare her by electricity."

The dove-colored telegraph-operator and postmaster-general of the state remembers even to-day how the Englishman who was not an Englishman, and, therefore, doubly incomprehensible, climbed for the last time up the narrow stairs, sat down in the broken chair, and demanded absolute silence; how, at the end of fifteen minutes' portentous meditation and fingering of a thin mustache, he sighed heavily as is the custom of Englishmen when they have eaten that which disagrees with them, waved the operator aside, called up the next office, and clicked off a message with a haughty and high-stepping action of the hands; how he lingered long and lovingly over the last click, applied his ear to the instrument as though it could answer, and, turning with a large sweet smile, said: "Finis, Babu. Make a note of that," and swept forth chanting the war-cry of his State:

It is not wealth nor rank nor state,
But git-up-and-git that makes men great.

. . . . . .

THE bullock-cart creaked down the road to Rawut Junction in the first flush of a purple evening, and the low ranges of the Aravullis showed as many-colored cloud-banks against the turquoise sky-line. Behind it the red rock of Rhatore burned angrily on the yellow floors of the desert speckled with the shadows of the browsing camels. Overhead the crane and the wild duck were flocking back to their beds in the reeds, and gray monkeys, family by family, sat by the roadside, their arms round one another's necks. The evening star rose up from behind a jagged peak of rock and brushwood, so that its reflection might swim undisturbed at the bottom of an almost dried reservoir, buttressed with time-yellowed marble and flanked by silver plume-grass. Between the star and the earth wheeled huge fox-headed bats and night-jars hawking for the feather-winged moths. The buffaloes had left their water-holes, and the cattle were lying down for the night. Then villagers in far-away huts began to sing, and the hillsides were studded with home lights. The bullocks grunted as the driver twisted their tails, and the high grass by the roadside brushed with the wash of a wave of the open beach against the slow-turning tires.

The first breath of a cold-weather night made Kate wrap her rugs about her more closely. Tarvin was sitting at the back of the cart swinging his legs and staring at Rhatore before the bends of the road should hide it. The realization of defeat, remorse, and the torture of an over well-trained conscience were yet to come to Kate. In that hour, luxuriously disposed upon many cushions, she realized nothing more than a woman's complete contentment with the fact that there was a man in the world to do things for her, though she had not yet learned to lose her interest in how they were done. The reiterated and passionate farewells of the women in the palace, and the cyclonic sweep of a wedding at which Nick had refused to efface himself as a bridegroom should, but had flung all their world forward on the torrent of his own vitality, had worn her out. The yearning of homesickness — she had seen it in Mrs. Estes's wet eyes at the missionary's house an hour before — lay strong upon her, and she would fain have remembered her plunge into the world's evil as a dream of the night, but —

"Nick," she said softly.

"What is it, little woman?"

"Oh, nothing; I was thinking. Nick, what *did* you do about the Maharaj Kunwar?"

"He 's fixed, or I 'm mistaken. Don't worry

your head about that. After I 'd explained a thing or two to old man Nolan he seemed to think well of inviting that young man to board with him until he starts for the Mayo College. Tumble ? "

" His poor mother! If only I could have —"

" But you could n't, little woman. Hi! Look quick, Kate! There she goes! The last of Rhatore."

A string of colored lights high up on the hanging-gardens of the palace was being blotted out behind the velvet blackness of a hill-shoulder. Tarvin leaped to his feet, caught the side of the cart, and bowed profoundly after the Oriental manner.

The lights disappeared one by one, even as the glories of a necklace had slid into a Kabul grape-box, till there remained only the flare from a window on a topmost bastion — a point of light as red and as remote as the blaze of the Black Diamond. That passed too, and the soft darkness rose out of the earth fold upon fold, wrapping the man and the woman.

" After all," said Tarvin, addressing the new-lighted firmament, " that was distinctly a side issue."

THE END.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SAFETY-VALVE.

THE Republic is opportunity. It is the birthright of every American boy to have the chance to be President, and of every American girl to have the chance to be the President's wife. The atmosphere is stimulating to ambition. The desire inspired by the genius of American institutions is " to be equal to our superiors and superior to our equals." But in the midst of universal suggestions prompting the citizen to high ambitions, the ugly fact remains that the positions of political distinction are relatively very few compared to the vast multitude of possible aspirants. The practical politician confesses this in the wail, " There ain't offices enough to go round among the boys."

The intelligent foreigner is much perplexed by this problem. He can understand why the undistinguished classes on the Continent submit contentedly to obscure conditions of life. It is the lot to which they are born. But here every school-boy is taught that the highest stations are open to him; and in a thousand papers, books, lectures, speeches, and sermons he is told that perseverance alone will put the highest prizes within his grasp. What, then, can explain the contentedness of the millions who, as the French say, never " pierce" the level of mediocrity ? What is the great American safety-valve for these ambitions for precedence which our national life generates, fosters, and stimulates, without adequate provision for their gratification ?

A friend from abroad, without the philosophic insight of Mr. Bryce or the illuminating wit of Max O'Rell, was once presenting to me what seemed to him the serious phases of this problem. I thought myself competent to make the explanation; but I did not know how to take hold of the subject. We were standing in the office of a large hotel at the time, when an incident gave me the clue.

There walked up to the register a sturdy American citizen, who seized the pen as if he were about to sign some momentous document. Bending over the open page of the book, he scrawled his name, his mouth moving and writhing with every twist of the pen. It occurred to me to look at the record of this new arrival, and this is what I saw: " Hon. Sock Bruitt, Chairman of the Committee on Pumps, Whiskyville, Texas."

Seizing this thread, I proceeded to unravel as best I could the tangled skein of American life as it is organized into social, business, religious, and other associations, all of them elaborately officered.

Until I made the effort to explain the matter to " an alien to the commonwealth," I had never realized the full significance of the non-political office-holding class in our country as a factor in the national life.

Take a city directory and examine the list of organizations usually printed in such a publication: you will see ample provision for the local ambitions of all the inhabitants. Take one of the books issued by a " live" church ; examine the list of societies, devotional, missionary, temperance, young people's, Sunday-school, charitable, etc. The matter will be made clearer still if you study the subject in a small village where universal acquaintance is possible.

I made a test case of one small town, and found that every man, woman, and child (above ten years of age) in the place held an office — with the exception of a few scores of flabby, jellyfish characters, whose lack of ambition or enterprise removes them from consideration as elements of the problem.

But mere local precedence does not satisfy the more aspiring minds; hence, nearly all

of the thousand and one societies have State and national organizations. Here is an enormous supply of official positions. Every trade, every profession, every benevolence, every sport, every church furnishes distinctions commensurate in territorial magnitude with our great country.

And still the full measure of American officialism is not attained. There must be international organization. The earth must be girdled; and so, every society aims to plant a few lodges, or posts, or bands, or auxiliaries, or unions, or chapters (as they may be styled), beyond the seas. It little matters how few or scattered or insignificant these foreign plants may be. It is enough that "international organization has been accomplished"—and with it a new set of officials having world-wide jurisdiction.

The grandeur of all these distinctions suffers no diminution in their names. The chief officer is Ruler, Chancellor, Commander, Seigneur, President, Potentate, with many superlative and worshipful prefixes. And in the rituals of the numerous orders the Almighty is habitually referred to as the Supreme Commander, Ruler, Potentate, or otherwise, as the case may be. By this means the American imagination accomplishes an interuniversal as well as an international organization.

A few years ago, in a little country village, there was instituted a chapter of a certain benevolent insurance order. The Chancellor was subsequently elected Grand Chancellor of the State. Afterward at a national convention he was made Supreme Grand Chancellor of the United States. The next year he was elected Most Supreme Grand Chancellor of the World; and it became his duty, the order paying his expenses, to make an international visitation to the three chapters in Australia, New Zealand, and England that composed the aforesaid "world."

When that triumphal tour was completed, his return home was heralded, and the chapter of his village arranged for a reception of the honorable dignitary. Never shall I forget the feeling of solemn awe that settled down upon the little community as the evening approached when the Most Supreme Grand Chancellor of the World was to arrive. This favored American was a "bigger man than old Grant."

Not only are there offices enough to "go round," but the really capable and pushing American is generally honored with a score. I have heard a busy and overworked man decline to be at the head of an organization because he was at the head of twenty-five already.

Here then we have the great American safety-valve — we are a nation of presidents.

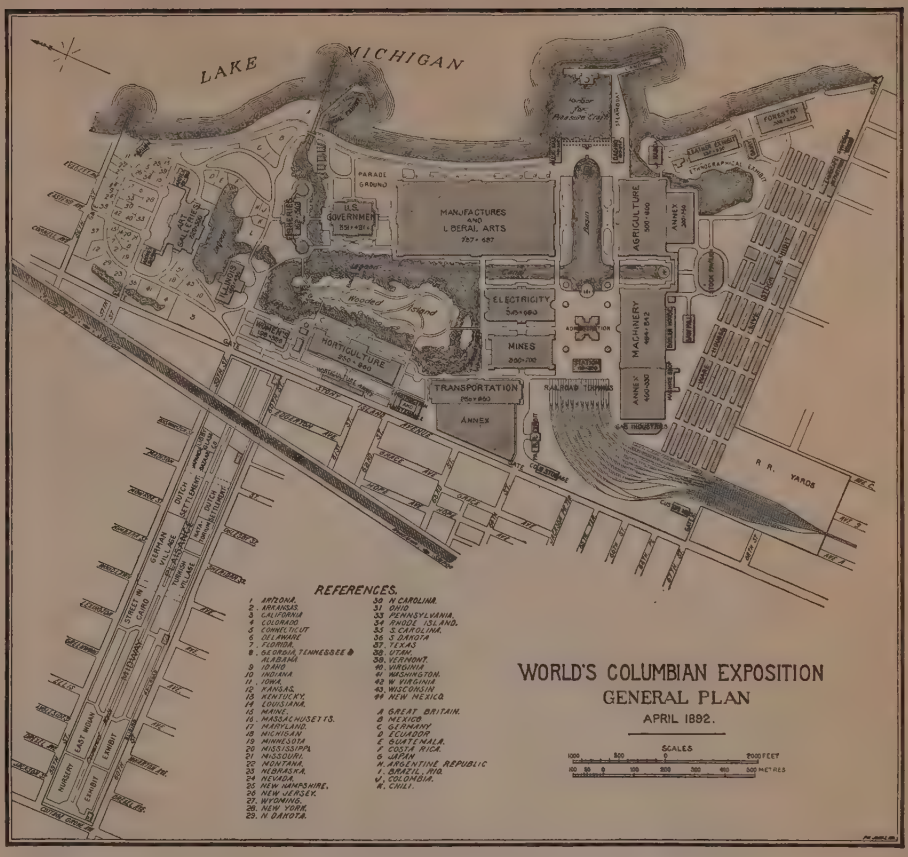
Walter B. Hill.

TRAFFIC.

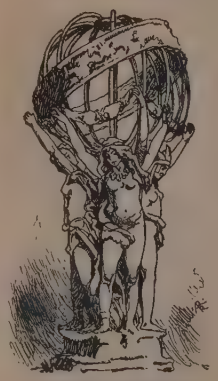
LIFE, the shrewd lapidary, is rich in wares
Whose worth or charm a casual glance may see;
And like perpetual purchasers are we,
Won by the bounteous opulence he airs.
Here shines a pearl of hope; here subtly glares
An emerald of revenge; here thrilled we see
A diamond of ambition; here may be
Some ruby of sin that lures us and ensnares.

Continually above this bright array,
As time flows on, we mortals flock to bend,
Till body and limbs turn frail, till brows grow gray,
Through trading, haggling, bartering without end —
While for the inexorable price we pay,
Months, years, even centuries, are the coins we spend.

Edgar Fawcett.



ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.— II.



DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS.
PHILIP MARTINY, SCULPTOR.

Group representing the four continents supporting Horoscope and crowning the corner pavilions of Agricultural Building.

IT has already been stated that the main object of these papers is to secure for the great buildings of the Exposition, through an analysis of the evolution of their several designs, an intelligent if not a respectful appreciation, because of the extreme importance of the occasion in the history of American art, and also because of the exceptional circumstances under which the buildings have been produced. Without such appreciation, the work of the architect, although it may be eloquent and imposing enough to give even to the most careless observers a certain indefinite impression of order, beauty, or grandeur, fails to convey to them the most essential part of the ideas which he has in mind to set forth. He needs this popular appreciation, not only as an encouragement, but as a corrective, and that he may bring himself into fuller and more perfect sympathy with the civilization which it is his duty to express.

Architecture and music alike have, in their highest developments, clearly defined qualities, which convey a delight of meaning to the capable eye or ear, but which, to the untrained mind, are nothing but inarticulate harmonies of form or sound.

In attempting, in the previous paper, to follow in outline the principles which controlled the designs of the Administration and Machinery buildings, it became evident that, before proceeding with the other buildings, it would be well to state, once for all, that in monumental

designs based upon pure classic formulas, the principle of symmetry — that is, of a balanced correspondence of parts on each side of a center line — must govern the disposition of the masses into which, in order to form an articulate composition, each façade should be divided. The greater the dignity and importance of the building, the more absolute and uncompromising must be the application of this principle. The monument must be evident as the orderly result of forethought, and not as a growth from a succession of unexpected contingencies. It must embody the idea of a harmonious development of structure from beginning to end, so exactly adjusted, and so carefully proportioned in respect to its elements, that nothing can be added to or taken from it without sensibly affecting the composite organism as a whole. The test of the completeness of a classic design resides in its sensitiveness to change — a sensitiveness which becomes more delicate as the design approaches perfection. In fact, symmetry is the visible expression of unity. The moment the correspondence of balanced parts on each side of a center line is disturbed by the introduction on one side of a mass or detail which does not appear on the other, at that moment the design begins to lose somewhat of its unity and to enter the domain of the picturesque, in which ceremony and state become secondary to considerations of comfort and convenience.

With the exception of the Administration Building, which is a compact, domical composition, like the front of the Invalides, all the larger structures of the Exposition have a great extension of length in comparison to their average height, the former varying from 700 to 1700 feet, and the latter from 40 to 60. The application of the principle of symmetry to these has resulted uniformly in a central pavilion of some sort, and in a corner pavilion of varying importance on each angle of the façades. This remark does not apply to the Transportation and Fisheries buildings, which are not classic in form or intention. Between these pavilions there are intermediate spaces known as curtain-walls, the architectural character of which depends on a continuous repetition of bays, developed from the interior structure, and constituting the characteristic mass of the frontage, to which the three pavilions serve as points of emphasis and relief. But it will be found that this arrangement of the several buildings is not only the result of the common observance of an abstract principle of design, but follows from an obvious necessity of the plan in each case, from the mutual relations of neighboring structures, and from considerations of the most convenient ingress and egress.

DETAIL OF FOUNTAIN BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES.

It will be remembered that the architects of the five buildings surrounding the great court, which have the closest architectural relations, agreed, for the sake of securing a harmonious result, to confine themselves to pure classic forms in their designs, to fix upon 60 feet from the ground as the height of their main cornices, to provide for an open portico or shelter along their whole frontage, and to assume about 25 feet as their module or unit of dimension. We have seen also that one of the results of the fundamental conditions of the plan is the division of the façades respectively by a central pavilion and by corner pavilions, with stretches of cur-

DESIGNED AND MODELED BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES. DRAWN BY MARY FAIRCHILD MACMONNIES. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

FOUNTAIN EMBLEMATIC OF THE TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, NORTH FRONT, SEEN FROM THE GRAND BASIN.

tain-wall between. Moreover, each of these compositions has submitted to certain compromises for the sake of harmony with its neighbors. Now this stately uniformity of design would have been too serious for an occasion of festivity, if it were not relieved by a certain luxury of conventional ornament, sculpture, painting, and decoration in metals, and by a profusion of bright and joyful accessories. We shall now see how this uniformity of scheme, apparently working for a monotony which would be fatiguing, is, by the operation of the personal equation of the architect in each case, and by the adjustment of each building to its especial use, entirely consistent with that individuality of technic, of sentiment, and of expression which constitutes the essential difference between a cold academical composition and a work of art having a definite purpose.

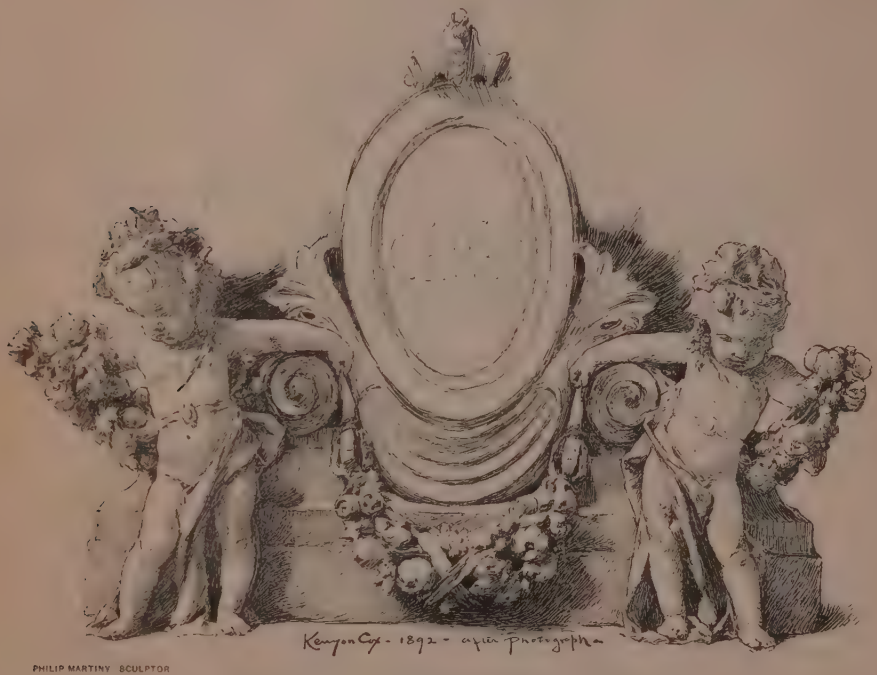
DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS.

GREAT CENTRAL PORCH OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

By this apparent identity in general outline and language of form the architects have necessarily been invited to a study of detail and expression far more fastidious than would be easily practicable in dealing with a style less accurately formulated. In somewhat similar manner a dozen trained writers, expressing their thoughts on a similar range of subjects in an established literary form,—in that of the sonnet for example,— would commit themselves by their differences in treatment to a comparison more subtle and sensitive than would be possible had they been at liberty to handle their common theme without definite and arbitrary restrictions of form. Whether the test is one of architecture or poetry (and the two are closely analogous), it seems to compel the architect or poet to enter a region, if not of higher thought, then of more delicate study and of finer discrimination in method. Freedom of style, though it is the natural and healthy condition of architecture in our country, and adapts itself more readily to our inventiveness in structure and to the practical exigencies of building, is also a temptation to crude experiments, to *tours de force*, and to surprises of design, such as form the characteristic features of an American city. Under these circumstances, personal idiosyncrasies and accidents of mood or temperament are apt to have an undue influence upon current architecture, and to perpetuate, in monumental form, the caprice of a moment or a passing fashion of design, which, in a year's time, the author himself may be the first to repudiate. It is the aim of our architectural schools not to kill but to correct this abundant vitality, and to direct it into channels of fruitful and rational progress.

A glance at the general plan of the grounds will show that the buildings are separated one from the other by avenues of water or land

sufficiently wide to furnish noble vistas penetrating to the remoter regions of the Park, and to isolate each structure, so that its characteristic mass and details may not be confused by those of its neighbors, but not so wide as to prevent their mutual architectural relations from being clearly evident in a common alignment, and in a common observance of the system of axial lines which controls the location and arrangement of the group as a whole.



CUPIDS FROM CERES GROUP (AGRICULTURAL BUILDING).

The general disposition of masses in these façades being thus defined, the way seems to be prepared for a more intelligent examination of the processes by which the especial architectural character of each building has been evolved.

It will be remembered that the great court of the Exposition is bounded on the south by the two palaces of Machinery and Agriculture, a minor court being provided between them. The latter building has a north frontage on the court and a south frontage toward the Live-Stock department, each 800 feet in length, while its west façade, of 500 feet, looks on the minor court, and its east on the lake. Its area, not including the annexes in the rear, thus covers nearly nine acres and a half, or a space about equal to the main building of the Machinery department, which we have already discussed. The problem was how to cover this entire area with a building which should have due regard to its relations to the grounds and neighboring buildings; by its divisions should provide for the orderly arrangement and classification of its contents, and for the most convenient and economical structure; and should secure, not only for the first floor, but for an extensive series of galleries, an effective and adequate lighting throughout. This problem must also embrace a due consideration for a division of the façades corresponding to the plan, so that its architectural character should, as far as possible, be developed from the conditions of structure.

The architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White of New York, solved this problem by converting their area into a hollow square surrounded continuously by buildings, and by crossing this hollow square in the center with two high naves of equal width, at right angles one to the other and open from floor to roof, each being accompanied on both sides by two-storied aisles, thus forming two clearstories on each roof-slope for lighting the interior space. The four long courts, 80 x 280, left by this arrangement, being needed for exhibition purposes, are severally occupied by three lower

longitudinal aisles, each covered with a double-pitched roof so devised that, by a system of skylights and clear-stories, abundant light should be provided for the area beneath. These three aisles are also in two stories, with an opening in the second story under the center aisle to admit light to the main floor beneath. Thus the entire space of nine acres and a half is covered and lighted, and the galleries furnish about five additional acres of floor space.

This adjustment of the plan is entirely in the interests of the agricultural exposition, with no unnecessary concessions to interior architectural effect. But this effect has nevertheless been obtained by the wide and lofty central naves, which invite the visitors to proceed on the axial lines of the building for a general survey of its contents, without distractions, and by the system of aisles on each hand, which enables them to pursue their investigations in detail with the least possible chance of confusion. The arrangement also facilitates the work of classification, and the whole presents

A mighty maze, but not without a plan.

The *corps du bâtiment* inclosing the area is 96 feet wide on the long sides and 48 feet wide on the shorter sides. Where these come together at the angles of the building they naturally constitute corner pavilions, 48 feet wide on the long fronts and 96 on the short fronts; and where the naves, 95 feet wide, with their attendant aisles, 23½ feet wide, encounter the center of each façade, a central pavilion of about 118 feet results, which, from its connection with the axial line or main avenue, becomes the main porch of that side.

The architects thus found imposed upon each of their four façades the conventional arrangement of a central pavilion and corner pavilions of certain specified dimensions, with curtain-walls between. Under the agreement of the architects of the court structures, a continuous covered ambulatory or portico was required inside the building line, and there was prescribed a height of 60 feet for the main cornice. They considered that the dignity of their theme would be best expressed by the use of a colossal Corinthian order, very richly embellished, as the principal vehicle of architectural expression in their design.

ONE OF TWELVE FIGURES HOLDING SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC (AGRICULTURAL BUILDING).

Accordingly they determined to occupy the whole required height with columns or pilasters 50 feet high, without pedestals, and supporting an entablature 10 feet high, the whole resting directly upon the terrace, 40 feet wide, on which their building stands. But the north front, as viewed from the opposite side of the basin, is provided with an effective and majestic stylobate in the face-walls of the two terraces which run parallel with it, the lower one being washed by the waters of the great basin, and the upper being crowned by a balustrade with vases and statues, a rostral column standing at each end. To emphasize this relation of the terraces to the façade, a broad staircase, corresponding in width to the projecting columnar portico of the central pavilion, descends to the water's edge, after the manner of the landings in front of the palaces of Venice. Now it was evident that to extend a colossal order along the whole front, without interruption, would be monotonous and mechanical. It would force a formula — noble and majestic, indeed, but still a formula — into predominance over the more important subject matter of the composition. Therefore they concluded to group their great pilasters at points where the main divisions of the plan would be best illustrated. The central pavilion admitted eight pilasters, and each of the corner pavilions four, on the main front. But this concentration of the order at three points on the long façades, the middle and the ends, gave such long intervals between that the composition became disjointed and straggling. It was clear that the necessary unity could be obtained only by some sort of repetition of the order in these intermediate curtain-walls. The plan was devised with forethought for this emergency, for it provided for a series of subordinate transverse passages, or aisles, across the building, ending in secondary doorways, or vomitories, on the façades, occurring three times in each curtain-wall at equal intervals. These doorways furnish a motive for repetition of the order in two pilasters for each, thus forming smaller pavilions, or, more properly, piers; so that the pilasters occur discontinuously along the frontage in a manner to satisfy at once the practical and the esthetic considerations involved in the problem. This repetition is like the recurrence of a leading motive or theme in a fugue, which is set forth in full at one point and repeated at others by hints of various emphasis. In the architectural composition the main statement, with eight pilasters, occurs very properly in the center; the secondary statement, with four pilasters, at the ends; and the third, of minor importance, with two pilasters, at three intermediate points. Thus, also, the various points of ingress and egress along the façades are illustrated with a varying emphasis proportioned to their varying importance.

But the equal spaces of curtain-wall between these great pilastered pavilions and piers still constitute, in the aggregate, the larger part of the frontage. The spacing of structural interior supports generates a corresponding division of each of these wall-spaces into three equal bays; the necessity of obtaining for the interior as much light as possible suggests the piercing of each bay with a great arch, framed with bronzed grilles for windows; the two-storied division of the interior imposes a horizontal division of these arches by a subordinate entablature on a line with the gallery floors; and to provide, as agreed, for an outside ambulatory within the building lines, the space underneath must be left open, and this entablature is supported in each bay by an open screen of two subordinate columns, behind which the portico required traverses the whole length of each front. In fact, this inferior order of columns constitutes a closely set open colonnade, practically continuous between the greater order of pilasters and columns in the pavilions, giving to the vertical elements of the composition a delicate and refined contrast of harmony and scale hardly possible in a style less highly organized. But these vertical elements are always carefully subordinated to the horizontal lines of the entablatures. In this way the plans and elevations developed together with mutual concessions, and, at the same time, the whole arrangement, with its detail of buttress-like engaged columns, continuous with those of the ambulatory and supporting statues between the arches, follows the conventions of imperial Roman architecture.

Now each pier or buttress and pavilion must have its special treatment in respect to the skyline. From an academical point of view, a fitting culmination for the center of an architectural composition so heroic in size and so full of detail is some form of dome. From a poetical standpoint, an appropriate main vestibule to a structure devoted to an exhibition of agriculture is a temple to Ceres. The conditions of the plan made it possible to realize this idea in a circular domical chamber, 78 feet in diameter and 129 feet high within, treated with the order of the exterior in eight pairs of columns, which surround and enshrine the central statue of the goddess. Her benign and beautiful presence may serve in a brief interval of unconscious influence to bring the distracted minds of the visitors, as they hurry past, into some degree of sympathy with the agricultural collections within. To this vestibule, the design of which is completed and enriched by paintings, is applied a projecting exterior portico of four detached columns, flanked by solid wings, which are treated with pilasters; the whole being surmounted by an attic order, decorated with

PHILIP MARTINY, SCULPTOR. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

FIGURE OF ABUNDANCE (AGRICULTURAL BUILDING).

winged figures, somewhat like those known as the "Incantada" at Salonica, and a central pediment, peopled with symbolic sculpture, so disposed and grouped as to lead the eye upward to a circular podium or drum, supporting a low, spreading dome, the total effect being somewhat similar to that of the Roman Pantheon. Each buttress along the fronts is crowned with a colossal group, figurative of pastoral or agricultural life, and each of the corner pavilions is roofed with an attic or podium corresponding to that in the central pavilion, supporting a low-stepped pyramid, accompanied at its base by sculptured groups and eagles, and crowned above by a composition of figures holding aloft a globe.

The return walls on the east, toward the Lake, and on the west, toward the minor court between the Agriculture and Machinery buildings, grow without apparent effort from the conditions of the plan, as described. The corner pavilions are here made more important than those of the main front, and the central pavilion is much subordinated, while the intermediate curtain-walls are composed like those of the front, but with only one repetition of the triple-arched bay on each side of the center. The west front responds to its neighbor on the opposite side of the canal with harmonious contrast, and with a certain high-bred courtesy, in which each seems to aid and to receive aid from the other.

In its various combinations, the exterior sculpture, which is the work of Mr. Philip Martiny of New York, is intended to symbolize bucolic labor: the central groups typifying human efforts in agriculture; those next the center showing the horse held in restraint by grooms; and those nearer the outward wings exhibiting the ox, urged forward, dragging the elementary beam-plow of Virgil.

The whole architectural mass may be traced rather to the Palatine Mount than to the influence of Palladio or Vignola, and it presents not only in scale and extent, but in its serious beauty, in its splendor of enrichment and refinement of detail, a model of imperial luxury and pomp, borrowed to adorn the peaceful triumph of the latest of civilizations.

THAT department of the Exposition classified as "Manufactures and the Liberal Arts" embraces so many and such varied industrial interests, that the building to accommodate it must be by far the most spacious in Jackson Park. The thirty acres which were assigned to it, though including an area much larger than that assigned to a single department in any previous Exposition, will need to be carefully husbanded to meet the requirements for space under this head. The site admitted of a building, in exterior dimensions, 1687 feet long, north and south, and 787 feet in width. Its southern end, forming a part of the inclosure of the great court, was necessarily subjected to the same conditions regarding architectural style and scale as were agreed upon for the other structures around the quadrangle, and these conditions were extended so as to control the other façades. The interposition of an architectural wall nearly 1700 feet long, and but little over 60 feet high, between the lake and the flat district known as the lagoon would have the effect of transforming the whole aspect of the Park as viewed from any point on land or water. The importance of an adequate treatment of this vast scheme was obvious.

Mr. George B. Post of New York, the architect of the building, in considering its general plan, promptly fell upon the scheme of converting its area into a court by surrounding it with a continuous building, and of cutting this court in twain with a central circular structure; thus recalling, but on an immensely larger scale, a much admired disposition of Philibert Delorme in his first project for the palace of the Tuileries as a residence for Catherine de Médicis. But even with such subdivisions the scheme was still so heroic in dimension that no such correspondence as this could be of the slightest avail in furnishing him with types of architectural treatment. He found that he must work in regions quite removed from historical experience. With his assumed module of 25 feet, he found that he could carry around the four sides of his area of thirty acres a building composed of a nave 107 feet 9 inches wide and 114 feet high, covered with a pitched roof with clearstories, and supported on each side by two-storied aisles, or lean-tos, 45 feet wide. This arrangement of plan permitted ready illumination, easy classification, and convenient communication. It left an interior quadrangle 1237 feet long and 337 feet wide. The domical hall in the center of this space was planned to be 260 feet in clear diameter and 160 feet high, surrounded, like the other parts of the building, with two-storied aisles, or lean-tos, 45 feet wide. These circular aisles, compared with the seating space of the Roman Colosseum, would have inclosed an area largely in excess of that great arena. The two courts thus obtained Mr. Post proposed to treat as gardens with fountains and kiosks, or, if more space should be needed for exhibition purposes, to occupy them with a series of covered sheds.

But as the practical needs of this important and comprehensive part of the Exposition became more evident, it was finally concluded to abandon the central dome, and to convert the whole interior court into the largest unencumbered hall ever constructed, by covering it with

GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT.

DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE.

GENERAL VIEW OF BUILDING FOR MANUFACTURES AND THE LIBERAL ARTS.

PORCH OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE.

a glazed semicircular roof without columns, supported by arched steel trusses of 387 feet clear span, 50 feet apart, and with a radius of 190 feet, giving an extreme height of 210 feet. This roof was arranged to be hipped at the ends. The much admired truss of Machinery Hall in the last Paris Exposition (the largest constructed for roofing purposes up to that time) is inferior to this in span and is 58 feet lower. It has been proposed to equip this vast hall, containing nearly 500,000 square feet of clear floor-space inside the enveloping building, with seats and a stage for the ceremonies of the inauguration, before adjusting it to its legitimate objects. It was sufficiently evident that the mountainous roof which covered the hall could not fail, from the mere power and weight of its enormous structural mass, to impose upon the scheme of the building, as a work of art, an element unknown in the precedents of monumental architecture.

In studying the most effective architectural treatment of a symmetrical building more than a third of a mile long and almost a sixth of a mile wide, with a height of cornice limited to 60 feet, the architect was confronted by conditions of composition such as perhaps had not occurred before. The natural dispositions of any extended building, which is to be adapted, not to various and different services, like a royal château, with its halls of ceremony, its wings for household convenience, its chapels and galleries, its provisions for dignity and its provisions for comfort, but to a single and well-understood purpose, must be guided by the most convenient and economical structure, and show a distinct unity of thought throughout. This unity is expressed by a mutual dependence of parts. We must at least have some feature of emphasis on the corners, against which the long fronts may stop — a period, as it were, and place of rest; and there is even

greater necessity for pavilions of sufficient importance to give dignity to the entrances. The natural place for these is in the middle of each front, where the visitors may be introduced most conveniently to the great interior space, and receive their first impressions of its grandeur. We have seen how the architects of the Agricultural Building on the opposite side of the court,— where it was understood that everything must be in full dress and on parade, so to speak,— in adopting this natural treatment in their façade, found it necessary, for the sake of variety and movement, to provide between the center and the ends certain regularly disposed, intermediate accentuations, which the eye, in surveying the whole façade, could readily grasp and justify by an instinctive balancing of the masses on each side of the center line. The mind of the observer is flattered by this evidence of art.

Architecture, as compared with nature, has been called a creation of the second order; but this secondary creation must be fundamentally controlled by conditions of structure which, to a greater or less degree, must impose regularity or repetition of parts, as contrasted with the irregularity or picturesqueness which results from the infinite resources and the accidental conditions in nature. Medieval art, though often picturesque in its effects, is subject to these human conditions no less than classic art.

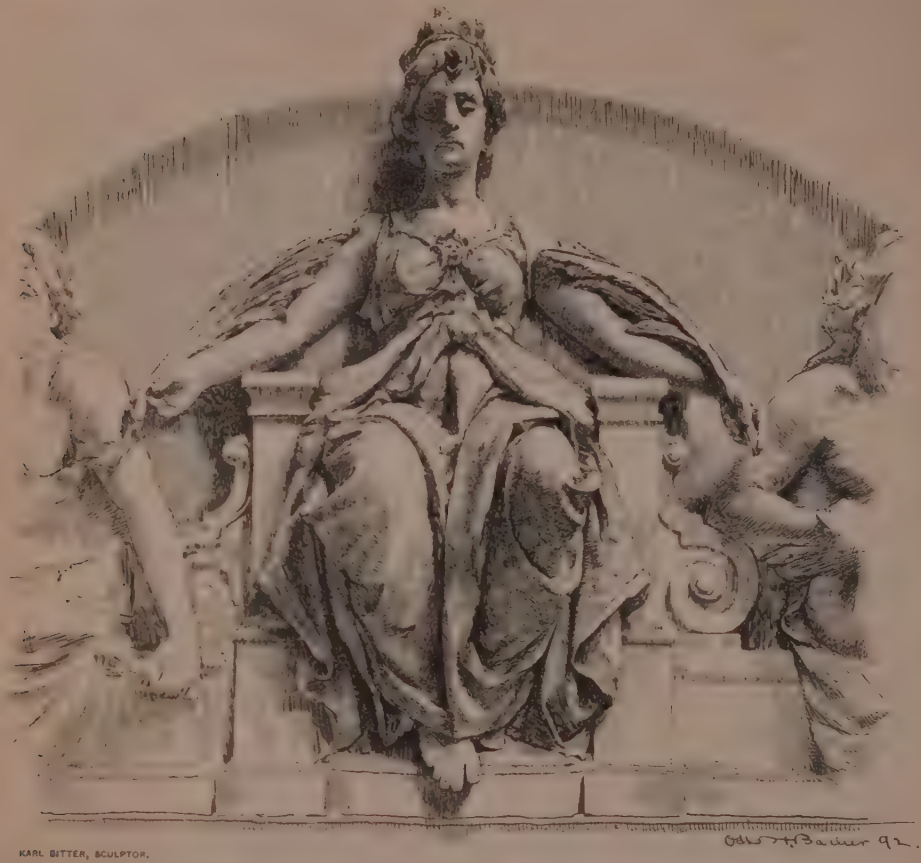
On the one hand the author of these almost interminable façades felt that he could not treat them picturesquely or accidentally without sacrifice of truth and dignity, and, on the other hand, that to break them with frequent pavilions, however subordinate to a preëminent central feature, would fail to procure for them all the advantages of symmetry; because, in a length so great, the mind could not readily discover and, at a glance, compare that correspondence of parts on each side of the center which is essential to effects of this sort. The rule of composition which properly governs a building 500 to 800 feet long and 60 feet high cannot be applied successfully to one two or three times as long and no higher. The architect, therefore, remembering the imposing effects of certain long porticos and aqueducts of Roman structure, had the courage, in this case, to withstand the temptations furnished by the customs of the Renaissance architects in their palaces and other public monuments, and to leave his sky-line and his frontage unbroken by any competition of pavilions save the one in the center and that on each angle of each front. By this severe measure he hoped to make the unity of his design clear to the most casual observer.

The module or unit of measurement, of 25 feet, with which the architect found it convenient to lay out his plan, communicated to his elevations a corresponding division of bays, of which 29 occur on each half of the long fronts and 11 on each half of the short fronts. These bays are treated with arches, springing from piers, and each archway embraces two stories. It was anticipated that these long, monotonous, and mechanical perspectives of equal and similar arches would affect the eye like the arcades of the Campagna, and would rather increase than diminish the apparent length of the building; for repetition, even if mechanical, is, humanly speaking, a suggestion of the infinite, and the architect who has the opportunity and self-denial to adopt it frankly, and on a scale so vast, would give even to the most thoughtless and most uncritical minds a memorable impression of architectural majesty and repose.

Now the covered ambulatory, or stoa, which is made a feature of all the court fronts, should, on account of the great length of these long façades, where there is no other natural refuge from the sun, be extended all around the building, but within its lines. The lintel course or decorated belt, which is the exterior development of the floor of the second story in each bay, is supported by an open, flat, segmental arch springing from pier to pier; behind these arches this continuous ambulatory obtains spacious shade. Frequent doors open upon it from the interior. No subordinate architectural order of columns was placed under this lintel course, as was done with singularly happy results in the Agricultural Building, because it was apparent that such an order would not have been in scale with the rest of the design, and would have introduced an element which would have complicated with unnecessary details the careful simplicity of its lines and the studied breadth of its general treatment.

The adoption of a severe classical formula for the building naturally led to the adoption of a common *motif* for the four central pavilions, and another, adapted to its situation, for each of the corner pavilions. These repetitions were encouraged by the fact that all the façades were of equal importance. As these pavilions must be distinctly recognized as the main porches, they must break the monotony with emphasis, or they will not be adequate. Consequently at these points there should be a sudden change in the architectural scheme of the fronts. But the strictly classic ideal does not seem to be favorable to the absolute interruption of all the horizontal lines of frontage by the pavilions; there must be some connection by continuity of lines between them.[1] The Greek

[1] The solution of this continuity, boldly attempted by the architects of the Machinery Building in their central towers, which, as we have noted, interrupt all the lines, constitutes the most remarkable feature of their design. This, as we have said, is contrary to the



KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR.

PART OF GROUP ABOVE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

idea of a monumental entrance is a columned propylæum; that of the Romans, who better understood pomp and ceremony, is an arch. The former would be appropriate if the general architectural character of the façades were based upon an order of columns or pilasters; in the present case the latter would more naturally follow.

Thus the architect, by logical process, encountered the idea of inserting in the midst of his arcades the triple triumphal arches of Constantine or Septimius Severus, and of stopping his arcade at the corners with the single arch of Titus or Trajan, the *motif* in both cases being very greatly enlarged from the original in order to fit the greater scale of the building. The architectural connection of the central pavilions with the mass of the structure is established by bringing their two side arches into the same scale as those of the curtain-walls, and by causing the main cornice line to be continued across the central pavilion or pylon as a string-course over its two side arches, and as an impost, from which springs its great central arch. Over the whole is carried a horizontal entablature with a high attic, and in front of the four piers are lofty pedestaled columns, after the manner of buttresses, supporting figures against the attic, thus closely following the characteristics of the Roman prototypes. The order employed for these columns is the sumptuous Corinthian of the temple of Jupiter Stator, the columns being 65 feet high with a lower diameter of more than 6 feet. We have already intimated that the architect turned the four corners of this building with a single arch on each adjacent face of the angles; these also are decorated with magnificent coupled Corinthian columns, as in some of the Roman examples. The width of the corner pavilions is adjusted to the width of the ambulatory which enters them on each side. The esthetic function of these boldly accentuated buttress-columns, which are clearly

strict classic idea, but in so far as this interruption does not destroy the unity of the composition, it is the successful stroke of one who dares to put his fate to the touch, "to gain or lose it all."

detached from the mass of the building, is sufficiently evident in the perspective views of the long fronts. They furnish the only strongly marked vertical lines in the composition, and by contrast suffice to relieve the design from the excessive predominance of its horizontal lines.

It is to be noted that as yet the architectural expression of this building, the development of which we have been following in the natural order of design, has been confined to the exterior closure of a vast interior space. Before it had been happily determined to cover the interior court with a great glazed roof, it was the professional instinct of Mr. Post to indicate externally that the area enveloped by his façades was not empty, but had a magnificent interior central feature in his original circular hall. To this end, and in order that this feature might become evident from afar as an essential element of design, it became necessary to cover it with a dome sufficiently lofty to be seen over the skylines of the inclosing galleries from usual points of view, and to form a crown and finish to the long, low mass of his building. This feature, if executed, would have exceeded any similar structure yet erected; but as it challenged comparison with the dome of the porch of the Exposition, the preëminence of which it was considered desirable to maintain, it was reluctantly abandoned. But the final treatment of the central court as a hall, 1287 x 387 feet in floor area, covered with a semicircular roof, whose longitudinal ridge rises far above the cornice of the façades, at once suggested an entirely different architectural aspect for the building. By the upward succession of cornice-line, 60 feet high, and clearstory-line, 108 feet high, culminating in a central ridge-line, 210 feet high, a pyramidal effect was secured; the low-lying mass at once obtained adequate height; its vast extent was condoned and explained; a dominant expression of unity was conferred upon the composition; the upper outlines of the façades were projected against a colossal roof instead of the empty sky; and the roof itself, wisely left to the majesty of its dimensions and to the simplicity of its structure for architectural effect, enhanced the refinement and purity of the architectural screens below.

Indeed, this design as a whole admirably illustrates the fact that reservation rather than expenditure of force is the secret of noble art. The modern architectural mind is an archæological chaos of ideas inherited from Egypt, from the far East, from Greece and Rome, from the middle ages, and from the Renaissance. Under these circumstances the highest virtue which can be exercised by the educated architect of to-day is self-denial in the use of his treasure. He who squanders them in his work betrays his trust, and depraves the art of his time. He who can be refined in the use of the splendid resources furnished by his knowledge of the past, who can be simple in the midst of the temptations to display his wealth, is rendering high service to a civilization which, in the midst of its complications and sophistications, needs the refreshment and chastisement of pure type.

It is evident that within his classic Roman frame Mr. Post has desired, in his detail of decoration, to bring his design into sympathy with modern civilizations; for we shall see that the luxury of Napoleon III. affects the sculpture of his spandrels and panels, and that nearly all the ornament bears traces of the influence of the latest French Renaissance and the last Paris Exposition. Moreover, in order to relieve his design from the serious expression imposed upon it by the grandeur of his leading motives, he makes a very proper concession to the festive and holiday aspect which should pervade the place by planting permanent standards and gonfalons on his triumphal arches, and by decorating his battlements with banner-staffs and bunting.

We have repeatedly stated that these papers do not embody either a description or a criticism, nor yet an apology, but constitute an attempt to explain the architectural development of the Exposition buildings. But it may be proper, before leaving the consideration of the largest of these buildings, to look back upon Mr. Post's immense façades, and to ask whether if they had been treated with the variety, contrast, and balance of motives customary in the works of the Renaissance, if they had been broken by towers and campaniles, or tormented by gabled pavilions, they would not have presented a somewhat confused and incoherent aspect, wanting in apparent unity of thought, and assembling rather a combination of many buildings of various use than a single building of one use; and further, whether the simplicity of treatment which he has preferred (and which some, not considering its detail and the unusual difficulties of the problem, might call poverty) has not resulted in a composition having architectural qualities which, instead of confusing and puzzling the mind, can be read, understood, and remembered with pleasure. The civilization of our time owes a debt of gratitude to any architect, or to any writer, who, in the midst of the temptations which beset us to force effects of beauty by affectations and mannerisms, dares to make his work at once strong, simple, and elegant.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—III.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE TENTS AND STRUCK OUT ACROSS THE SAGE-BRUSH."

VII.

HAD Alan only spoken on one of those two or three happy days before the London letter came! But a tendency to mischance of one sort or another was characteristic of the boy's headlong, sanguine temperament. The good moment passed, and a change in the household atmosphere created a new barrier between him and his father.

Dolly had ridden home at the top of Modoc's speed, to make up for all foolish delays; for Dunsmuir knew to a moment how long it took a rider to meet the stage, and was ever on the watch for its distant wheels and the messenger's return. She gave him the packet, and went to her room to make herself neat for lessons. In the dining-room Alan joined her, loitering behind, his eyes still upon his half-learned task. They knew that something was amiss from the answer that their father gave to Dolly's knock:

"Excused for to-day. I have some business to attend to."

His step was not heard on the porch at his usual hour for exercise. Dolly, watering her roses outside the study window when the house shadow fell that way, heard him tramping about the room, and pronouncing words to himself in a deep, perturbed voice. At dinner the young people stood waiting for him to take the head of the table.

"Margaret, will you ask him if he 's coming? He never minds you," Dolly pleaded.

Margaret sighed, and smoothed her hair back from her flushed face, and laid aside her kitchen apron before knocking at the study door.

"Will the denner wait, sir, till you 're by wi' your writing?" she asked when he had shortly bidden her, "Come!"

"What! is it dinner? Let the children sit down without me. Margaret, which of the men go to town to-morrow?" It was the day before the Fourth.

"Why, sir, I think they 'll all be going but Job."

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

"Tell Job that Long John may stop at the cabin, and Job is to come for me with the buckboard at nine to-morrow morning. We shall be back early. John may have his evening in town."

"Will that be all, sir?"

"That is all, thank you, Margaret."

"Wad ye eat a bittie if I fetch it entil ye—just a morsel, to tak' the bluid from the head? Will ye no?" she pressed him, with motherly anxiety.

"Shut the door, and don't stand there bletherin'!" Dunsmuir shouted.

Nevertheless, an hour later the hand of Margaret noiselessly obtruded a tray into the room; on it was a dish of iced tomatoes with a mayonnaise, a plate of thin bread and butter, a slice or two of cold boiled ham, and a bottle of beer. When the tray was brought away, Margaret, who had stayed to do some ironing in the cool of the evening, saw with triumph that her offering had not been rejected.

"When he 's that way," she said to Dolly, "he 's just like a fashious wean; he disna want a thing named to him."

She repeated to no one her master's orders for the morning; all that he wished said he would prefer to say himself. And so it happened that Alan went off at sunrise on his own scheme of pleasure for the day,—having helped himself to a cold breakfast in the pantry,—not knowing that his father was bound for the town, like himself. Alan had one or two acquaintances who were to take part in the procession of the "Horniquebriniques." He had been urged to choose a character and to join, but, in his usual way, it was at the last moment, and without premeditation, that he decided to do so. His arm was but just well. Except for the stolen joy, now and then, of a wild moonlight gallop, life, according to his ideas, had been a steady grind. He had never acknowledged his father's right to condition him as to the use of his own horse. As a matter of principle, then, he was holding out, and cultivating meanwhile a sentiment of injury to strengthen his resolution.

It was in this mood that he stopped at Dutton's ranch and, assuming the owner's consent, borrowed an old mule of Job's called Susan. He also helped himself to one or two articles found in the cabin, with which to piece out his costume for the part he had chosen in the Horniquebriniques. As in the far West this humorous dramatization is not a common feature of the day we celebrate, a few words of description may help to explain its intense attractiveness to lads of Alan's age. It is a procession of mummers, masked or otherwise, on horseback, afoot, or in floats, who burlesque in dumb-show the prominent characters and institutions of the town, setting forth in a rough extravaganza their weaknesses in the popular eye. The costumes are ridiculous, the wit is often coarse, the personal hits more than a little cruel. Yet the drolling seldom fails, in one way or another, to make its point, and the whole exhibition is not without a rude, poignant signification from the moral point of view.

Dunsmuir and Job were making way slowly through the crowd. They were endeavoring to gain the corner near the office of Marshall & Read, Dunsmuir's lawyers; but they were too late. The Horniquebriniques had started, the crowd backing down before them; there was nothing for it now but to haul up by the sidewalk until the fun had rolled by. Mock musicians, calling themselves the City Band, marched ahead of the procession, performing with cow-bells, tinware, and Chinese instruments of sound. The humor was here so overpowering as fairly to drown its own applause.

Dunsmuir, who was chewing the cud of his last and bitterest disappointment, was somewhat grimly disposed toward the day's festivities. He took little notice of the mob, as it screeched and rattled and caracoled by; but as the nuisance seemed to abate, Job spoke to him, calling his attention to a passing group which the crowd was then cheering. He looked up and smiled. He saw a broad, stout, florid man, costumed as a river-nymph, in pseudo-classic draperies, looped and girdled in such a manner as to display without offense as much as possible of his muscular proportions. He bore upon his shoulder a Chinese whisky-jar, one of a wholesale size. The vase was labeled "Norrisson's Ditch." The nymph's girdle, which must have measured full fifty inches, was stuck full of "water-contracts." Bunches of the enormous native-grown vegetables, mingled with sage-brush torn up by the roots, decorated the processional car, which was drawn by four fat, patient oxen placarded "Eastern Capital." The supporting figures of this symbolical group were an impecunious ranchman hunting in his ragged pockets for the wherewithal to pay his water-rates, and an abject Chinese vegetable-gardener, upon whose head from time to time the goddess of fertility tilted a small quantity of the sacred water of the ditch.

Broad as was the joke, Dunsmuir found no fault with it. But now a burst of applause greeted a new actor, who silently paced down the street at a respectful distance from the car of Irrigation. The little boys lining the gutters and packed into the backs of farmers' wagons screeched their comments, by way of explanation, to one another: "Hurrah for the Last Ditch!" shouted one precocious urchin.

"Says I to Sandy, 'Won't you lend me a mule?' 'Of course I will,' says Sandy,"

sang another. Dunsmuir had taken these remarks as personal to himself until he turned and saw the quixotic figure intended to portray in its popular aspect the spirit of his well-known enterprise. Both he and Dutton had recognized Susan by her ear-mark, though she had been touched up anatomically with considerable skill and white paint to the likeness of a skeleton. She carried a slender, masked rider, dressed in pasteboard armor, relic of some amateur theatricals in the town. His crest was a sprig of sage united with the flowers of the wild thistle, and for a spear he carried, with some difficulty, it might be seen, an engineer's measuring-rod, to which a banneret was attached displaying the legend:

Don't tread on my Location!

This was plain enough for all to understand. The little boys pointed out to one another his big tin sword labeled "For Jumpers," and discussed the meaning of the device displayed upon his shield—a spread eagle perched on the rock-gate of the cañon, with the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew flaming in the sky above it. This cognizance was a hasty inspiration of Alan's tossed off in the fury of conception, in red and white and black chalks. Any compunctions which the son of Dunsmuir might have had at the last moment must have given way before the artist's hunger for appreciation. To do Alan justice, he had not meant the impersonation for mockery, but merely as a good-natured acknowledgment of the well-known facts concerning his father's ditch. Above all, he had not bargained for his father as a spectator. He trusted now to spare him the pain of a recognition; but this was not to be.

Susan had one white and wicked eye, which she turned back upon the crowd, now pressing noisily upon her sedate progress. Hitherto, whatever culminating sense of indignity she may have been nursing she had kept to herself; but now, without apparent premeditation, she bucked her rider into the middle of the street bolted past the ox-team which blocked the way ahead, and was seen no more in town that day. The knight's mask and helmet had tumbled awry with the jar of his fall; Alan was obliged to free his head before he could see about him. A dozen hands assisted him to rise, and all the town beheld his angry blushes and knew him for his father's son. Confused and bitterly mortified, he took the first chance of escape which occurred to him; he ran and jumped aboard the Norrisson Ditch car, and the Knight of the Location made his exit in the tail-end of it, among the vegetables, waving his guidon and smiling in the hope of seeming not to care for the shouts of laughter which followed him. The crowd had "caught on" with a wild burst of cheers to this last, most unintentional point which Alan had supplied, with his father as witness.

VIII.

It had been Alan's plan to remain for the fireworks on the evening of the Fourth, but his father's bitter face came between him and all further thoughts of a "good time." By sunset he was at home. He went straight to his father's room, and the two were shut in there together. Dolly awaited anxiously the close of the interview; but when the study door opened at last, she kept away, allowing Alan to escape without a question, even from her eyes. At the usual hour she went to bid her father good night. He detained her by the hand, leaning back in his chair and turning his face from the lamp. It was a close night, the sky overcast, the atmosphere heavy with an abortive effort to rain. The wind — what little there was — came up from the plains, a false, baffling wind, reversing the currents of coolness. It smelled of dust and wild sage, and in the pauses between the hot, prickly gusts mosquitos and moths swarmed outside the windows. All the screens were in; the lamp, lighted since dusk, increased the heat, and devoured the air of the room.

"Dolly, perhaps you will be wanting to speak to your brother to-night," said Dunsmuir, wearily. The lamp threw deep shadows over his lowered eyelids as he lay back in his great leather chair. It was some time since Dolly had seen him in that strong, direct light, of an evening; she thought him much worn, and thinner, even, since the spring.

"Has he gone out of the house?" he continued. "Say good night to him. We may not see so much of him for a time." He cleared his voice, which broke from nervousness or fatigue, and sat up, looking straight before him. "I shall not tell you his last ill-omened exploit. Perhaps he will tell you himself; it would cost him little, for I doubt if he sees what it signifies. I do not know how to reach him, nor indeed if there be any depth in him to reach. I have thought to try him now in earnest. Since he will not work, either for his love or his fear; since, it seems, he neither understands nor respects what we are here to do, nor enters into it, except in a low, clownish spirit—let him work now for his bread. To-morrow he goes below. He will live at the cabin, get his meals with the men, and take orders from Job. I will have no idle mockers at my table. Now, we 'll say no more about it. Show him all the kindness in your heart—but remember, you are not to go seeking him at the cabin. After

to-night he is one of the force till he shall win home by the right road."

Dolly blushed redder and redder till the smarting tears stood in her eyes. She could not speak, or she might have had occasion to repent her words; neither would she leave the room while her heart was swelling with resentment of Alan's punishment. She looked up presently and smiled, with an effort at firmness, in the face of the judge, who was also the father. He thanked her with a speechless look. He had not thought that anything could have eased him like that smile of his woman-child; but at midnight, sitting by himself, his thoughts went darkly back to Alan's offenses, which were all of a sort peculiarly offensive to himself.

"The lad shows neither sense nor judgment, nor the conduct of a gentleman," he said aloud, in the silence, which he was accustomed to address in moments of deep spiritual disturbance. "Let him go where plain lessons are to be learned of plain men. There is not a man in my employ but can set my son the example of all I have failed to teach him."

Dolly waited up for Alan as late as she dared, for fear of disturbing her father, who liked the house to be quiet always at the same hour. It then occurred to her that he might already have gone up to his bed. She went to his room and knocked, but got no answer. Her room was next to his, both opening by low, casemated dormers upon the flattish slope of the roof. She leaned out and saw Alan asleep on the shingles outside his window, his head and arms resting upon the sill. His attitude kept the expression of the mood in which he had flung himself down. She crept out upon the roof and knelt beside him, whispering a little, choking prayer. The heavens were dark; as she lifted her face one big drop of rain fell upon her forehead, the sole birth from that night-long wrestling of wind and cloud.

Drought prevailed, and toward morning the sky slowly cleared. The wind blew Dolly's curtains wide apart. A sunbeam, striking the mirror propped up on her dressing-table, made quivering rainbow-patches on the walls. A stronger gust blew something off the window-ledge, and, opening her eyes, she saw on the matting a huge, overblown giant-of-battles rose. Wrapped about the stem was a folded paper which explained itself.

I am not going to the cabin to take orders from my father's men. I 'll pitch myself off the bluffs first. Father has been down on me this long while, so I may as well take myself off. They need not look for me in the river, nor in the low places in town. I am not going to play the fool, so no one need worry; and when I can show a decent bit of a record maybe I will come home. Good-by, Dolly; say good-by to good old Peggie. You are the ones who will miss me. If ever I com back, it will be for your sakes. I was n't asleep when you kissed me last night. I did n't mind it, but I did n't want to talk. Yours ever,

ALAN.

P. S. I shall not use my father's name until he takes back some things he has said. So you need n't go through the papers looking for news of one Alan Dunsmuir, for there 's "nae sic" person.

With much hesitation, on account of its flippant tone, Dolly showed her father this message. Dunsmuir devoured the words with but one thought; it was little to him now, the lad's truculence or the spirit in which he bore himself under correction. The one agonized question pierced through all that could wait:

"My son, where is he?"

They traced him to town, where he and Modoc were well known. He had borrowed a small sum of money of Peter Kountze, whom he had met at the Green Meadow, and had asked to be directed to the camp of engineers doing preliminary work on the Lower Snake; and thither, next day, they followed him. The search-party were informed that on the previous day a young stranger, light-haired, tallish, riding a pinto pony, had come down that way asking for Philip Norrisson, who had never been with that division at all. The transit-man had told him that Philip Norrisson's party was in the mountains a matter of two days' journey from the camp. The young stranger, who gave his name as Robert Allen, had slept in camp and struck out early next morning for the mountains, expecting to reach the stage-station at the Summit by nightfall.

When the question was asked, What had he talked about the evening before? it was remembered that he had said he was intending to try for a position on Philip Norrisson's party; and when objection had been raised that the reservoir party would soon be through work and back in town, he had replied that it was no matter; Norrisson was a good fellow, who would be sure to put him in the way of something he could do; he was ready for anything. Peter Kountze, being further questioned, reported that Alan's first plan had been to strike for the coast, where he proposed to ship aboard a sealer bound for the Bering Sea; else to work his passage south on a San Francisco steamer, and to take the chances in that direction. Peter modestly admitted that he had tried to dissuade Alan from these projects, and, failing, had refused to lend him money more than sufficient to keep him a few days, if he stayed near home. Alan had then endeavored to find a purchaser for Modoc, but without succeeding in getting anything like what he considered a fair price. So it appeared his

designs were somewhat vague and fluid as yet.

No time was lost in following up the reservoir party; but neither at the Summit nor from any of Norrisson's men could a word be learned of Alan. No one had seen or heard of him since he turned his back on the tents and struck out across the sage-brush. At the engineers' camp on the Lower Snake all news of him ceased as if the plains had opened and swallowed him. In Alan's case a wild figure of speech had come literally true. The boy's brown cheeks were whitening in one of those oubliettes which occur as part of the black lava formation that is the floor of the Snake River plains; a floor continuous and solid for the most part, but strangely cracked and riven, undermined in places, and pierced with holes resembling the bull's-eye of a vault. Into one of these traps Alan had descended; no one seeing him go down but Modoc, who stood long, and waited, and tugged at his rope halter, and pawed the dirt and stones, and neighed to his master in vain.

IX.

THE evening Alan camped with the engineers some of the boys were telling stories around the fire in front of the office-tent. They spoke of the wonders and mysteries of the great lava desert, which mantles in dust and silence all that region north of the Snake for four hundred miles of its course between river and mountains. Camp-fire gossip, in these arid lands, runs much upon discoveries of water, as in the mountains of the same region it runs upon rich finds of gold. One of the boys who had been a stock-herder told of a pool or well in the heart of the Black Lava the water of which was fresh, though defiled at the time of his discovery by carcasses of dead cattle; the poor beasts, mad with thirst, had crowded upon it when all the streams were frozen, and perished through overweighting the ice which covered the pool. The depth of it was unknown. It was said to go down to the level of that fabled underground valley of the Snake, where, beneath the lava crust, imprisoned streams, identical in source with the river above, were tunneling their way to daylight.

It was said that in certain places these subterranean waters gushed out from beneath the lava bluffs in fountains of white foam, bringing fertility to some chosen valley, located, perhaps, by a refugee Mormon with a keen patriarchal scent for pasture, or a road-weary plainsman who here unshipped his wagon-top, and turned loose his lean stock and his tribe of white-headed children. It was loosely ventured round the camp-fire that rich washings of fine gold might be gathered from the beds of these hidden watercourses, in pot-holes or crevices where the sluicings of ages had been collecting.

Alan's eyes grew big at these tales. He asked many questions; in particular why these exciting presumptions had never been put to the proof. He was told that, in all probability, until that region had been scientifically explored they were incapable of proof. The few doors which opened into that mysterious cellarage were dismal traps not easy to find; and those best acquainted with the country were shy of meddling with its secrets. The river itself had a sinister reputation. The Indians never trusted their naked bodies to its flood; no old plainsman could be induced to pull off his shirt and plunge into the Snake, nor would he suffer a "tenderfoot" to do so in his presence without earnest remonstrance and warning.

Another of the boys claimed to be the discoverer of a cave which he compared to a vast sunken jug. He had come upon it accidentally, riding as messenger from camp to camp; had stopped only long enough to drop a stone down the pit-dark hole, where all was silence and airless night. The depth, from the sound, had been something awesome. Later, with two comrades, he had searched for the "jug" over every foot of the bare plain where he had tried to locate it by memory. They had ridden from town equipped with ropes and candles; but not that day nor ever afterward had he found the lost entrance to the cave. It had relapsed into the mystery that broods over the desert, the silence which it keeps, though the ear of man is ever at its lips.

The trend of the Great Snake River plains is distinctly toward the west. That way the mountains open to welcome the warm winds from the coast, which temper the winters of all that inland region. As summer advances and drought encamps upon the land, the visiting winds are succeeded by local breezes which blow with the regularity of day and night. It is then the great air-currents, rising from the burning face of the desert, beckon to the mountain-winds, and as punctual as a sea-breeze they come whooping down at night through cañons and passes of the foot-hills. No sleeper, upon the ground or under heated house-roofs, but is grateful for these night-winds; no sunburned traveler, beneath the bright stars of the desert, but feels his strength renewed, bathed in that steady, balmy tide of coolness.

Alan rode out of camp after such a night of solid sleep, very different from the same night which his father had watched out in the cañon. It was the time of perfect equilibrium which comes twice in the twenty-four hours, once after sunrise and again about the setting of the sun. The silence of the desert was unbroken by bird or breeze or sound of footsteps, except-

ing the steady clink and shuffle of Modoc's hoofs getting over the ground in excellent cayuse fashion. The little horse was at home; his ears were pricked forward, his eye keen for the trackless way he knew so well. He kept edging northward toward the pass between the low, black buttes, standing apart like gate-posts to the mountains; between them lifted a far, aërial vision of the blue Owyhees, and the War Eagle, wearing his crest of snow. The face of the plain was featureless and wan. There is but one color to this desert landscape — sage-green, slightly greener in spring, and grayer in summer, with a sifting of chrome dust. In winter it is most impressive under a light fall of snow, not heavy enough to hide the slight but significant configuration of the ground, yet white enough to throw into relief the strange markings of black lava, where it crops out, or lies scattered, or confronts the traveler in those low, flat-headed buttes, so human, so savage, in their lone outlines, keeping watch upon the encroachments of travel.

Alan had been in the saddle since seven o'clock, and it was now noon. He was looking about for a good spot where Modoc might pick a little grass while he ate his lunch. Nothing more quickly catches the eye in an uncivilized region than a bit of painted wood. Alan could not have passed by without seeing a broken wagon-tongue abandoned in the sage-brush; and this one had the peculiarity of a new rope cleverly knotted about the middle of it. The end of the rope disappeared in the ground. Alan stopped to investigate this mystery. To his inordinate delight he found that he was kneeling at the lip of one of those dry wells — perhaps the "jug" itself. No consideration known to the mind of a boy could have deterred him from attempting to go down. He took, however, a few simple precautions. He made fast his pony to a stout sage-stump. Modoc stood well as a rule, but his heart was traveling northward, and his legs might be tempted to follow. Alan then tried the rope; the knots held. The thought did strike him, with a slight chill, What has become of the man who tied those knots? He leaned his face above the hole and shouted; he would have been surprised indeed had he received an answer. He gathered stones and tried the depth by the sound of their fall. It was deep, but not so appallingly deep, and the bottom, from the sound, was perfectly dry. Of the shape or nature of the walls he could learn but little, because of their size and the smallness of the orifice. He pulled up the rope; it was, at a guess, a twenty-foot braided lariat, with a second longer rope spliced to the end of it: fifty feet, at the most, would cover the length of that swinging tether. He now collected a bundle of sage-sticks for torches, small ones to light quickly and larger ones to burn longer. These he tied together into a fagot, which he dropped down the hole. To provide against accident to the precious bundle he fastened a torch-stick to his belt. Matches he had with him, but he fell in his pocket to make sure. He took pride in these precautions, so sensible did they strike him, so experienced and businesslike. His heart beat with expectation great and vague. Modoc watched his master restively; but without a glance at his pony, or a farewell pat, Alan put both feet into the hole, and his head was soon below the roots of the sage-brush.

When he had lowered himself about ten feet his body began to oscillate with a slow, irregular, sickening motion. He felt himself miserably detached. He struck out with his feet hoping to touch the sides of the vault; but he had now reached the bilge, and kicking did but aggravate the spiral movement, which became more pronounced and confusing as the rope lengthened above him. In another moment his toes touched the bundle of torch-sticks, his stretched muscles subsided, and he stepped free upon the floor of the cave. When a momentary dizziness had passed he looked up and saw the light of day above his head — a small white star which shed no rays, but rather increased by contrast the palpable effect of the darkness into which he had dropped as into another element.

He made haste to light his torch. The flame spluttered and flared; he looked about him and saw, to his horror, that he was not alone in the cave. The man who tied the knots had been watching him from the moment his body had darkened the hole. Alan had seen Juan Pacheco the homicide only once, by moonlight, at long rifle-range; he knew not a feature of him, but he was certain that it was he, the yellow Mexican, crouched upon the floor of the cave pointing a Winchester in his face. Pacheco, if he it were, seemed to recognize his visitor. He smiled a cruel, half-breed smile, displaying a bad set of wrinkles around the corners of his mouth.

"*Ven aca!*" he commanded quietly. Alan moved away from the hole.

"How many more come?"

"No one," said Alan. "I am alone."

Pacheco looked as if he did not believe him. A moment passed in silence, Pacheco listening, Alan breathing quick and hard.

"Hold up the light! *Mas arriba!*"

Alan held up his torch in both hands as high as he could, and Pacheco went through his clothes, taking from him his pistol, his cartridge-belt, and his precious matches.

"Sst! What is that?"

Modoc, stamping on the hard-baked ground,

was calling to his master with a loud, cheerful whinny.

"It is my pony, poor brute; he wants me," Alan explained.

"It is a good brute. You have tied him? *Bueno, muy bueno!*"

Alan did not know then why Pacheco should have called it good; but afterward he knew. He explained how he had come upon the hole by chance on his way across the plains northward to the Summit, which he must reach before dark. Pacheco seemed to attend, but from his face Alan could gather nothing of the effect of his words.

"Miguel Salarsono—is he dead?"

This was the man Pacheco had knifed. He was dead, but Alan hesitated at the truth, which Pacheco read in his eyes.

"*Esta bien*," he said coolly. "They want me. Where now Peter Kountze?"

"In town when I saw him last."

"What day you see him?"

"Long time ago." Alan lied, thinking it would be bad for him should he confess to having met Kountze the day before.

Again Pacheco read his face. He gave a dissatisfied grunt. "Put out your light," said he.

"It smokes," said Alan, "but it is better than no light."

"You are with one who knows his way," said Pacheco in Spanish. Alan barely understood him; but he thought to flatter Pacheco by seeming to know his language.

"I want to look around, now I 'm down here. Rum place, ain't it?" he said, pretending to a cheerful curiosity he was far from feeling.

"You shall have plenty time."

"And plenty light, too, I hope."

Pacheco cut him short, roughly assisting him to put out his torch. He undid from about his waist a greasy silk sash, gave Alan one end of it, and kept the other himself. "*Anda!*" he commanded. "*Por aqui*," and he led on, Alan following at the girdle's length as best he could. Whether they were traversing a series of chambers connected by passages, or one long gallery of varying width and height, Alan could surmise only by the sound of their footsteps on the rock floor, which sometimes rang as between lofty walls and again fell dull and flat. He concluded presently that he was getting his underground eyesight, else the darkness was no longer absolute. Pacheco called a halt, and changed the order of march by putting Alan before him. The roof here descended to within a few feet of the floor. Alan could make out the shape of a low opening like the entrance to a drift, defined against a faint light beyond. They went down upon hands and knees, and crawled forward along a narrow incline which rose to the level of what by contrast seemed a fair chamber; round, like a congealed bubble in the rock; not lighted, yet something less than dark, owing to a crack in the roof; deep, but narrow as a spear, through which a gleam of white daylight stole into the cell.

"I make you welcome, Señor Caballero, to this your house," said Pacheco, as they stood upright, in the dim oubliette, facing each other.

Alan struggled to be calm and to take the words, spoken in Spanish, as the language of compliment, at the worst as a grim joke befitting the place.

"*Muchas gracias, señor*," he responded, with a smile as wan as the imprisoned ray of daylight that touched his face. "It is a very good house. You are living here *secreto, retirado*, I understand. I can keep dark. It shall be all the same, I promise you." He spoke slowly, with extreme emphasis, that Pacheco might lose no word of his meaning. "I swear, it shall be all the same as if I had never seen you here. The cave shall be forgotten. Understand?"

"*Si, si.* All the same—after you get out." Pacheco grinned significantly, and Alan's heart turned over in his breast.

Beyond the cur-like upward glance of his covert eye and his occasional cruel smile, Pacheco's face relapsed into impassiveness. The man had been villainous by torchlight; he was ghastly now by the faint, white daylight, like one on whom the sun had not shone for months.

"How long—how long," Alan gasped, "have you been down here?"

"The light come fourteen time since the night I skip," said Pacheco, glancing upward at the crack in his dungeon roof.

"Alone?"

"*A mis solas.*"

"Why don't you clear out—vamose? The country is big."

"It is very big, señor; and I have no horse."

"Where is your own horse?"

"He play out, three miles; he drop in the sage-brush. I am here very safe; by and by pretty hungry." He grinned and shrugged expressively. His philosophy of suffering promised as little pity for another as he wasted upon himself.

"Good God, man! does no one know you are here?"

"One too many know I am here," said Pacheco, ominously, laying his dark forefinger on Alan's breast. "You make one little fool of you'self when you come down that hole."

"I can go up again. I must go, Pacheco. My horse is dry. No water since morning."

"*Poco, poco tiempo.* When it is dark, I go up. I give him water."

"But I 've twenty-five miles to go before dark." Alan was shaking from head to foot.

"Sit down, *hombrecito.* Rest you'self. You have hunt me like jack-rabbit; now you have find me in my hole. What 's the matter with that?"

"God in heaven, Pacheco, my people will go mad!" the boy shouted, forgetting that no one would expect him that night or any night, that his absence was now a fact accepted by every one who knew him above ground. This last cold detail of his situation closed upon him like the silence that follows the echo of a dungeon door. He flung himself upon the Mexican with a captive's madness, throwing away every hope of pity, and grappling with him as his open enemy.

Pacheco carried a knife concealed at the back of his neck with which he might have finished the encounter, but murder was no part of his present intention toward his prisoner. He closed with the lad, hugging him in his arms, and the pair rocked to and fro and staggered about the dim place till Alan was thrown, dragging Pacheco with him, the back of Alan's head striking the floor of the cave with a sickening dunt. Pacheco freed himself, and Alan lay still.

X.

DAYLIGHT had faded from the crevice when Alan came to himself. The cave was perfectly dark. He started up on his elbow, but fell back, giddy and sick and sore. It was some moments before he could summon courage to test the silence. No answer came to his first hoarse call; yet Pacheco might be in the outer cave. He called again, and listened, holding his breath, and hearing nothing but his heart beating like a clock. He shouted, he screamed, he sobbed, as a child awakened by a frightful dream that cannot make itself heard.

He lay all night at the mercy of hideous doubts and speculations which only the morning could set at rest. Had Pacheco gone? Had he left the rope? His flesh rose in chills, and again he burned and stifled with the torture of these questions. In his tossings on the floor of the cave his hand had struck against a pail heavy with a delicious weight of ice-cold water. He had splashed it over himself in his eagerness, dragging it toward him. In the morning he made a terrible discovery. All Pacheco's little store of food and candle had been set forth in plain sight for his successor's use; but the matches were ruined. Alan had drenched them in his transport of drinking in the night. For a moment he gave way again, clasping his head, and sobbing, and rolling about on the floor.

He felt sick and bruised, and silly with weakness. His eyes ached, his throat and jaws were sore, his hair incrusted with blood from the cut on his scalp; but no bones were broken, and he knew that food would strengthen his heart. As he crawled about, gathering materials for a breakfast, he made a new and momentous discovery. Pacheco had left him a letter, of explanation, perhaps, or direction. But when Alan came to examine this sole link between him and the living, he found he could not decipher it. He had persuaded Pacheco too well of his linguistic acquirements; the letter was in Spanish, mongrel Spanish, brutally ill-written with a pencil on a bit of greasy, wrinkled paper bag which had refused to take the marks distinctly. Alan could have crushed, torn it; he could have killed Pacheco for inventing this new torture. He groaned, and put it away, and struggled to swallow some food, for a greater test of his nerve was before him. If Pacheco had left the way of escape open, why had he written a letter?

He had been led into the cell by the right-hand wall; he took the left going back. One hand he kept upon the rock, groping and shuffling forward, past angles and turns which he remembered, till he entered the great chamber with its one far bright star of blessed daylight set in the blackness of its roof. One instant he hung back; he dared not look: the next, suspense was past — the rope was gone.

All that day he sat in the twilight of the inner cell and pored over the letter. Sweat broke out upon his flesh, the agony of attention balked his memory, and his mind refused to act. The few words that he could read held aloof in maddening incoherency from those that were dark to him: "water — the white cross — the great cave — twenty days" — then something about *mi amiga;* the noun was feminine. And then the writer signed himself — "with the cheek of the devil!" groaned Alan, surveying the ghastly words of compliment to a doomed man —

With great respect, Your servant,
JUAN PACHECO.

All day he hammered his brain over this diabolical message, and when he could see no longer he sat in darkness, and its goblin characters came out on the strained wall of vision and tortured him with guesses. He fell asleep repeating the words that led his mind a weary dance far into the night: the white cross — water. Twenty days, twenty days, twenty days.

Three times the light faded from the crack and came again, and, sleeping or waking, the word water had become the unceasing pang that

haunted his consciousness. He had counted his stock of food, and of candles, which were nothing without matches, yet might serve as food should he come to a rat-like desperation in the last stage of hunger; but he knew he should not starve to death. Every day while the wan light lasted he ranged round the walls of his cell; searching crannies and crevices and spots of shadow, listening, sounding for hollow places, stamping, and sometimes breaking out and howling like a trapped animal, all in an awful, breezeless silence, never altering from hour to hour, from day to day. By drinking sparely at night and morning only, he made his precious pail last a week. On the eighth day he ate little, fearing to increase the desire for water, which had taken already the form of a nervous demand. The food which remained to him was of a thirst-provoking quality — a sack of moldy pilot-bread, some pounds of dried salt beef, several cans of cooked beans, a few dusty, gritty raisins in a paper bag. He had heard that small, smooth pebbles held in the mouth promote moisture, and occupy the mind of one suffering from thirst. On the ninth day he collected such pebbles as he could find and tried the effect of them, but without much enthusiasm for the result.

On the tenth day he made a joyful discovery. A greasy waistcoat of Pacheco's lay bundled in one corner of the cell near his bunk; Alan had never touched it; it had for him that personal association which made the sight of it repulsive. But this morning he took it up and examined the pockets in the sudden hope that he might find a stray match or two left by chance; and he was not disappointed. He found a good bunch of California matches united on one thick stem, which had worked through a hole in the waistcoat side-pocket, and lay concealed between the stuff and the lining. That day he explored the dark passage by candle-light. His tongue was so swollen that he could no longer swallow food. He had fever, and could sleep but little, and then was beset by morbid dreams. His strength was fast going. On the eleventh day he dragged himself into the outer cavern, wondering at his fatal mistake of wasting a whole day in the passage when the letter had named only the *caverna grande*. His legs would not bear him up to make the round of the vast walls; but he sat himself down on the floor, and lighted all his candles, placing them a little way off on the floor in sockets of drip, that he might get their combined effect without the shock of it in his eyes, which were tender to the light.

His face was as white as the candles, his blood-shot eyes were sunken and wild. He had picked at a roughness on the side of one of his fingers till the place was raw; he was picking at it now as he stared before him. He had a crazed, broken sensation in his head; his mind labored and drifted heavily. He thought his senses must be going when, on a space of wall above him, where the light struck upward at a new angle, appeared a sign chalked upon the rock in the form of a cross. Trembling he looked away at the reality about him, at the place of his living burial, and then fixed his eyes once more upon the spot where the cross had appeared. It was still there. And below, at the meeting of the wall with the floor of the cave, there rested an immovable spot of blackness. He shifted his lights; the shadow did not move. It was the opening of a passage or burrow beneath the rock. Hands perhaps as weak as his had scooped it; and some doomed captive as desperate as himself had marked the spot with the symbol of suffering and of mercy in memory of his release from torment.

He crawled into the hole, keeping a lighted candle before him; only his panting breath stirred the flame in that lifeless air. Creeping forward on his elbows, guarding always his light, its soft ray fell upon a dark, sunken pool; on the brink of which he fell on his face and lapped like one of Gideon's three hundred.

The agony was over. Imprudence followed, and all the train of effects resulting from the nervous shock his system had suffered. He gained no strength; he lost, indeed, from day to day; and the twentieth day was at hand. He had made himself a calendar of match-sticks, which he dropped, one each time the light came and went, into an empty tin can, which thus became the repository of his great hope and his greater dread. When the match-sticks numbered nineteen, Alan laid himself down beneath the hole in the outer chamber, resolved to lie there till rescue came or death. On the back of Pacheco's letter he had scrawled a few words to his father, in case deliverance should come too late. Having eased himself of this last message, with a pail of water near, and such food as he could retain out of the little remaining of his poor stock, he lay and watched out the twentieth day and the night that followed, not daring to sleep. Another day passed, and the light faded from the hole, and he prayed that he might go before the morning watch, for the suspense was worse than death. He closed his eyes and went incontinently to sleep. The angels might waken him if help should come; he could watch no longer.

In the night a voice called him from above; it became part of his dreams, and turned them into nightmare; the call was repeated again and again, but he did not wake.

Then, with a prayer to Mary of the Mercies, a girl, kneeling by the hole, bound her long

black braids about her head, reefed her skirts, and, taking hold of the rope she had made fast, descended fearlessly into the cave. Pacheco's friend had come.

Alan crawled into the engineers' camp next morning as the boys were turning out of their tents for breakfast. They did not recognize in him the laughing, bright-haired stripling who had sat by their fire scarcely three weeks before. When they questioned him he fell to weeping like a baby, and said he had been in hell. And they remarked to one another that he looked it, every inch of him. And when he told them who he was, and where he had been, and how, while the bright days had passed unnoticed above ground, some of the broad-shouldered fellows were not ashamed to wipe their own eyes, complaining audibly of the camp-fire smoke. He slept all that day and night and far into the next day, and was roused with difficulty when they forced him to take such nourishment as they judged he required. But they might have let him sleep; nature and youth were taking care of him.

XI.

PHILIP'S return trip from the mountains was hastened by a letter from his father requesting his presence in town on a certain day of the month. He left his men to bring in the camp outfit, pressing on alone ahead of the wagons on horseback, and reaching town well within the stipulated time, tired as a hunter, but gay with the thought of the long mountain miles he had made at the word of command. He lingered over his toilet next morning, with a keen zest for the comforts of civilization after three weeks of gritty camp-life in boots, and corduroys, and crumpled flannels. It was luxury to put on a silk shirt and to brush his hair before a triple mirror. He trimmed the ends of his mustache, taking all the time which that delicate operation deserves; he examined critically the new barber's cut to which he had submitted himself the evening before at the Transcontinental. He perfected his outer man deliberately in every detail, and descended to breakfast in a brilliant humor of expectation for whatever new turn of the wheel had brought him back again to the affairs of men. Even the little new town, whose social note had struck him as so crude and stridulous, contrasted with the life of the hills, had gained quite a gay, civic, important air. He had amused himself with thinking of it the evening before, as he walked home by the white light of the electric lamps.

Philip had passed the ordeal, spiritual as well as physical, and was acclimated to the western movement. His father saw it in his glance, in his bearing, as he walked into the room, and rejoiced that he could call the clean, high-headed young fellow his son. He would have liked to cuff him about a little and to clap him on the back, to take some of the starch out of him; yet the starch was well, so that there was "sand" underneath. Breakfast at Mr. Norrisson's was not a perfunctory matter of a roll and a cup of coffee, but a regular sitting in three courses, with conversation and good appetites. To the manner of this also Philip was acclimated; he needed no urging when the third course came upon the table, even when it included that ultra-Americanism, pancakes hot from the griddle. Mr. Norrisson's Mexican cook was a genius, at sixty dollars a month, and could turn his small dark hand to the cooking of any clime. (It must have been observed too often to be worth mentioning that men, when they keep house, will always have a cook, whether the closets be cleaned or not.) It was Enrique's pet grievance that Wong was allowed to make the coffee at breakfast. He listened at the window of the butler's pantry to hear his own praises when his creations were handed in, but when he heard praise of Wong's coffee instead, he swore strange oaths among his pots and pans, making the kitchen hideous with their clatter. Hearing echoes of the din, Wong would smile mysteriously, and pass Enrique's triumphs with sweet condescension. It was Enrique's revenge at breakfast to hasten out to the garden and to pick a bouquet for the table, well knowing that he alone of all in the house had the touch for flowers, and that Wong's efforts were simply insufferable. It was he who filled the lesser punch-bowl with roses or crisp nasturtiums dewy with their morning sprinkling; it was Wong who swore in the depths of his white, starched gabardine when he spied the insolent drops on his spotless cloth. He would have given a month's wages for courage to fling bowl and contents at the head of his fellow-craftsman. But out of these jealousies professional and racial came exceeding peace and perfection of service to Mr. Norrisson. It was his policy that the heathen should rage; that out of their dissensions he might make profit to himself.

"Has Alan Dunsmuir turned up yet?" Philip inquired.

His father was finishing his plate of California peaches. He paused and mopped himself before answering; he was a critical but not a dainty feeder. Moreover, he did not know at first to what the question referred; then he remembered.

"Why, of course, that must have been what Dunsmuir meant. He excused himself from the dinner we gave Westerhall; some family

matter; he did n't put it very plainly, but I saw there was trouble, so I did n't ask any questions. But I remember now. Young Dunsmuir was reported missing about a fortnight ago. What has he been up to?"

"I don't know at all," said Philip. "They sent a man after me to inquire if he had been with my party. I did not get a very clear idea what the trouble is, or what they are afraid of."

"Depend on it, if Dunsmuir has had trouble with his boy he 's the one to blame. He 'd be sure to buckle the curb too tight. You will have to remember his arbitrary temper when you come to work with him. However, you are cool enough, and you have a manner that will flatter the old sachem. But you must look out and not carry etiquette too far. We 'll get through with Wongy Pongy before we begin on business."

When the last dishes were on the table, Wong was ordered to tell Simpson that the horses would not be wanted that morning. "Now," said Mr. Norrisson, "shall we smoke here or outside?"

"I am very comfortable," said Philip, helping himself to one of his father's cigars.

"Well, I must tell you the circus has begun. In fact it 's pretty nearly over. We have had our season of wrath and bitterness. Dunsmuir is not so topping as he used to be; whether it 's this break his boy has made, or what, he 's not the man he was. Crotchets play the mischief with a man's powers. Westerhall arrived, as you know, last week," Mr. Norrisson went on. "We got together after a few preliminaries, and we offered Dunsmuir a slice of the stock. But we made it pretty plain that we proposed to dispense with his services as engineer. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'this is a very fair offer you make me for my resignation. But I intend to build my own canal. I have staked my professional word on the verity and importance of this work, and I shall see it done, and honestly done,'—mark the point he always makes of his honesty as against our supposed want of it,—'if it be the last work of my life. This may not strike you as business,' said he, 'but it is where the business hits me.'

"At our next meeting I showed him that he had nothing to sell. He had shown his hand to Westerhall, and all he had was the opinion of Marshall & Read, his lawyers; and on that very opinion we based our claim. Now there were two clauses to it: Dunsmuir read his title by the first clause, and we took the second and read it just the other way; and yet it was a sound, well-considered judgment by two of the ablest men we have out here. It came about to this: Dunsmuir's claim was good to build on; it was good for nothing if it lay idle, and we went ahead and built the canal. Water belongs to the man who uses it. We claimed his location, *and shall hold it*, on the ground that we are ready to build our canal now, while he is only pottering at a rate that will not see his finished in half a hundred years. He took occasion to remind me, right there, that our company's policy had been one of obstruction 'unscrupulous and persistent,' else his ditch might have gone through years ago. And I endeavored to show him that it was *his* policy of antagonism which had antagonized us; that he might have gone in with us had he chosen, and saved all this friction between us. Here he shut up and would say no more. He had got very pale, and his hands shook as he gathered up his papers. He looked as if he had n't slept for a week. I wish, confound it, I had known, or remembered, about this trouble with his boy. Handsome little rascal! I used to see him around town cutting up all manner of cowboy capers on that spotted pony of his. What did you say he 's been up to?"

Philip explained again what he knew of the circumstances.

"Well, I wish I had known. Dunsmuir 's badly strapped, I hear. I might have offered him some help in the way of his search. Or we might have waited a little—well, we could n't wait. Westerhall understood there would be trouble, but when we came to talk it over I could see he did n't want to leave Dunsmuir out in the cold; though, as I said to him, a man who won't accept any terms but his own, or any facts but his own as to his real position, is a difficult man to deal with.

"'But we must give him something,' said Westerhall. 'He is too poor to get out of the country, you say, and he is too strong a man to be left in black dudgeon here, to head every movement against us in the future. He must be included in some way.'

"'How are we going to include him?' said I. 'We tried him fifteen years ago, but he would n't be included on any reasonable basis. He stood off and called us swindlers. Now we are jumpers. It does n't make a happy family,' said I.

"'Give him the work,' said Westerhall; and he showed me there was a feeling for him in London, where his Indian record is on the blue books, and it counts with them, of course, that he is an M. I. C. E. And then Westerhall and I had it for the rest of the day.

"But, as you may have observed, I am a man of compromises. This is the way I put it to myself: Suppose we make Dunsmuir our chief engineer, not at his demand, but as a point we yield out of generosity to a broken man. He knows I don't want him on the work, that I have refused to have him. Now if he takes that

offer from our company, the man is ours. I am the manager of the company."

"How can you subsidize a man by giving him his own? Will the legal aspect of Dunsmuir's claim affect its justice in his own eyes?" asked Philip.

"It does not now; but his light will grow. Property that has no existence in law can't be peddled about under the name of a water-right. I think he has had his misgivings that his claim was wearing pretty thin. Observe, he never consulted his lawyer till the other day, when he knew he had to; he did n't want to be too sure. It 's the nature of dreams to look queer by daylight. Dunsmuir's fifteen years' fight will look very strange to him six months from now. However, it makes no difference to me; let him take our offer, or walk off with his pride and an empty pocket."

"What is it you propose to offer him, now?"

"Make him chief engineer and give him a little stock."

"And how will you put the offer of stock to a man who has no rights in the scheme?"

"We shall put it this way: Parties might have got hold of that location who would have given us more trouble than you have; who would have forced us to build before we were ready. This is to pay you for keeping up the right for us."

"That is very clever," said Philip, who thought it infernally clever; "but Dunsmuir will take it as a taunt. You can never compromise him through offering him a share in his own scheme. You might as well try to suborn an author, offering him a royalty on his book."

"Yes, yes; I know the pride he has in his design, his responsibility, and all that. But his plans went out of his hands in our first deal. He will find, after a while, that he is being taken care of on this scheme, and that I am taking care of him."

Philip rose from the table and walked to the open window, where the purest of morning breezes drifted in from the fields of blossoming alfalfa.

"Why does your company want to own its engineer?" he asked.

"*I* am the company here," said Mr. Norrisson, disdaining the shelter of the collective noun; and for the first time in his various expositions of the dispute between himself and Dunsmuir he showed the bad blood he had always attributed to Dunsmuir alone.

"I submit that it will never occur to Dunsmuir that he is being 'taken care of,'" said Philip; and he triumphed in the thought. His sympathies were with the man of his own profession. "The work is his by every right of discovery, of design, of fitness, and of sacrifice. Why should he not take it? Who is the man that can say, 'I gave it him in pity for his delusions'?"

"He will take it, that 's what I say," scoffed Norrisson. "He will take the stock, too. He knows the worth of money, and he knows the need of it. What shall follow remains to be seen. I am satisfied, remember, though I seem to have backed down on a vital point. Dunsmuir is chief engineer; well and good. And my son will be his first assistant. How does that strike you?"

It struck Philip in so many different ways at once that he could not choose instantly the best answer—the truest—to his scruples, his doubts, and his deep, excited joy.

"May I ask, sir, if this is part of the 'deal'?" was what he said.

Mr. Norrisson answered indirectly. "It is understood that you are to have the position."

"Whether Dunsmuir wants me or not? I should find it unpleasant to be foisted on my chief."

"You are not supposed to know it. I need not have told you; but it 's impossible to foresee what you will shy at next. We have another meeting fixed for this afternoon," Mr. Norrisson added, rising, and touching the bell. "We shall put in our final proposition as I have stated it. I want you there. I want Dunsmuir to see you before he 's had time to take a prejudice."

"I must ask you to excuse me," said Philip, decidedly.

"Why excuse you? It was for this I sent for you."

Philip, who coveted Dunsmuir's favor for reasons too delicate, too personal, and as yet too vague, to be spoken, had no resource but to bear his father's contempt for what must appear merely another instance of coxcombry belonging to the schools.

"What the devil is it now? You are as mysterious as a woman!"

But nothing would induce Philip to go near those embittered men in council, committed to the side which he was not on. He entreated that his name be withheld for the present. Let Dunsmuir's affairs be settled first.

"It won't take half an hour to settle that," said the man of business. "I want to know if you will take that place; for your name will come up whether you are there or not. You will do as you please about that; the other matter I want settled."

"I will take it gladly, provided Dunsmuir be left free to discharge me as he would any other man's son, if my work should not suit."

"Very well," Mr. Norrisson assented, with the smile of a patient man who is nearing the limit of his pet virtue. "We will put it that

way then. You don't want to be 'taken care of,' either; is that it?"

Philip did not explain. His father was, on the whole, more amused than displeased by his coyness. It was, as he understood it, partly youth's high conceit of itself, and partly the skittishness of a proud young novice in business, unacquainted with the practical nature of a 'deal.' However, as they left the house together he felt called on to straighten the young man's views on one point.

"'Foisted' is a good word," said Mr. Norrisson, "but it does n't apply to a straight demand that my son, a graduate of the Polytechnic, and the very man for the place, should have it. You understand?"

"I do," smiled Philip; "and I take back the word. And, frankly, I know that I can do the work; but I want the relation to be a pleasant one, and I don't want it to begin to-day in the midst of a discussion which may, or may not, take a happy turn. Give me time, and a fair show of pleasing my chief, and I think we can hit it off."

"There is sense in that; and it 's your concern, the social part, not mine. The cañon will be your headquarters, and you don't want to live there in a bees' bike. They 're a set of outlandish, prejudiced exiles, anyhow. It 's all right; I sha'n't hurry you."

While Philip was dressing for dinner that evening there came a summons from the telephone. He hurried into his clothes, and went to the tube. The call was from the company's office: one of the young men wishing to know if Dunsmuir were in town, or if any of his people were in. Philip could not say, and asked who wanted Dunsmuir.

Answer came: "His son."

"Where is his son?"

"Here. Came in to-night — engineers' team from camp."

"What camp?"

"Fielding's — Lower Snake."

"Ask him to come up here."

After an interval the reply was: "Can't do it. He 's all broke up."

"Get a carriage and bring him, some of you. I 'll find his father."

Philip rushed over to the stable where Dunsmuir kept his team; the horses were being put to. The stableman said Dunsmuir's orders were that his rig should be at the Transcon. by six o'clock. It was then ten minutes to six.

Philip jumped in beside the man, and they drove to the hotel. He was shown at once to Mr. Westerhall's rooms. The door of the parlor, at the far end of a long corridor, stood ajar, and a voice which he took to be Dunsmuir's was thundering. He could not avoid hearing the words:

"You are in this scheme, gentlemen, for your money's worth; I am in it, now, for the sole sake of my work. Is it likely you will tamper with that? Your guarantees I have nothing to do with. I will be bound by no time-limit of your making in *my* deal with powers that are beyond your cognizance."

"I don't quite tumble to your talk of revenge," said Norrisson, apparently in reference to some previous threat of Dunsmuir's. "How, if it 's a fair question, would you propose to take it? In the courts, for instance? Because I can tell you —"

"In the people's court of the elections — I could meet you there. Bear in mind, all that your farmers want to make head against you is a leader — a man who knows something and who has nothing to lose. I have heard a word of buying their representatives; maybe those gentlemen, whose politics are in their pockets, may think to buy me?"

Philip knocked twice before his father shouted "Come in!" The men were all on their feet; Dunsmuir pacing the floor, his gaunt cheek-bones reddened, his blue eyes blazing, his gray-golden hair tumbled on his head as by a wind of strife. He wheeled upon Philip, who, as no one spoke to introduce him, was forced to come bluntly out with his errand:

"I have the pleasure to tell you, sir, that your son is in town. He is at the office, asking for you."

"My son? What office? Who is this youngster?" he demanded of the company generally, without taking his eyes from Philip's face.

"My son. Your engineer, Dunsmuir, the boy I was telling you about."

Dunsmuir took no notice of Philip in either of the given characters.

"Is it a waif word you bring?" he asked, with a tremor in his deep-strung tones; "or do you come from my son, himself?"

"I bring you the message as it came by telephone from the company's office. He was there fifteen minutes ago, asking for his father. They said he was ill, and I took it on me to have him brought to our house. He will be there before we can get there. Your team is below."

"Man, are you sure here is no mistake? I cannot bear to be jostled by such news if it be not the truth." He spoke harshly, lapsing into his Scotch accent, and Philip answered as to a woman:

"Shall we not go and see?"

Dunsmuir began to look about the room for his hat and coat. He was holding hard against the heart-shaking message, but there was a mist before his eyes. Philip helped him to his things, and almost put them on him. He found a pleasure in waiting upon him, and the omen was

a good one, though he did not think of it at the time. In silence the other men drew near, and shook Dunsmuir by the hand.

"I have n't been able to tell you how I have felt for you, Dunsmuir, in this business of your son," said Norrisson the father; and said Westerhall, who had a little fair-haired lad of his own across the water:

"Our toast to-night shall be, 'Our boys; God bless them!'"

In the wagon, driving through the streets, Dunsmuir spoke, charging himself that he must get him a man to carry a message to his women-folk waiting in the cañon. "If this news be true, they cannot hear it too soon," he said.

"I will be your man," said Philip.

"Will you so? Let it be your first order, then, my bonny chiel! I have been fighting against you, I confess it; I wanted no manager's son on the work. And here you come with your coals of fire! I shall be in bonds if the mercies hold; there 's nothing slackens a man's war-grip like the thought, My God has remembered me."

Philip might have asked himself, had scruples been in order, Would Dunsmuir have made him his messenger to the cañon that night had he known how keen he was for the errand? A joy that was not all enthusiasm for the work was rising in his heart: already he saw himself on the darkling road; he was entering the cañon by starlight; he saw the lights in the waiting house, and a girl with startled, soft gray eyes was thanking him as his news deserved.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

BODY AND SOUL.

HERE at life's silent, shadowy gate,
O Soul, my Soul, I lie and wait;
Faint in the darkness, blind and dumb,
O Soul, my promised comrade, come!

The morn breaks gladly in the east;
Hush! hark! the signs of solemn feast:
The softened footstep on the stair;
The happy smile, the chant, the prayer;
The dainty robes, the christening-bowl—
'T is well with Body and with Soul.

Why lingerest thou at dawn of life?
Seest not a world with pleasure rife?
Hear'st not the song and whir of bird?
The joyous leaves to music stirred?
Thou too shalt sing and float in light;
My Soul, thou shalt be happy—quite.

But yet so young, and such unrest?
Thou must be glad, my glorious guest.
Here is the revel, here is mirth,
Here gayest melodies of earth;
Measures of joy in fullness spent;
My Soul, thou canst but be content.

Is this a tear upon my hand?
A tear? I do not understand.
Ripples of laughter, and a moan?
Why sit we thus, apart, alone?
Lift up thine eyes, O Soul, and sing!
He comes, our lover, and our king!
Feel how each pulse in rapture thrills!
Look, at our feet the red wine spills!
And he—he comes with step divine,
A spirit meet, O Soul, for thine.

Body and Soul's supremest bliss—
What, dost thou ask for more than this?
Stay, here are houses, lands, and gold;
Here, honor's hand; here, gains untold;
Drink thou the full cup to the lees;
Drink, Soul, and make thy bed in ease.
Thou art my prisoner; thou, my slave;
And thou *shalt* sip wherein I lave.

Nay? nay? Then there are broader fields,
Whose luring path a treasure yields;
Thou shalt the universe explore,
Its heights of knowledge, depths of lore;
Shalt journey far o'er land and sea;
And I, my Soul, wilt follow thee;
Wilt follow—follow—but I lag;
My heart grows faint, my footsteps flag.

And there are higher, holier things?
Is this a taunt thy spirit flings?
What is it, Soul, that thou wouldst say?
Thou erst had time to fast and pray.
Give me one word, one loving sign,
For this spent life of yours and mine!

I held thee fast by sordid ties?
I trailed thy garments, veiled thine eyes?
Go on, I come: but once did wait,
O Soul, for thee, at morning's gate.
Canst thou not pause to give me breath?
Perchance this shadow, Soul, is death.
I stumble, fall; it is the grave;
I am the prisoner; I the slave;
And thou, strange guest, for ay art free;
Forgive me, Soul; I could but be
The earth that soiled, the fleshly clod,
The weight that bound thee to the sod.

Dust unto dust! I hear the knell;
And yet, O Soul, I loved thee well!

Emma Huntington Nason.

THE FINDING OF THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.[1]

I SHALL never forget two aphorisms given me by an old grave-digger in Greece. He was one of a class that corresponds very much to the old-fashioned poacher in England and on the Continent, in whom the illegitimate pursuit is not only followed for gain, but has become an exciting sport, a wild instinct with a touch of the romance that hovered round the gentleman of the road and the bandit. He had followed his favorite pursuit in all parts of Attica, in Bœotia, and in Eubœa, and had sold many a beautiful object of ancient art and craft to the Athenian dealer, which objects, no doubt, are now ornamenting some museum of a great European metropolis. As such excavation is forbidden by law, and as the exportation of all objects of antiquity found in Greece is also forbidden, he had twice suffered confinement in prison for a considerable period: and this in spite of all his shrewdness and caution, for he did nearly all his digging at night. He had now turned his hand to honest work, and had become a workman in our corps of excavation, in both Bœotia and Eubœa. Though he was invaluable in cautiously clearing away the soil that had been massed in a tomb, and thus extracting without a breakage a delicate vase, or a piece of gold-work, or a bronze mirror, it was just as well always to keep a strict watch over his every movement; for, having extracted securely from its hiding-place in the earth some valuable object of antiquity, he might also return it to some hiding-place of which we knew not, which would be even more secure than was the accumulated soil, so far as any chance of our getting it again was concerned. But I shall always be grateful to him for the two epigrams which he gave me one day, and which are, in a way, fundamental and most important lessons for any archæologist who intends to excavate.

I was maintaining to some colleagues that there was sure to be a wall under a certain configuration of the soil, to which opinion I was led by a series of arguments archæological and practical, and to strengthen my own position I appealed to old Barba Spiro for a confirmation of my view. He looked at the spot for a long time; then gave a side glance at me; then scratched his head, and, fixing his eyes on one button of my waistcoat, he enunciated two short phrases: "Ὁ καλήτερος ἀρχαιολόγος εἶναι ὁ κασμάς," and "Σκάψε ἕως τὸ στερεό," the first meaning, "The best archæologist is the spade," and the second, "Go down to the native soil."

I believe it was chiefly owing to my remembering these two aphorisms, and acting upon them, that I succeeded in discovering what we may now call the Tomb of Aristotle. Though a considerable amount of archæological study and reasoning, a careful working through of all the ancient and modern authorities on topography, a collection of all the passages in ancient authors dealing with the works of art which once existed in a certain district, and innumerable other considerations of a more theoretical nature, must precede the choice of any site of excavation, and must continually be present in the mind of the excavator, it is, after all, the act of digging itself, and the unbiased examination of what the spade and pick may turn up, upon which the archæologist must chiefly rely. And if the naturalist in examining any object in nature, or any member of an organic body, whether with the naked eye or under the microscope, must guard against the "personal equation," the archæologist must be equally careful not to allow his preconceptions and his own desires to warp his vision and examination of the objects which his excavations lay bare. The second advice is almost still more important. He must never be satisfied with what he has found, nor cease from working when he has not found anything, until he has reached the virgin, the unworked, soil. It requires considerable experience to distinguish between worked and unworked soil, and it is important that every archæologist should inform himself of this difference, and practise the art of distinguishing between them with eye and hand. When there are small fragments of pottery or building-material to be found mixed in the earth, it is plain sailing; but when these indexes are wanting, it becomes much more difficult, for the characteristics of virgin soil vary with the actual nature of the earth in different parts, and the workmen are often more easily discouraged through unsuccess than is the morally and intellectually superior archæologist, and are prone to cry out, "Στερεό!" ("Virgin soil!") long before they have really reached it.

However full of moments of thrilling excitement — moments that in their intensity have no equal in any other department of scientific work or of sport — the practice of excavation may be, there are days and even weeks of

[1] The pictures in this article are made from photographs taken by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Oswald.

discouraging ill success, which sorely try the patience of even the most sanguine and persevering. Thus perseverance is one of the qualities most needed by him who would dig for antiquities. But often there may be a call upon more active qualities, physical and intellectual, than perseverance, in order to withstand the serious hardships to which excavation in some parts of Greece must necessarily expose the digger. The excavations of the American School of Archæology of Athens at Eretria in Eubœa during the months of February and March of last year, one of the results of which was the discovery of this interesting tomb, certainly were accompanied with severe hardships to all who took part in them. My colleague, Professor Richardson, who joined me in the second visit, during which we suffered most,—owing to the unusual inclemency of the weather,—assured us that during his winter campaign in our own civil war he had not encountered such discomfort.

My first trip to Eretria, leaving Athens on February 1, was comparatively an easy one. It consisted of a two-days' ride across Attica, till we reached the harbor of the ancient Oropos, on the narrow strait, called Euripus, which separates Eubœa from the mainland, and immediately opposite Eretria. Our sail across the Euripus, which ought to have occupied but an an hour and a quarter, took six hours, during which we had to rely upon the clumsy rowing of the fishermen who owned the heavy boat which carried us across. Dusk was just beginning to set in, and with it came rain, as we landed in the picturesque harbor of the small deserted village which now occupies the site of the proud city of Eretria, at one time the rival of Athens in prosperity and power. Situated on this narrow strip of sea, which looks like an inland lake, this plain, once so fertile, is bounded on the west by a range of mountains, beautiful in outline, while across the strait rise the classical hills and mountains of Attica and Bœotia, with Parnassos looming dimly in the far distance. This spot is at all times one of the most strikingly beautiful in Europe. Yet even the surpassing beauty of the site could not dispel the disappointment and annoyance which gained on us as we proceeded to make arrangements for a prolonged stay.

Mr. Fossum of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, a student of the School, who labored with enthusiasm and skill during the whole period of the excavation, had preceded us by a day, and was at the harbor to meet us. He was accompanied by a black-bearded man of western European appearance, who wore a gray ulster and a shooting-cap. At first sight he looked more like an Italian than like a Greek. I soon found that he was thoroughly Europeanized, and at one time had been Greek vice-consul at some Italian port. He spoke Italian fairly well. He had proved hospitable to Mr. Fossum, and was very affable and effusive in his greeting to us. I at once asked for the *demarch*, or mayor, of the town, and was told that I should presently be taken to his house. I knew it was an important matter at once to gain the friendly coöperation and assistance of this the chief functionary in the district. Mr. Fossum, aided by his host, had already explored all the resources of the town, and had found them worse than scanty. Unlike all other villages, even in the remotest parts of Greece, it appeared impossible to find any peasant or inhabitant who for good pay would migrate to some kinsman's house, or allow himself to be relegated to the ground-floor of his hut, leaving to us the upper room, which is approached by wooden steps from without, to clean and to furnish with our camp-beds. The reason for this was that there were but few thrifty and working inhabitants, and most of the houses had been deserted. We looked at two of these deserted houses, but with the rain that had fallen, with no window-panes, with a broken-down fireplace and a rotting floor, they presented so miserable an aspect, and looked so unwholesome, that we could not think of making either of them our headquarters. We were not much comforted when we learned that the cause of this desertion was the unwholesomeness of this fever district.

It was one of the great, but equally unpracticable ideas of the late King Otho of Greece to transplant to this site of the ancient Eretria the brave inhabitants of the island of Psara (when, after the war of independence, this Greek island was not added to the Hellenic kingdom), granting to each a large piece of land, and laying out a city by the ancient harbor. In keeping with his generous though visionary character, the king undertook the work on a large scale. Engineers were called in, and laid out the city with broad streets and open squares, which, even at present, though there are only ruined houses and but few inhabitants, bear the names of University street, Marine Square, etc. He even proceeded to build there a large nautical school, which was meant to rear future mariners and admirals, and which now, without a roof, and with crumbling walls, stares with tragic irony at the deserted houses, a monument of noble quixotism. The energetic and vigorous members of this new Psara soon left, and are scattered over Greece and in distant parts of the globe, and have, many of them, amassed great wealth, retaining considerable pride in the patriotic traditions of their Psariot ancestors. The few hundred that have remained, chiefly women and children and old men, are unthrifty in character, with health

impaired by continuous fevers, and with faces that have malaria written upon them. Winter, in spite of the inclemency, was thus the safest season for the work of excavation.

The cause of all this unwholesomeness, from which, it must be known, Greece is comparatively free, are the swamps, close to the village, running down to the sea. Up to the present, whether from want of actual means or of energy, the proper steps for draining these swamps have not been taken. It is interesting to know that more than two thousand years ago, during the flourishing period of ancient Eretria, there appeared to be similar difficulties, with which the ancients coped successfully. Some twenty years ago an inscription was found at Chalcis which recites that a certain Chairephanes proposes to the Eretrians to drain the marsh. He himself will bear all the expense, on condition that he is allowed to cultivate the reclaimed land for ten years at a rental of thirty talents, to be paid to the city. The work is to be completed in four years. The citizens are to swear in the Temple of Apollo Daphnephoros that they will observe these terms, which terms and undertakings are to be inscribed and set up in the same temple. In case of war the ten years are to be lengthened by a period equivalent to its duration. Provisions follow for compensation to private persons whose land is taken, and for the making of a reservoir and sluices for irrigation. The concession is to be continued to his heirs in case of his death. Penalties are fixed for persons interfering with the execution of the work. Chairephanes, on his part, is also to furnish sureties for the execution of what he undertakes. The recital of the terms is followed by the decrees and oaths necessary to give effect to them, and then follows a long list of names, perhaps of persons who took the oaths. The date of this inscription has been settled as between the years 340 and 278 B. C.

But the knowledge of the difficulties with which the ancients had to contend did not lessen those which stood before us. I felt that the demarch — who has more or less absolute authority, acting as judge, and often as tyrant, in this district — was the only person who could help us, and I was astonished that he had not come down to the harbor to meet me. As a rule, the arrival of a stranger, especially one engaged in official work, is a matter of considerable excitement, and there is a formal reception by the local authorities, who act with most unbounded hospitality, and, if treated in the proper way, are of great service. I felt that our guide was not too eager to take us to the demarch, and it was only upon my emphatic demand that I was brought to his house. After the customary cup of coffee and spoonful of jam had been offered us, I at once noticed the exceptional coldness of the demarch, who looked like a venerable and kindly man, and I realized that some mistake had been made. It was not long before I fathomed it, and further acquaintance with circumstances and personalities made it all clear.

I do not think there is any other country where political feeling, both local and central, runs so high as in Greece. This warmth of political passion is still more intensified by the fact that, in the choice of all candidates in this representative government, the family and its relations of kinship form the essential guide. And when it is borne in mind that nearly all the offices, local and central, down to the postmen and the attendants at museums, depend upon the success of each party, and that the family will at once run to their own member of parliament to help them in releasing one of their kinsmen who has been convicted of a crime, it will be understood how, in a small community where there are no industries but precarious agriculture and fishing, the political differences permeate every nook and cranny of daily life. This fact the foreigner who would excavate in Greece must always bear in mind. In dealing with it he must, from the very outset, manifest kindness, fairness, and firmness; and he must succeed in impressing these three qualities upon the people with whom he is dealing, so that they at once feel and are drawn out by the kindness, gain absolute faith in the fairness, and learn to realize and depend upon the firmness. The excavations of a sister institution in Greece have on several occasions been retarded, and almost completely suspended, owing to the charge (of course, unjustified) brought by the local authorities against the excavators that in the choice of their workmen they had been partial to that one of the two political parties which was not then in power. To mend matters, they made a further mistake in agreeing to see that half the workmen were chosen by a representative of one party and half by a delegate from the other, which of course led to further quarrels.

Now it soon became clear that Mr. Fossum's host, who had proved so affable and kind to him, was the brother-in-law of the previous mayor, and was himself aspiring to the mayoralty, and that there was an intense feud between the mayor in power and the party of his predecessor. When the mayor had been partly roused out of his mistrust and sulkiness he confessed that if we desired help and workmen we should go to the others, who, he informed us, were using us to gain popularity among the inhabitants. The difficulty was increased by the fact that, so far as practical help was concerned,

the mayor's enemy, with his influence over the greater number of the workingmen, and the greater practical readiness which he had acquired abroad, could not be dispensed with. It was, then, our aim, while acquiring the friendship of both parties, to turn their animosity into rivalry as to who could help us the more. We brought both parties together, and made them a simple speech, in which we told them that we had not come from America to practise Greek politics, and could assure them that we had enough of that kind of thing in our own home; that we were friends of both parties, and came to confer a boon upon the place, as many years ago our fathers had actively helped the Greeks in their struggle for independence. I may say that an appeal to these memories always strikes on fertile soil among the Greek people. They can never forget the ship-loads of provisions and clothing that were sent from America during their war for independence. We further assured them that they would always find us fair, and that what we wanted were good workmen of whatever party. If they worked well they would be retained; if they worked badly they would be rejected. If they suspected our foremen of unfairness they could always appeal to us, where they would meet with justice; but that dig we would, and that without delay, and we counted upon their help, and felt sure they would not belie the hospitality for which they were noted. That evening Mr. Fossum dined and slept with the anti-mayor party, and I dined and slept with the mayor, who, after a frugal dinner, with an ample provision of resinated wine, waxed more and more cordial, and gave us reminiscences of his former life as captain of a brig. All his ancestors had been seamen, and his father's brig was the first Greek sailing vessel to enter an American harbor.

The next day we found our workmen, and even two horses with carts, and at once began our excavations at the theater, which have since proved so strikingly successful in disclosing remains that have a most important bearing upon the much-debated question of the arrangement of the Greek stage. The work having fairly started, I soon returned to the School business at Athens, leaving Mr. Fossum in charge. Nearly a fortnight elapsed before I was able to return to Eretria, and it was then that our hardships really reached their extreme point.

On this occasion I was joined by my colleague at the School, Professor Richardson of

DRAWN BY EMIL CARSEN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE SITE OF THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE BEFORE EXCAVATION.

Dartmouth College, and by Mr. Brownson of Yale University, one of the students of the School. We sailed out of the Peiræus on the evening of Wednesday, February 18. The weather had been somewhat stormy during the day, but seemed fairly settled when we set sail. Now the voyage from the Peiræus to Chalcis usually occupies from nine to ten hours. Although, during the night, we had every reason to be aware of the inclemency of the weather, upon awaking early in the morning we expected to be very near Chalcis. But we were much astonished to find the vessel rolling and pitching in a very violent manner, which we knew was quite impossible in the sheltered Euripus. It was by no means pleasant to be informed that we had not got further than Cape Sunium,—a few miles from the Peiræus,—and that, in fact, we were then engaged in an apparently futile effort to round that point. It was blowing a hurricane, and we were trying to sail right in the teeth of the wind. Our captain seemed somewhat uneasy, and for the present was confining his ambition to an attempt at reaching the harbor of Laurium, which is only a few miles by rail from Athens, there to await better weather, as it was impossible for the ship to cope with such a storm. With full steam on, and with much puffing and staggering of the vessel, which was fairly seaworthy, we succeeded, at ten o'clock in the morning, in reaching the harbor of Laurium. But even in this harbor we were not completely sheltered from the storm. It was impossible to send a boat ashore, or in fact to have any communication with the mainland, and we lay there tossing about, with some English and other coaling vessels close to us, in constant danger

of drifting into one another by the dragging of anchors. The whole of that day and night and the next day we remained in the harbor, and I really believe that we would have remained there for another day and night if our provisions had not given out, and we had not all joined in urging the captain to make a bold attempt at weathering the point, which would bring us into the Euripus. At one o'clock in the morning of the third day we steamed out of the harbor, and in six or seven hours succeeded in reaching the Euripus, landing at Chalcis in the rain and wind at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

GOLD EAR-RINGS.

With a number of boys and men carrying our baggage, we walked through the rain and mud to a small cook-shop, where we proceeded to take what we then considered a very sumptuous meal. We were eager to push on, and at once began to seek for horses in order to continue our journey to Eretria, but we were informed that the roads were thick with mud, and that the stream at Vasilico, half-way between Chalcis and Eretria, was so swollen by the rain and snow that to ford it would be impossible — in short, we met with flat refusals wherever we asked for horse, mule, or donkey. At last the owner of a carriage told us that he would take us as far as the river of Vasilico, and assured us that there he would find for us horses or a cart which could carry us across, and thence to Eretria.

Having made our bargain, and acceded to his unusually high demand, we started on our drive about two o'clock in the afternoon. All went well until, after an hour and a half, the coachman pulled up in the middle of a muddy field, and blandly informed us that we had arrived at our destination. I had noticed that as we were nearing this point he had asked a rapid question of a stray shepherd, or of a peasant lounging in front of his hut, and when I asked him where the horses were which would take us across the river, and where the river was, he told us that the river was some five hundred yards further on, and that we must see whether we could get horses or not; that he had fulfilled his part of the contract, and had taken us to the river of Vasilico; that now he wished to be paid, and that we must clear out. This, after much wrangling and exciting talk on his part, ended in our meeting him with MacMahon's words, "*J'y suis et j'y reste*" ("Here I am and here I remain"). We refused to leave the carriage until he had provided the horses. The other alternative was that he should take us back to Chalcis and make proper arrangements the next day. He angrily gave in, but assured us that we should have to pay the same large sum for each journey. We told him that this would be decided by the magistrate of Chalcis, and so we all drove back in the rain and at once proceeded to the police station. With some difficulty the judge, who was smoking his narghile in the adjoining café, was found, and, coming into the dingy court-room, proceeded to make and to offer us some coffee. We then sent for the irate coachman, who appeared on the scene, and seated about a small brazier, with several lounging and interfering Greeks standing about us, the legal proceedings began. We mustered up our best Greek, throwing in here and there a touch of Demosthenes and Æschines, which, I fear, was lost upon the unclassical Greeks; and, after allowing the coachman to lay his charge before the court with much gesture and vehemence, we opened our case, turning the defense into an accusation. We claimed that, owing to the breach of contract in not providing, as had been promised, means for the continuance of our journey at Vasilico, we had lost our day, and had suffered much discomfort; had to defray the expenses of a night's lodging at Chalcis, and had caused our friends at Eretria considerable anxiety. We were therefore justified in claiming heavy damages from the false coachman, who had dealt with us not as a Greek but as a Turkish brigand. But, considering his youth, and recollecting the friendly relations which subsisted between the American republic and the kingdom of Greece, and swayed by the affection which we felt for the whole Greek people, especially the inhabitants of Eubœa, we should not press our suit, and should only demand that on the next day we be put in a position to continue our journey. We were prepared not only to waive our claim that any money should be paid to us, but we might even give the handsome remuneration which we had promised to allow for one journey as covering the two. When we had finished, the judge gave a long pull at his pipe, blew the smoke through his nostrils, and declared that there was much justice in what we had said, but that he knew the lad (who was over thirty years of age) well; that he knew his father and mother, and that he was a good lad; that we

were good and distinguished foreigners; and that he felt sure we would not deal hardly by the poor man. We answered that we had felt sure, from the first moment of gazing into the countenance of the youth, that he was a good man, but that his goodness had for once forsaken him; that as he was young there was time for him to make amends for his faults; that we should not press him hard; and that, if he would fulfil his contract on the next day, we would, if satisfied with him, give him a handsome present in addition to the pay we had agreed upon for the first journey. By this time the whole party were in good humor, the coachman himself humbly begged our pardon for his too emphatic insistence upon what he had erroneously conceived to be his rights, and they all wanted to take us to the nearest café and to stand us drinks. This we refused, and, having sent a telegram to the demarch of Eretria to meet us next noon by the river near Vasilico, we arranged to make an early start the next morning. At the post-office we ascertained that the mails for Eretria had not been forwarded for more than a week, and so we insisted upon carrying the mails with us, among which we afterward found several letters written by us more than a week before, and which our friends were anxiously awaiting. The judge, joined by the chief officers of the city, came to our aid, and that evening insisted upon showing us great attention in the chief café.

The next morning our coachman arrived in good time and good spirits, and, having loaded the mails, our packages, instruments, and a large demijohn of good Chalcis wine upon our vehicle, we again drove through the fertile Lelanthian plain to the scene of the wrangle on the previous day. We walked to the bank of the river (where the two large piers of a very fine bridge which had been waiting for two years for the iron girders that are to span the river, and to make the new road between Chalcis, Eretria, and Batheia practicable, were still gaping in imposing solidity, but affording no help to us), and shouted and

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

WHITE LEKYTHOI, GREEK FUNERAL VASES, OF FIFTH CENTURY B. C., FOUND IN GREEK GRAVE AT ERETRIA.

DRAWN BY F. LEO HUNTER

THE FAMILY INCLOSURE CONTAINING THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

shouted for half an hour for the man with horses or carts whom we expected to be there from Eretria, but with no success. Our coachman then hunted about for horses on the near bank, and assured us that he would procure them; but after wasting another half-hour he succeeded in finding only one little white horse that looked like an over-grown dog, and we were left with Hobson's choice. The sturdy lad who owned the horse said he could take us and our luggage over one by one on this poor beast. Each one of the party taking as much as he could carry, we packed the remainder of our baggage on the horse, and proceeded along the slippery and muddy fields to that part of the river-bank where there was a chance of fording. But even in this short distance we were not free from accident. Every member of the party slipped and fell with his load, and at last the poor little white horse rolled over on its side (fortunately not upon the demijohn), and stuck fast in the mud. Unloading what he had on him, the lad caught him by the tail, and two of us got him by the head, and we literally lifted the poor beast out of the mud. But it was out of the question that, with the rapid stream, we could trust either ourselves or our baggage to the precarious legs of the poor animal; and we at last had to accept the proposal of our sturdy guide that he should take each one of us in turn on his shoulders and carry us across the stream. And this he did successfully, bold Christopher that he was.

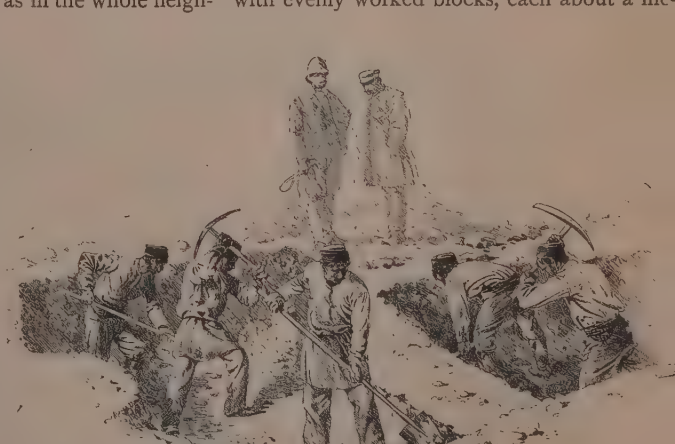
Proceeding up to the village, we there found, staying with the doctor, the coachman of the demarch of Eretria, who had insisted upon sending his own horse and coachman and a European-looking wagonette to meet us. We left our luggage to be brought by a cart, and as the day was drawing to an end, and was growing more and more chilly, we all huddled together in the wagonette and drove along the muddy road to Eretria, which we reached in two hours. Mr. Fossum and the anti-mayor had walked some way out of the town to meet us, and in the town itself the mayor and nearly all the inhabitants came to give us a hearty greeting. Immediately upon returning from my first visit to Eretria, I had sent to Mr. Fossum our trusty cook and master of all trades, Nikolaki, who had accompanied us on two of our previous campaigns. He was a carpenter by trade, but was, as most Greeks are, an excellent cook, and in every way a man of many resources. He had brought with him wood and tools, a store of provisions, camp-beds, and all the necessaries we could think of; had taken in hand one of the deserted houses; had cleaned it thoroughly, repairing the fireplace, so that wood could be burned therein, though it smoked vigorously; had constructed a long table and benches with the boards he had brought, and now stood grinning at the door of the hut, telling us he had prepared a *vasilico geuma*, a royal feast. We at once invited the mayor and his opponent, who stood scowling at each

other, and the Greek government inspector, who was there to watch our excavations in the interest of the Government; and, packed like herrings, we proceeded to a very jovial meal. It was the 22d of February, and we at once informed our guests that it was Washington's Birthday. We made a series of after-dinner speeches, in which we enumerated the causes we had for being justly proud, ending by recalling the motto of our republic, which we had lived up to in being the only people who could ever boast of having united at their board those distinguished and noble gentlemen—the mayor and the anti-mayor.

It looked as if fortune were really smiling upon us, for the rain and snow which for some days had prevented Mr. Fossum from continuing his work at the theater gave way to bright sunshine on the next morning, and we at once continued our work there with an increased staff of workmen.

On my previous visit I had decided upon beginning excavations on a site about half an hour's walk from the walls of Eretria toward Batheia, because of a fragment of beautifully worked marble molding which I had seen there, and of the traces of a marble wall immediately below the surface. It looked as if somebody else had made a tentative excavation on this spot some years before, as in the whole neighborhood, which is filled with ancient graves, the inhabitants for a long time past have been carrying on their secret digging, and value very highly the sites likely to contain ancient graves. I was informed by our friend the prospective mayor that this property belonged to his kinsman the late mayor, and another part to one of his brothers, who lived at Corfu. The part possessor had promised to communicate at once with his brother, and to obtain for me permission to dig on his ground. But I now found to my disappointment that the distant brother had not yet communicated his assent. While discussing the possibility of beginning excavations at this spot, I was informed that one half of the ground upon which I meant to excavate really belonged to one of the workmen engaged at our excavation at the theater, who willingly undertook to accompany us thither, and to join the party of workmen to be employed there. I also persuaded the previous mayor to take the responsibility upon himself as regarded his brother, since he and his brother would be the gainers, inasmuch as by law the Government would have to compensate him to half the value of the objects which we found, and which would be housed in their museums. At the theater we had thirty-two men at work, with wheelbarrows, baskets, and two carts. Our friend the would-be mayor also urged me to begin work on some of his property, where he had every reason to believe there were a number of ancient graves. I readily came to a private agreement with him, and decided also to dig on this spot. It was here that we discovered, besides numerous objects of smaller interest and value, the beautiful gold ear-rings in the shape of doves, which are, to my knowledge, the finest specimens of ancient jewelry, and also beautiful specimens of the slender white vases, with graceful figures in outline and color, commonly known as Attic *lekythoi*.

On Tuesday, February 24, accompanied by Professor Richardson, I began excavating at the site with the marble molding. We followed up and laid bare a beautifully worked marble wall built of the best Greek masonry, with evenly worked blocks, each about a meter and a half long, and below the exquisitely worked molding two further layers of marble blocks, all of the same dimensions, resting upon two layers of well-worked calcareous stone called *poros*. The whole formed a foundation for a structure which is no longer existant, the foundation being two and a half meters high. But this wall continued for thir



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE EXCAVATION OF A TOMB.

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE AT THE ANGLE, TOGETHER WITH THE TOMB OF BIOTE, BOTH WITHIN THE FAMILY INCLOSURE.

teen meters only, and then returned at right angles at each end, the sides being only a meter and a half in length. On the inner side this marble structure was backed by large blocks of poros, and in the inner angles we came upon, and had with much labor to break up and remove, two layers of such blocks superimposed at right angles one upon the other. We were much puzzled as to what this building could have been. Temple or house it certainly was not. It might have been a portico facing the sacred road which ran along its front; but this was unlikely. After two days' work our skilled grave-digger assured us that it could not be a grave, and, discouraged by evening, and having many other sites that were waiting our examination, we followed the advice of the experts, and stopped work. But in the night I was kept awake by the thought of what this curious structure might have been; and remembering the aphorisms already quoted, again set to work there the next morning, digging in the interior and breaking up the huge blocks of *poros* which impeded our progress downward.

Here began a new difficulty. At one moment it did appear as if it was a grave, and then our workman who owned this half of the site refused to allow us to dig any further. There was much wrangling and shouting. He then informed us that it did not belong to him, but to his wife, and that his wife had not given her consent. This information served to alter the tone of the dispute, and I attempted to turn the whole into a jest. But he only grew more obstinate. The comic element reached its height when, pick in hand, he sat down upon one of the blocks, which we then hoped might be the cover of a tomb, and said that it was his grave, and that nobody should open it. It was now time for us to show indignation; and I informed him that by taking part in the work there, and receiving our pay, he had given his consent beyond all doubt, and dig there we would; and I requested him to go back to the town and to bring his wife, saying that I would arrange the matter with her. Amid the jeers of the workmen he left in great wrath, and we at once proceeded with all haste to remove the block, to find — another one. And when the mutinous workman returned, looking rather sheepish, and saw that we had not come upon a grave, he was very anxious to continue his work; but he was dismissed, at least for that day. In the evening we had reached the fourth layer of these blocks, which appeared to be the last, and then our expert grave-digger drove his crowbar down into the earth, and, upon examining what adhered to the point, pronounced it virgin soil. And so we again decided to give it up. It now appears to me not impossible that the workmen were in sympathy with the owner of the land, if not conspiring with him, and I certainly believe that they would have continued the excavations after we had left, during the night.

Again I was kept awake puzzling over this curious structure, and by morning I had decided to lay bare and to see with my own eyes how the virgin soil within this wall looked, and to clear the place, if it took a fortnight of futile labor. On this Saturday the weather looked threatening. It was very cold and dark. The faithful and skilled Morakis, a hardy Spartan, now had charge of the workmen, and it was he who throughout sided with me in maintaining that it was a grave. I increased the staff, and we began to dig with energy at the southwest end of the inclosure. At three o'clock in the afternoon we came upon some blocks of poros which lay at a different angle to those which we had removed above them, and soon we saw clear before us a rectangular space formed of three huge blocks, the customary shape of one of those stone coffins which are let deep down into the ground. There were two huge blocks

seven feet long joined together at each end by smaller ones three feet long, and covered with two or three well-cut stones. It had now begun to snow, and the sky looked black. I shall never forget the moment when the men raised the huge covering slabs, and from the stone coffin there gleamed through the earth, which had fallen in, the shimmer of gold, while the tops of vases just peeped out at head and foot.

The excitement was intense. Morakis danced and shouted; and in less than an hour the mayor and the anti-mayor, and a large number of both parties, with coats and cloaks and umbrellas, came tramping out to where we were digging. They were very much in our way, and it was hard for us to move about. But great was the excitement when, carefully working on with knife and finger, one gold leaf after another was extracted, to about 150 in number, which filled a large square handkerchief—leaves of all shapes, and of pure solid gold. And when at last the signet-ring of the ancient noble Greek who was here interred, upon which was a rampant lion with a star above his head and at his feet a thunderbolt, was pulled out of the earth, where there were some bones of the fingers, there was a shout of wonder, and each wanted to see and handle what was at once put in security by the officer in charge. In spite of the snow and the cold wind, which grew thicker and intenser that night, we had a merry supper; for at the theater and the other graves it had also been a lucky day, with many interesting finds.

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

TWO STYLI, WITH PEN IN CENTER, FROM THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

Though in the interior of Greece, in the mountains of Bœotia and Thessaly, there are severe winters and much snow, I have never on the sea-coast and at Athens seen snow lie for more than a few hours, and I therefore confidently hoped that by the next day, Sunday, the weather would improve. It was not only for the digging that we looked forward to such a change, but because of the extreme discomfort we endured in our houses. It was impossible to go out, as the roads were full of slush, with large pools and clinging mud, and we were huddled together, four in one small room and two in another (Mr. Pickard of Dartmouth College, and Mr. Gilbert of Brown University, both members of the School, had also joined our party, and were busily engaged in surveying the district). With a smoking fire which gave no warmth, with no glass in our windows to keep out the cold winds and the damp, with walls clammy with moisture, seated on our camp-beds, capes and ulsters and shawls could not make us feel really warm. So we sat the entire Sunday, each endeavoring to deceive the others and himself into good spirits. But it continued to snow all day, and it snowed and rained all night. This was unheard of in Greece, and we felt confident that in the morning the southern sun would soon melt away the snow and allow us to begin work anew. It will easily be understood how eager we were to continue our work at the tombs; for it was now evident that the marble inclosure was one of the many family graves, and that there must be several other stone coffins within it; and being the finest structure of the kind within the whole neighborhood of Eretria, and within the experience of any of our grave-diggers, we felt convinced that it must be the grave of some distinguished family, which might tell us a story of surpassing interest.

But Monday morning it continued to snow, and by the afternoon there was a foot and a half of snow lying on the ground. By evening our impatience almost reached despair. But surely the next day would bring us sunshine, and we could at all events begin work in the afternoon. But the next morning again brought snow and rain. The rain, it is true, melted some of the snow, but the winds were cold, and there seemed no hope. My impatience gained the mastery over me. I called Professor Richardson, and begged him to tell the students that, as they were all full-grown men, it was for them to consider their health, for which I could take no responsibility; but that I could wait no longer, and was determined to dig with my own hands, and that whosoever would join of his own free will was welcome. Professor Richardson started at once to call the students, but at the door he turned back and, picking a line from Schiller's "Wallenstein" out of his wonderful memory, cried gaily:

Nacht muss es sein wenn Waldstein's Sterne leuchten.
(Night must it be when Waldstein's stars are shining.)

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE

TERRA-COTTA STATUETTE OF "PHILOSOPHER," FROM THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

"Don't mock either the great Bohemian or me," I said; "this is serious." But the spirit was contagious. All the students came and enthusiastically offered to go out and dig. All our workmen refused to stir except three led by the faithful Morakis. Our cook prepared a famous breakfast, and, wrapped up in whatever clothing we had, with red blankets from the beds, the canvas bags in which the beds were packed, and with picks and shovels and baskets, we all trotted off through the village in the rain, singing American college songs. The shutters opened, and the people looked out at the crazy foreigners, for mad they certainly thought us. We waded through the mud, and reached the tomb; and now began some really hard work. The picks stuck in the wet earth, which was as heavy as lead, and each lift of the spade as we threw soil into the baskets was an athletic feat. And then we had to pass these baskets full of black, heavy, muddy earth from hand to hand, and to wrestle with them before they gave up their muddy contents. But we toiled on until we reached another tomb immediately beside the one which had contained all the gold. Morakis, when he gave himself a moment's rest, would burst out in wonderment, and would exhort the other workmen to take note how these gentlemen could work. It was really comical, with the curious clothes they had on, to see the form of the learned Professor Richardson picking away vigorously; while another spectacled student filled the baskets which were handed from one to another. But the work, at all events, kept us warm. When, however, we got down five or six feet, to the narrow compass of the grave, we could not all be occupied at once, and then it was hard work to keep warm. Yet our greatest fear was the advancing night. When, toward dusk, we had succeeded in lifting up two of the covering stones, we found that there was at least two hours' work remaining before we could clear out the grave itself, and begin the delicate work of freeing the objects it might contain from the surrounding soil without breaking. On the other hand, we could not possibly leave the grave open at that stage, as it was likely that others would do what we had left undone, and that we never should see the treasures which we hoped it might contain. And thus, chilled to the marrow, at about six o'clock, as there was no more work for them to do, most of our party returned to Eretria, leaving three men to finish the work by lantern-light.

Crouching within the hole, we watched with bated breath while Morakis was cautiously peeling away the earth from the inside of the stone coffin. One of the blocks of the covering stones had been broken, and when, after a few small fragments of gold had led us to expect a find similar to the one we had made in the first grave, no object of value or interest was forthcoming, the doubt crossed our mind whether this tomb had not been rifled in antiquity. The crime of robbing a grave was, in

the days of ancient Greece, severely punished. After nearly three hours' work, the grave was thoroughly examined and found to contain naught of interest.

But the next day was indeed a bright day, and one which was to compensate us in every respect for our previous hardships.

I remembered that in these family inclosures the principal graves are not in the center, but at the angles. Accordingly this morning we began to dig at the other angle, and at the end of the day we had come upon another sarcophagus.

This grave was evidently the earliest and most important one, and the one for which the inclosure had been built; for a portion of it was immediately under the wall of the inclosure itself, and accordingly in the person here buried we should expect to find the man for whom all this structure had been built. Soon again there was the glimmer of gold; and carefully clearing away the earth, I began to pull at the portion that became visible, which at once appeared to me thicker and more solid than a leaf, expecting, however, to find a leaf similar to the one that filled the grave we first found. But the leaf would not give, and so I had to cut away the earth further in, and still further, until at last I was able to extract a broad diadem, or fillet, of pure gold, such as was worn round the brow. We now pushed on with renewed eagerness and caution, and there came another broader band of gold with repoussé pattern, and then still another, and another, until we found six; and finally, reaching the point where the head lay, and where a small fragment of the skull was still preserved, there came another, a seventh band of gold, with leaves like a wreath attached to it, which crowned the person here interred. There were several smaller vases and bronzes, and a knife; and then came two styli. Now, with these two complete styli and fragments of a third, we also found a metal pen shaped very much like our own, the only specimen hitherto found in Greece proper, though there have been found boxes which contained these pens, and inkstands. It was now evident that the person here interred, for whom the inclosure was made, was not only a man of great distinction, but a man of letters.

We had found several interesting terra-cotta figures of mythological or ideal character in this grave, but at the head we finally discovered a terra-cotta, distinctly a portrait, of the style of portrait-statue well known from the fourth century B. C., of a man draped in his cloak, with both hands folded at the side. Now, this attitude corresponds to the description we have by a certain Christodoros of the statue of Aristotle which he saw at Constantinople. On the next day we disclosed the grave next to this one toward the interior, built at a different angle, and, from the various stones that were used in its structure, distinctly of a later date. At the foot of this grave, carefully placed on the center of a large slab which had before served some architectural purpose, was a smaller marble slab upon which in clear-cut letters was the inscription [Β]ΙΟΤΗ [Α]ΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥ (Biote Aristotelou), namely, Biote, the daughter of Aristotle. The only male name which we found connected with the tombs, and referring to the family which had made this inclosure its last resting-place, was the name of Aristotle.

The facts will speak for themselves. In 323 B. C., Aristotle, a man of considerable wealth, the tutor and friend of Alexander the Great, was compelled to fly from Athens and to take refuge at Chalcis, where he certainly had property, and whence either the family of his father or mother sprang. In the following year he died at Chalcis, not, as some biographical account has it, by drowning in the Euripus, or by his own hand, but of a complaint of the stomach. Nor can we give credence to the late and untrustworthy tradition which tells us that his remains were subsequently taken to his native town of Stagira. From the nature of his will it is evident that at this time his chief property and home were at Chalcis and not at Stagira. Here at Eretria, which we know to have been a seat of philosophy, the fields of which join those of Chalcis, and which, as we have evidence to show, was a special place for burial, we find this tomb, undoubtedly that of a distinguished family; we find the chief grave within this family inclosure to contain the remains of a very distinguished man, as is evident from the gold crowns laid there, probably by his friends and admirers, at his funeral; we find this distinguished man to be a man of letters, as is evident from the styli and the pen; and we find within the family inclosure the name of Aristotle. For the present I will not lay too much stress upon the correspondence between the terra-cotta statuette and the description of the statue of Aristotle, nor will I dwell at length upon all the evidence which has since come to me. They confirm still further the attribution made so probable by the discoverers themselves. The treatment of this subject requires the critical sifting of so many passages and special points of archæology and scholarship, that I must leave this to be dealt with in the official report of the School of Athens. But I must say now that some of the doubts I have on a previous occasion expressed have become weakened. These chief doubts were based upon the fact that Chalcis, where Aristotle died, and Eretria, where this

grave is situated, were two distinct places. I have since found good classical authorities which tell us that Chalcis was at one time the name for the whole of Eubœa, and could thus be used for the district of Eretria. And from the will of Aristotle, handed down to us in Diogenes Laertius, from which I shall quote a passage, it becomes evident that Aristotle owned a large estate at Chalcis, which was not immediately in the city, but was in the country. This will is confirmed by Athenæus, and the portion which interests us runs thus:

> May all be well [the will begins], but if anything happen, then Aristotle has made the following disposition of his affairs: That Antipater shall be general and universal executor. And until Nikanor marries my daughter, I appoint Aristomedes, Timarchos, Hipparchos, Dioteles, and Theophrastos, if the latter will consent and accept the charge, to be guardians of my children and of Herpyllis, and the trustees of all the property I leave behind me. And I desire them, when my daughter is old enough, to give her in marriage to Nikanor; but if anything should happen to the girl before she has any children, then I will that Nikanor should have the absolute disposal of my son, and of all other things, in the full confidence that he will arrange them in a manner worthy of me and of himself. Let him also be the guardian of my daughter and of my son Nikomachos, to act as he pleases with respect to them, as if he were their father or brother. But if anything should happen to Nikanor, which may God forbid, either before he receives my daughter in marriage or after he is married to her, or before he has any children by her, then any arrangements which he may make by will shall stand. But if Theophrastos should in this case choose to take my daughter in marriage, then he is to stand exactly in the same position as Nikanor. And if not, then I will that my trustees, conferring with Antipater concerning both the boy and the girl, shall arrange everything respecting them as they shall think fit; and that my trustees and Nikanor, remembering both me and Herpyllis, and how well she has behaved to me, shall take care that, if she be inclined to take a husband, one be found for her who shall not be unworthy of us, and that they give her, in addition to all that has already been given her, a talent of silver and three maidservants, if she pleases to accept them, and the handmaiden whom she has now, and Pyrrhaios [probably a slave]. And if she pleases to dwell at Chalcis, she shall have the guest-house which joins the garden; but if she likes to dwell at Stagira, then she shall have my father's house. And whichever of these houses she elects to take, I will that my executors do furnish it with all necessary furniture in such manner as shall seem to them and to Herpyllis sufficient.
>
> Then follow legacies to other people and to slaves, injunctions as to what is to be done with statues which he dedicates, etc. And then he says:
>
> And wherever they wish to make my grave, there, taking the bones of Pythias, let them also bury them.

And as regards the second doubt which I at one time felt, namely, that Aristotle was far from being a unique name, so that the inscription found in this tomb might refer to some other Aristotle, I can only say that it would have to be shown that such another Aristotle of a literary tendency was worthy of such signal honors as those conferred upon the person here interred, and that this Aristotle, unrelated to the great Aristotle, was connected with Eubœa. It seems to me more likely that the other names of Aristotle, which are to be found on an Eretrian inscription of the second century B. C., are connected with this family of the philosopher, which certainly had its estates in this district; and I would finally state that in this very inscription of Eretria I have found two names which directly correspond to the names of the family of the philosopher Aristotle. These names are Nikomachos and Prokles. For we know from Sextus Empiricus, supplemented and confirmed by other authors, that Nikomachos, the son of Aristotle, died without issue, and that his daughter Pythias married three times. First she married Nikanor, who is mentioned in the will, by whom she had no issue; her second marriage was with Prokles, who was descended from the Lacedemonian king Demaratos, and by whom she had two sons, Prokles and Demaratos; and finally she married Metrodoros, a doctor, by whom she had one son, Aristotle, which later Aristotle is also mentioned in the will of Theophrastos. This younger Aristotle lived in the first half of the third century B. C. The date of the inscription, "Biote, the daughter of Aristotle," which we found, has been fixed as of the third century B. C., and thus Biote would be the daughter of Aristotle's grandson, who bore the same name as his grandfather.

We do not claim that the attribution of this grave to the great philosopher is proved beyond a doubt; but for the present we are justified in naming this grave, excavated at Eretria by the American School of Athens, the Tomb of Aristotle.

Charles Waldstein.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.[1]

By Henry B. Fuller.

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

III.

LUCERNE: THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

WHEN the Governor submitted to the Chatelaine the itinerary that was to regulate the earlier movements of their little tour, she showed her instant appreciation of its ingenuities by telling him that it would never do in the world. For the good old gentleman, in his endeavors to evade the madding crowd, had avoided almost every center of interest. The Chatelaine admitted that Winterthur was, indeed, a dear little town, and that the Walensee, along with the Churfürsten, was just the spot for the poetical recluse; but their guest was not a poetical recluse, and would surely expect to see something of Interlaken, Zurich, and Lucerne, not one of which appeared on his plan. She assured the guilty Governor that Lucerne, in particular, was inevitable, and urged most reasonably upon her reluctant relative (who would have preferred purgatory outright to Lucerne in July) that it was better to dispose of this place at the start and have it done with — to check it off from the list before the full force of the season had begun to make itself felt. They had accordingly domiciled themselves with some friends up in the quiet suburban quarter behind the Hofkirche, and Aurelia West was thus enabled to indulge, without any delay to speak of, her insatiate appetite for music — the music of Lucerne.

Facilis descensus; and the Governor felt that to step from the Schweizerhof Quay to the deck of the steamer for Flüelen was but to pass from one circle of the Inferno to the next lower. This step they took on the morning of the day after their arrival at Lucerne; they were going through the worst at once, so as to have it over. But Aurelia West had, of course, not the slightest notion of the ordeal through which her kindly old host was passing, and her state, as she tripped along with the Chatelaine under the double row of chestnut-trees that shades the shore, was distinctly one of joy. Perfect weather, pleasant companionship, noble scenery — what more could mortal ask?

When their loitering along the quay had brought them to within thirty yards or less of the steamer, Aurelia West all at once noticed a group of half a dozen men disposed around a bench under the trees close to the point of embarking. Some of them leaned over the seat with their elbows resting on its back, and others lolled in cross-legged ease against convenient tree-trunks. At a short distance others still, not of the party, gazed on the scene with a kind of oblique curiosity, and several maids and matrons in passing looked in that direction, too, and then looked in some other. The center of this group was a lady seated on the bench, — a radiant, expansive, all-compelling personage, — and as she shifted her parasol to rap a set of knuckles whose hold on the back of the seat interfered with her shoulder-blades, Aurelia West recognized her as the *grande dame* of whose progress through the Jura she had inadvertently formed a part. The group of attendant cavaliers included one or two Englishmen, who wore knickerbockers and fore-and-afters, and who

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

strove to appear very free and knowing; a Frenchman of the type that she had encountered on the train a fortnight ago; and a figure which, in spite of its novel and startling guise, she identified as the marquis who had been so serviceable at Delle. He now wore a flannel blouse and spiked shoes; on his back he carried a long coil of rope, and an ice-ax that threw off dazzlingly such sunbeams as struck their way down through the foliage overhead. His mien was very free, daring, noble, and careless, and many passers-by looked back on him with an awesome interest. Then another man, who had busied himself in fastening up the dangling end of the rope, turned his face around, and our friends recognized in him the passing guest who had honored Neuchâtel for a day or more, and had then flitted away with a carelessly civil hope that they might some time meet again.

Fin-de-Siècle smiled brilliantly, and took a step toward them; but the Duchess, who had seen Aurelia West before Aurelia had seen her, laid her hand upon his arm, and detained him for a moment with a whispered phrase or two. What she said did not dim his smile, and he advanced upon our little party with effusion. He was delighted to meet them, and so soon, too. The Duchess had just told him that she was already acquainted with Mees West — charming, indeed. And she would be more than delighted to meet Mees West's friends. Ah, — the Chatelaine of La Trinité, — the Duchesse des Guenilles, — the Marquis of Tempo-Rubato, whom Mees West had also met already, — Lord Arthur Such-a-one, — and so on, and so on.

The Duchess had straightened up her lounging Englishmen in a trice, and she met our two young ladies with her most careful manner. Her voice fell to a murmur. Her deportment became quiet almost to dejection. And when she looked up into the Governor's face with large, wistful eyes, and paid her dexterous little tribute to his worth and celebrity (she had never heard of him before, and knew but little of him except his name, even now), the flattered old gentleman had never felt more soothed or pleased. And when she turned on Aurelia West with a remorseful little smile, naïvely poking holes in the gravel, off and on, with the tip of her over-vivid parasol, and murmured that her dear mees must have found her sadly cold and unsympathetic the other day, but that really such a long, hard journey made her something quite other than herself, the Governor felt that so much refinement, sympathy, and courtesy must be properly met. He recalled certain ornate phrases from his youth, the use of which might form a suitable acknowledgment; but these old-fashioned gallantries fell curiously on the ears of the sophisticated young men around him. They looked at one another slyly, and smiled; so the Governor's precise words I shall not give. You might smile, too.

The Duchess had no remarks to offer to the Chatelaine, and the Chatelaine had no replies to make to the Duchess. The Duchess did not once look into the Chatelaine's face, though she made one or two rather pitiful attempts to do so, knowing the eyes of her own circle to be upon her; but the Chatelaine regarded the Duchess, and all her friends as well, with a high and steady serenity, and without any sense of inconvenience. This, too, in face of the fact that she was apt to be more or less impressed by splendor, and was almost entirely at the mercy of any strong manifestation of modernity, a characteristic of which she herself had so slight a share. Indeed, it was the complete modernness of Aurelia West that had first interested the Chatelaine in this young Westerner, had afterward drawn her toward her, and, generally, had laid this poor young mountain maid under a burden of awesome deference from which she was only now emerging. But the Duchess, though fully as modern as Aurelia West, and much more splendid, did not embarrass the Chatelaine in the least; and this young girl from the Valais, as she quietly scanned the eyes that could not raise themselves to hers, was (more than anything else) congratulating herself that she could meet the great world — as personified in this brilliant figure — on its own ground, and yet not feel at any disadvantage.

Tempo-Rubato was the only one of the Duchess's followers who accompanied the Governor and his charges on board the steamer. He was committed, as it seemed, to some indefinite deed of daring-do at the far end of the lake, and he appeared disposed to appreciate, in the brief time that intervened before his impending struggle with Nature in her own stronghold, the amenities of civilized society. He seated himself aft beside the Chatelaine with the air of a connoisseur who had examined almost everything that civilized society had to offer, but who was now impartially open to any new impression that chanced his way. He would indulgently forego his absinthe for a little sip of spring-water; and Aurelia West, whose enjoyment of the Pilatus and the Bürgenstock and the rest the good Governor had made more complete by a glass of lemonade and a plate of biscuits, had her enjoyment increased by noticing that the Chatelaine's talk to Tempo-Rubato was in Italian, and that he was unmistakably flattered by it. She taxed her friend for having concealed this graceful accomplishment, but the Chatelaine did not seem to regard the command of conversational Italian

in any such light as that. As she was situated, she smilingly declared, hardly any tongue that she could employ was likely to come amiss, though English, despite her years at Neuchâtel (beloved of adolescent *Anglaises*), she had never mastered. The Val Trinité, she further explained, was the one valley in the High Alps where German, French, and Italian were alike spoken, and she was obliged to meet her trilingual peasants on their own ground. They enjoyed it, and so did she. Tempo-Rubato was himself enjoying her Italian, which had several endearing little peculiarities of expression, and which showed a vocabulary not altogether at one with that of Rome or Florence; but he was too tactful to compliment her other than by the one supreme compliment of carrying on the talk with the same taken-for-granted ease and freedom that he would have shown within his own native circle.

Tempo-Rubato's talk went discursively, flightily, yet dogmatically, over a rather widespread field, and developed a number of sinister and heterodox points that pricked the Chatelaine with a vague alarm. While at Neuchâtel, the note-taking Fin-de-Siècle had touched lightly on his friend's characteristics, and had once referred to the possibility of putting him, as the phrase went, into a book. It had struck the Chatelaine that the propriety of using a friend in that way might fairly be questioned — one should be allowed, she thought, undisputed possession of one's own personality; but she was hardly recent enough, as yet, to understand that notoriety was the most delicate compliment that one modern could pay another. She had listened, though, to Fin-de-Siècle's *précis*, and was therefore not wholly in the dark as concerned the make-up of the erratic personality now offered to her attention. His general attitude, it appeared, was that of opposition — opposition of the most refractory kind — to the old order as personified in the Duke of Largo, his father. This old gentleman was a most devoted son of the Church, more papal than the Pope; his son, accordingly, was a free-thinker of the most extreme type. The head of the house was the father of a family born under the prosaic circumstances of ordinary wedlock, as understood and practised among us Occidentals; the son, therefore, was all the more open to impressions communicated from a certain Persian friend of his, a sojourner in Paris, whose calm assumption that any man was entitled to as many wives as he could support and manage, carried with it an acute fascination. This new disciple had not yet put his theories into practice by undertaking the support and management of even one; but discrepancies between thought and deed are too common for this particular one to be dwelt on at all lingeringly. Then, as Largo was an aristocrat of the stiffest and most exacting kind, so Tempo-Rubato's democratic propensities passed all bounds; and many of his friends had come to the conclusion that the only way to bring him to his senses on this point was to take him literally at his word, and to help to bring him into close quarters, unrestricted by forms and boundaries, with the people itself. But to this final test he had never yet submitted himself.

The Chatelaine listened to his daring discursions with considerable composure; they were quite remote from her own course of thought and action, seeming to belong to a world with which she had no special concern, nor was likely to have. She looked indifferently around over the crowd scattered about the deck, and gave an abstracted glance or two across the ruffled waters of the lake,— both the passengers and the waves giving the impression of changelessness in change proper to the Swiss season,— and her thoughts idly wandered back to the showy personage whom they had left behind on the Schweizerhof Quay. Who was she? how long had he known her? how had he probably become acquainted with her? — questions that she had no thought of asking, and which he would have hazarded some impropriety in answering, but questions that may be answered here properly enough.

He had first met her in Paris some four years previous; though she was not Parisian, as she loved to claim, nor even French, as she always would strenuously insist. She was of the Riviera, and, during a childhood which had stood considerable banging about, had strayed as far south as Naples, and even beyond. In course of time she turned up in Paris to try her fortune, and her fortune had begun, I am sorry to say, in no less reprehensible a place than the — but everybody knows its name. He had been principally indebted for this introduction to the painstaking but not infallible Fin-de-Siècle, who had dragged his new friend half-way across Paris only to strand him upon the empty inanity of a one-franc night. The big, garish place was almost deserted; a dozen young *flâneurs* roamed about disconsolately, and two or three notable "daughters of joy" had looked in, but had disdained to exert themselves for the applause of such an audience. But a few others — beginners, amateurs, lights of the sixth magnitude — were doing what they could to keep the ball rolling, and among them was this girl, whom Tempo-Rubato eyed from the first with an absorbing interest. She had good looks; she had a grace of her own, though she was new; she showed as yet only the first faint trace of the insolent audacity that was to come later; and so, when the orchestra passed from a vulgar,

jigging, irritating air to one of a different sort,— one that was free, fresh, rapid, undulating, that spun and turned and doubled on itself with a splendid and complicated insistency that suggested the possibility of perpetual motion, after all,— the young Italian bounded forward, murmured a phrase in his own language and hers, and in a moment more both were committed to a step to which the floor of the Closerie was all unused.

Fin-de-Siècle was instantly in an agony of apprehension, and would have drawn the rash young fellow back at once; he claimed to hold his finger on the pulse of Paris, and more than once had he seen imported originality launch itself on that treacherous floor only to struggle back through the breakers of polite contempt or open jeers. But Tempo-Rubato was not to be stayed by his faint-hearted friend, nor did his nobility feel the need of deference to the opinion of such of his contemporaries as happened just then to surround him. And he justified himself completely. On another evening the same place, in full fête, might have repudiated him altogether; but on this particular occasion anything that served to fill in the unprofitable hours stood some chance of toleration, of acceptance, or even of applause. The novelty of the tarantella attracted attention from the first. Several youths, correctly dressed in frock-coats and high hats, had been looking on in contemptuous tolerance of a dance between a certain ill-assorted pair: a crass young fellow fresh from Anjou or Languedoc, who wore a cheap, ill-fitting salt-and-pepper suit, was throwing all the exaggerated enthusiasm of a novice into the series of senseless and disjointed flingings which he was directing toward his partner, a pale, thin, wearied young woman who wore a simple gown of brown silk, and who indulged at frequent intervals in a plainly audible sigh. There was nothing new in this, and the young men turned from the one dance to the other. A pair of merry little *étudiantes* who were rustling around with rich black silks on their backs, wicked little feather turbans on their heads, the ends of a skipping-rope in their hands, and evident intentions on a bulky and awkward Englishman in their faces, relinquished their middle-aged prey and crowded into the new circle too. Even a stolid *ouvrière* or so, such as occasionally appear at these places and dance with clumsy sure-footedness on the brink of evil, added their interest and applause to that of the others.

But to Tempo-Rubato, and to his partner as well, the onlooking circle was a matter of comparative indifference. When he had lightly thrown back the lapels of his coat he felt himself dressed out in ragged sheepskin, and the lustrous hat that he had snatched from his head changed to a tambourine before his arm could even extend it. The hand that thrust back a straggling lock from the temples of his *vis-à-vis* had placed a striped and folded cloth above them, and the shake she had given to the disordered front of her gown had put a long apron there, wide-barred in barbaric stripes of color. As he danced around her with an indulgent and confident grace, the tired and callous musicians in shabby dress-coats became a band of blithesome, tangle-haired pipers; and when she in her turn circled about him with increasing confidence in every step, and a more open gratitude, the anemones of Pæstum burst into bloom all over the wide reach of the waxen floor, the low, painted ceiling rose to the height and semblance of the blue sky itself, the battered columns of Ceres and of Neptune advanced in stately fashion through flimsy panelings and tawdry mirrors, and the free, pure, blessed air of heaven seemed to blow abundantly and refreshingly through the tarnished atmosphere of the place. And when they had ended their performance he had given her a vogue.

That she could dance divinely was now patent, and presently it came to be discovered that she had a voice with five or six good notes in it. It was not a voice of any great strength or compass, but her articulation was particularly distinct; and she soon passed on to the "*Ambassadeurs*," where, in the rendition of couplets of a certain sort, a good articulation is of more importance than fine vocalization. Six months more found her at the "*Nouveautés*," where she began in minor parts, and where, in the course of a year, she came to create a title rôle (that of the *Duchesse des Guenilles*) in an operetta which a great master — great as regarded that *genre* — had composed expressly for her. Then for two or three years more she had enjoyed an immense vogue, and now she was taking a little outing — half work, half play — *en province*. There were not wanting those to hint that the rising of a new star had dimmed her luster, and that she was clever enough to see when Paris could spare her. But such gossip was heard only in dark corners, and had no place in the general hubbub of adulation which accompanied her to the Gare de l'Est, and saw her off, in her own special train, to Switzerland.

All of these facts Tempo-Rubato was obviously barred from laying before the Chatelaine; besides, none of these things had any place in his thoughts to-day. He was merely refreshing himself with a draught of some simple, cooling beverage, and if he compared it with the spiced wines which had tickled his palate these past years, the comparison was largely unconscious. It was a fresh and primitive little drink, and went

well enough with the crispness of the waves, the blue freshness of the atmosphere, and the stainless coverings of the lofty peaks around them. He looked into the clear, unclouded face of the Chatelaine, and smiled drolly as he realized that the rôle descending upon him required for its complete and sympathetic interpretation a horn, a huddle of sheep, an echoing rock, and a gaping traveler with a centime in his pocket. There was no Paris, no Rome; all the world was only one amphibious Arcady.

They separated at Flüelen. Tempo-Rubato moved onward toward the Bristenstock, while the Governor and the Chatelaine devoted a few hours at Altdorf to quieting Miss West's uneasy doubts about the historic actuality of William Tell. And in the evening, after their return, they accompanied her to the Kursaal, whither she was impelled by a strong but unacknowledged desire to test the actuality of Mlle. Pasdenom, whom she half suspected of having drawn Count Fin-de-Siècle from Paris, and who was on the eve of her first appearance in Lucerne. Before they reached the theater an instrumental clamor advised them that the overture was well under way, and they had barely taken their seats when the curtain rose, and the Chatelaine's first operatic performance was initiated with the spectacle of a dozen young — girls? — yes, girls, ranged across the stage in the dress and posture of scullions, who began to sing and to beat time on pots and pans. The Governor was much taken with this auspicious opening; he had not seen an opera bouffe for twenty years, and he settled himself down to a study of the modern guise which this form of amusement has assumed. But Aurelia West saw no great novelty here, and before the first chorus was concluded she had taken time to make a hurried survey of the program. The name was easy enough to find. There it was in big, black letters — "Mlle. Eugénie Pasdenom." And Mlle. Eugénie Pasdenom would make her first appearance in Lucerne in the great part which she had created in Paris and had played there over a hundred and fifty times — the part of — No, no, no, no! Impossible, incredible, outrageous! It could not be! But it could be, it was — the part of the *Duchesse des Guenilles*.

She caught her breath again. She felt her cheeks; they were on fire. She glanced stealthily right and left at her companions, but they were both trying to catch the opening bit of dialogue that gave the clue to the situation. The situation, indeed! What was that situation compared with her own? The awfulness of this forced itself upon her instantly, overwhelmingly; and she saw in a flash what a blind, foolish, silly child she had been. Had she not read in the "Figaro" the day before her own departure that the Pasdenom was on the point of leaving for Switzerland by special train? And her uncle's nervous haste had bundled her on board of that train. Why had that odious man offered her that glass of kirschwasser at Chaumont? Because he had taken her for one of the troupe — some new member, perhaps, added to meet an emergency. Why had they been so uncivil to her in the Pasdenom's compartment? Because she had been so rude to him in the other one. And if some of them were actors, why not all of them? And if the "Duchesse des Guenilles" was but a name borrowed from the theater, who was that bold man on the steamer who called himself the "Marquis of Tempo-Rubato?" What marquises were there on the stage? There was the one in "Linda," but he was old. Was there another — younger — in "Madame Angot?" But that was no matter; the impudent fellow had presumed to bandy words with her Chatelaine. He had told her that he had a little *albergo* on the Lake of Como, where he should be in September, and that if they came to find themselves driven that way by stress of weather, they would find,

as the old formula ran, good beds, good wine, good attendance. And they had thought he meant a villa or a palace. A palace — yes; one like Claude Melnotte's — an empty nothing of stage scenery. And all his picturesque posing had been merely a full-dress rehearsal in open air, and all his compliments but the insolent persiflage of a player off on a day or two of leave. Ah! but that woman — that woman! She was likely to appear at any moment; she might be standing in the wings now waiting for her cue. Would she have the first entrance or the second? Might it not, oh, might it not be even as late as the third? Or could not some crowning mercy hold her off until almost the finale itself? How could she explain to the Chatelaine? What would the Governor think?

But Mlle. Pasdenom came on just as the exigencies of the piece required, and with absolute disregard of the feelings of the suffering Aurelia. There was a burst of harmony, a little more blatant than usual, from the trombones and the fiddles and the rest, and Aurelia, knowing full well what it meant, shut her eyes tight — tight. And when she opened them the star had stepped out with an airy boldness, and had taken possession of the stage and the house. Of her identity there could be no possible doubt; the distance was so short, the glare of the footlights so searching, that no costuming, however clever, could have concealed it. The one look that Miss West gave was enough, and for the rest of the time she sat with her eyes on the program, listening now and then to mademoiselle's feint at singing, and judging from her searching accents that a good deal of broad, extravagant acting was going on. She knew that the Chatelaine and her guardian had made the same discovery, and she felt the movements with which both had turned toward her looks of inquiry that her own eyes had been unable to meet. Her heart was beating, her head was bursting, her eyes were on the point of overflowing, and when the curtain had descended on the hurly-burly of the first finale she asked to go. The Governor had more than satisfied his curiosity, the Chatelaine had not been much impressed by the merits of the performance nor by the tone of the place, and they all left at once.

On the following afternoon the Governor was seated idly on one of the benches in front of the Lion Monument. The place was chill and dusky, and a tiny stream of water dribbled dolefully down the scarred face of the rock. Presently a soft step came along the path behind him, and a little black hand lightly touched his elbow. With the black gloves went a black gown, a black wrap, a black sunshade, and a large jet cross — the full penitentials, as one might say, of opera bouffe. There was a large resignation in the eyes, and a touching little tremor in the voice. The Duchess had hoped that her new friends would be pleased to remain through the piece, since it was so difficult to do one's self complete justice in the first act of a first performance on a new stage; doubly difficult when the place was so small, the arrangements so familiar and impromptu, the audience so distracted by competing interests in the salons outside. If they had given her only a few moments' grace, it might have come to seem quite credible to them that ladies of some consideration should more than once have complimented her upon her art, and have even expressed a desire to follow in her footsteps. Ah, well, she had never before appeared in the provinces; never, assuredly, in a mere spot for summer-gathering; the piece was taken less seriously than in the capital; there was a certain relaxation, a certain informality, a perplexing cosmopolitan commingling — too many targets to hit with one poor little arrow.

She smiled wistfully in the good old Governor's face, and sat down on the other end of the bench.

But she was not complaining, he should understand, of her reception. No; that had been fair: not exactly what she had been accustomed to, but fair — fair. Still it was *triste* to be so far from home, to have none of one's associates about one, to miss the reassuring sound of a friendly hand at just the desired moment. It would take little, perhaps, to induce her to forego this Swiss tour even now; but, then, there was poor papa —

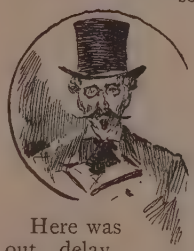
It was one of the Duchess's favorite fancies that a father, somewhere, was dependent upon her for support. The Governor knew that it was a very common thing to have a father, and he had no motive for refusing such an appendage here. He accordingly vouchsafed her a look of kindly sympathy, without considering too curiously the precise grounds for it. The Duchess, who always dressed her parts, no matter how she sang them, was now fluttering a little black-edged handkerchief in one pathetic hand. It was the grand opera that had always been her dream; but what would you? — she could accomplish merely what her gifts permitted. Properly, one was to be judged not entirely by what one actually did, but in part by what one would wish to do. Why must she find a bar rigidly set for artists in her *genre*, when no great difficulties were made for others who, while on a higher plane, were less — should she say it? — less capable than herself? Why must she sometimes hear herself spoken of slightingly, disparagingly? Why, monsieur? Because she had allowed freedom and expansion for the growth and development

of her own nature — like a blossoming branch reaching out eagerly to the air and sunlight. She had tried to preserve the natural sweetness and buoyancy of her nature; she did not mean to transgress; she had never done anybody any harm.

The Governor gave a little gulp; he was sure of that — quite sure. But why should mademoiselle distress herself by such cruel self-questionings?

Suppose that, on the other hand, she had thwarted her natural bent and had dwarfed her growing nature through torturing attempts to conform herself to certain views which, after all, were merely conventional, or to hold herself to a certain standard erected by those who were in no wise inconvenienced by keeping up to it. She should then have soured her nature, embittered her spirit, made her friends sad, irritable, and miserable, and diminished the sum of joy in a world too joyless already. Who, indeed, threw a greater blight on life than those who were too good to allow others to be comfortable? Ah, monsieur, here was matter for grave consideration.

The Governor blinked two or three times at the Lion, and cleared his throat to make some rejoinder. But simple silence was all that he could oppose to such a union of beauty, talent, and logic.



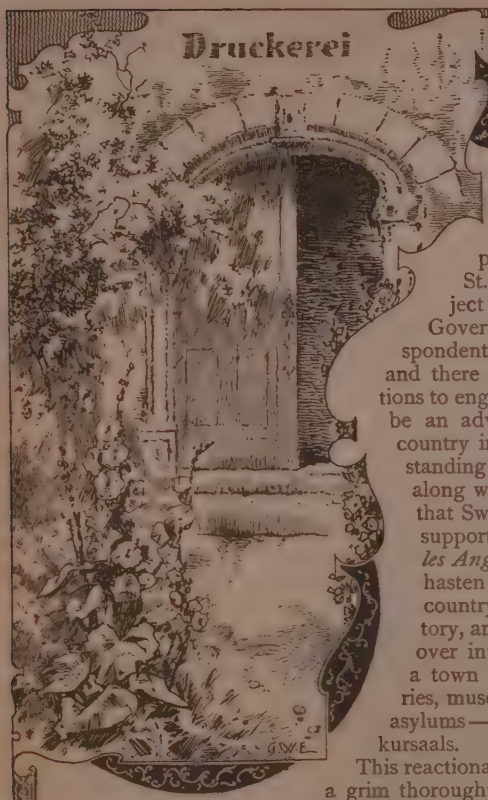
Was it too much to hope that he would accept tickets for that evening's performance? They would then see her in a piece of a somewhat different character,— a more sedate character,— a higher character, one might perhaps be pleased to say. Her associates would then have been refreshed by another day in his delightful country, would be more at home in the house; his niece (as the Duchess guessed it) would then be enabled to form a more favorable opinion of the operatic art.

Here was firm ground at last, and the Governor placed his foot upon it without delay. It was impossible, dear mademoiselle; the young ladies and himself were to leave Lucerne in the morning, and they must devote the evening to friends in town. At another time — in Paris itself, perhaps —

The somber little figure rose to retire. She hoped that Mees West felt the misunderstandings of that journey to be fully cleared away, and she hoped that her best compliments might be presented to the charming Lady Bertha. Adieu, monsieur. She gave him her small, black-gloved hand, and then moved off with a head that drooped plaintively and eyes that studied the borders of the path. And the Governor, left alone, began to feel that there were situations where the margin between discretion and cruelty was very small.

And alone he remained for a quarter of an hour, wrapt in contemplation. He had been an admirer of the old school of acting — the robust, up-and-down school which left no doubt that it was acting; and the subtilities of the new school, in which the real and the simulated appeared to overlap, rather puzzled him. Had he witnessed an exhibition of nature or only a display of art? Had the woman been in earnest or in jest? But no answer came; least of all from his companion, who, perhaps, had retired asking the same question of herself.

But the Governor's statement of their future movements had been quite in line with the truth. Their lodgings looked down into the Kursaal grounds, almost, and Aurelia West had had her fill of music — the music of Lucerne.



IV.

CONSTANCE: SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

WHEN our friends found themselves prompted to leave the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons for a time, at least, the Governor again brought forward that part of his scheme which had contemplated an advance on Constance by way of St. Gall. There was no opposition to this project now, and it was carried out forthwith. The Governor had two or three friends and correspondents, scientific and educational, in St. Gall, and there would be plenty of interest in such directions to engage their attention. Then it assuredly would be an advantage to their young guest to see the country in its ordinary, industrial, every-day aspect, standing on its own legs, and tramping sturdily along without adventitious help; she should learn that Switzerland was not altogether dependent for support and progress on the golden crutches that *les Anglais* placed under her armpits. They would hasten to that obscure but deserving corner of the country where every third abbey was a manufactory, and where every other castle had been made over into a seminary. They would do justice to a town which was too full of school-houses, libraries, museums, hospitals—yea, even deaf-and-dumb asylums—to have any room for promenades and kursaals.

This reactionary program the Governor put through with a grim thoroughness that spared no detail, and as the train which carried them away from Lucerne tumbled rapidly down to the pleasant shores of the Lake of Constance, at the rate of a hundred feet to the mile, the two young women made no effort to conceal their satisfaction and relief; and when they found themselves set down at length under the monastic cloisters of the Insel-Hôtel at Constance, they found that their reformatory guardian had carried the new order so far as to have led them out of Switzerland altogether. For they were now in Baden.

They dined daily under the vaulted ceiling of the old Dominican refectory, and they strolled at twilight in the conventual thickets that ran down to the water's edge. They loitered away one or two forenoons in the cool quiet of the cathedral, visited the antique hall that witnessed the condemnation of Huss, and even made a pilgrimage to the spot where his martyrdom took place; and within a week Aurelia West had left all Gallic frivolity so far behind as even to make Mlle. Pasdenom's existence a matter of grateful doubt. In these various excursions, and others, they were attended by Baron von Habichtsgeb—no, it is too much—by Baron Zeitgeist, who was winging his way, with all his impedimenta, scientific and musical, from the Jura to the Tyrol, and who was more than pleased to find their paths thus crossing. For Zeitgeist was devotedly attached to the Governor, and he felt a very decided admiration, in his slow, non-committal way, for the Chatelaine; while he simply gloated over Aurelia West, whom he persisted in regarding, with no great reason, as he might have regarded some barbarian princess struggling upward to the heights—one whose efforts to divest herself of the last shreds of barbarism, and to smooth out the wrinkles and creases of the just-donned garments of civilization, offered him opportunity for the last refining touches in his study of ethnography. Aurelia bothered herself very little about ethnography, but she enjoyed Europe, and had taken to it aptly enough.

Zeitgeist had a way of preaching big sermons from very little texts; and texts for him

were always springing up everywhere, like wayside flowers. But the text that came to him in one of their morning walks through the embowered back streets of Constance was offered not by a single flower, but by a whole window-sill of them. This window-sill belonged to a humble little house, the doorway of which was festooned with vines, and was reached by a short path that passed between banks of homely flowers. Above the door the word "Druckerei" was painted on the stucco of the mouse-colored front; and when Aurelia West noticed that Zeitgeist had taken off his glasses, and was thoughtfully rubbing them, she was able to interpret the sign. She knew something was coming, and she drew the Chatelaine back into the shade to wait for it.

But it turned out to be only a very little affair, after all. The Baron, while in America, had had occasion to visit one or two printing-establishments, and was simply about to request mademoiselle to accept this tiny shop as typical of the Old World,—the world of small things, the world of quiet and contentment and domesticity,—as distinguished from the noise, and grime, and bustle, and shrieking publicity of her own America. Where, in all her broad country, could anything like this be found? Where could she show a family pursuing its vocation with such a quiet content and moderation, such a complete regard for its own idiosyncrasies, such a tender respect for its own tastes and preferences? Suppose they entered: they would find no dimmed light, no fouled air, no grime and clangor, no hectoring overseer, no tyrannical and wrong-headed "union," no superfluous wear, tear, and irritation, no suppression of the graces and amenities of ordinary life for the mere sake of a "businesslike" appearance; and yet he would venture that they would find the work of the place adequately done. *Après vous, mesdemoiselles.*

The place was in charge of a wholesome, rosy-cheeked boy of sixteen, who came forward with the pleased awkwardness proper to his age, and with whom the Chatelaine was presently talking in a free, off-hand way in his own native German. The shop had its proper outfit of type and forms and cases, and was as neat, orderly, and individualized as the foresight of Zeitgeist had anticipated. On a sort of little counter a few bits of work awaited sending out: a pile of carefully trimmed handbills betrayed the interest felt by a certain Bendel in *kalbsleber* and other commodities; and a hundred betrothal cards, deftly arranged in a little packet, foreshadowed, by the sample left on top, the coming bliss of one Wilhelm and one Margarethe. By the side of these a few small sheets of proof fluttered in the draft made by the open window, and the Chatelaine noticed, as she stopped to put them in better order, that the text was in French. And did he speak French, then? she inquired of the youth at her elbow. Yes, gracious lady; but this was the work of his elder brother — he and his father were both away today. The manuscript had been left there yesterday by a French gentleman who was staying at the Konstanzer-Hof, and who had wanted to see how these few pages were going to look in print. Our friends glanced from the proofs to one another, and when they encountered Fin-de-Siècle that evening on the Seestrasse, it was without any great feeling of surprise.

He came toward them dressed in a noticeable traveling-suit, his eyes on the ground and his hat over his eyes. The *âme* of which he was making an *étude* appeared to be in sore straits. All at once he stubbed his toe, and though he now carried neither a nosegay nor a hand-bag, the departure from the Gare de l 'Est passed once more before Aurelia's eyes, and she mentally registered a slip for which both the cup and the lip had now been found. She also privately confessed a little slip of her own: it was not she that he had followed to Switzerland. Nor was it the Pasdenom that he was now following through Switzerland. While surely, so far as the Chatelaine was concerned —

Fin-de-Siècle met the Governor, too, next day, and frankly avowed that his new theme was one full of interest; it was growing within him every day, and he had now come to the point where it was necessary for him to overflow in ink merely for his own relief. Nor was he backward in spinning a few more phrases as to the aims, materials, and method of his art. His plan, of which he seemed exceedingly proud, was simple enough — close observation, accurate transcription, nothing more. But the observation of his school, monsieur, was more than close; it was searching — yes, it was even remorseless; it spared nothing, since everything served its purpose equally. And when the master transferred the image from his mind's eye, and fixed it on those quires and reams of sensitized paper, with what cool dexterity, what calm, scientific precision, was the feat accomplished! No passion, monsieur, no preferences; above all, no fancy. The masters did not aim at romance for this generation; they were preparing historical data for the next. They were not devisers of trifling tales for an idle hour; they were erecting the pedestals due them as the leaders of a vast movement. Fiction was the great art of our day, as was music in the days of Mozart and Gluck, or painting in the days of Lippi and Ghirlandaio, or architecture in the great days of Chartres and Amiens.

The Governor had read a good many tales in his time, but he had never taken quite so top-lofty a view of the art of story-writing; and

he had an idea that the self-consciousness that busied itself with the rearing of its own pedestal was not altogether likely to be set upon it by a perverse posterity. And he said so rather tartly. In fact, the second advent of this young Parisian had not given the old gentleman any great pleasure. Nor had his first, for that matter; but then that had had the saving grace of novelty, at least. In truth, here on the quay at Constance, the Governor was not so certain of not appearing to disadvantage as he had been on the terrace of Neuchâtel, for Lucerne had intervened. Nor did he feel at all sure that Aurelia West's haphazard association with Mlle. Pasdenom had justified those headlong and promiscuous introductions on the pier — introductions that had enlarged the circle of their acquaintance by so many dubious additions. So he was accordingly disposed to be severe on something, even if that something was only a theory of fiction. It seemed to him — and he spoke with the slow laboriousness of one suddenly called upon to formulate the unconscious assumptions of a lifetime — that the great thing in art was not to know, nor even to feel, but to divine. Observation was good, assuredly; sympathy was better, even indispensable: but what, after all, was to be placed before the exercise of the constructive imagination freely working its own way on to its own end? — an imagination that seized on a word, a gesture, a flower, a flash of color, a simple succession of sounds, and by means of a few humble, external facts called out from within such a multiplicity of correlated fancies as resulted at last in a drama, a fresco, a symphony, a cathedral. The genesis of a work of art was the genesis of the echo; one word is spoken and twenty are evoked in reply — only no reverberations were to be looked for from empty nothingness. Or, if fiction must be scientific, let it look to the method of the naturalist, who from a single bone reconstructs and vivifies a complete animal. It was well enough to hold the mirror up to nature; but let it be a compound mirror — one that reflects, and re-reflects, and reflects again till the prosaic outlines of the original subject are increased, strengthened, multiplied, surrounded by the glamour of new presentations and new combinations, and the bare simplicity of the primary image loses its poor identity in the fused intimacies of a thousand secondaries.

Fin-de-Siècle listened with an indulgent pity to these antiquated sentiments, in which he detected the same old insistent note of a false romanticism which he was now quite tired of combating. He merely remarked that there was one respect, indeed, in which the coming fiction might well imitate the picture, the symphony, and all the rest. Now, one's apprehension of a picture was practically instantaneous; one might get a very fair idea of a great church, outside and inside, within ten minutes; one might follow the whole course of a symphony in twenty or thirty; in the case even of a drama one might become familiar with it, outline and detail, in two or three hours. But with a book! — to become familiar with *that* required two or three days, or a week, or a fortnight, or a month, as the art of the writer and the interest of the reader determined. The idea of form suffered, the sense of proportion was dulled, the congruity and cohesiveness of the idea were impaired. No; he himself should never publish a book that might not be completely got around during one afternoon in a garden, or in a single evening over the fire.

The Governor had no objection to bring against this, having seldom read a book that seemed too short. But he had no more idea of following up Fin-de-Siècle's notion than Fin-de-Siècle had shown of following up his. So he merely asked the young man if his work could be carried on satisfactorily in the stir of a large hotel during the height of the season.

Fin-de-Siècle replied that, while he preferred taking his chances with a first-rate theme in a crowd rather than with a second-rate one in solitude, still he was obliged to acknowledge that his situation was not all that could be wished. The Governor came to his aid with a suggestion. A friend of his, a gentleman of means and of high scientific attainments, had a delightful place not more than ten miles outside of the town, where, during the season, he was accustomed to receive a limited number of *pensionnaires*. The house was a veritable château, and the large grounds were delightfully placed above the shores of the charming Untersee. The family was most agreeable, though rather numerous; yet an author of scientific fiction would know how to use the eccentricities and idiosyncrasies which a wide relationship was sure to embrace, while for a fortnight of quiet retirement no place in the world could be better. He would speak a word in that quarter if his young friend thought he cared to make the experiment. His young friend thought that perhaps he did; the Governor spoke the word; and when he learned that Fin-de-Siècle was actually domiciled at Thorheim he smiled a sly, derisive smile that it were not well to see. This young man was in search of humanity appearing at a disadvantage; well, his wish would be gratified.

But the distance between Constance and Fin-de-Siècle's retreat was only a matter of a few miles, a distance that could be covered by rail, or boat, or carriage, and the Governor saw more of this young master than he had hoped to. During one of his early calls at the Insel-Hôtel,

Aurelia West, who could now think of opera bouffe with something like equanimity, told him that she was sorry their stay in Lucerne had been too short to see his friend the marquis in any of his parts; she hoped for an opportunity to become better acquainted with his talents after her return to Paris. Fin-de-Siècle's reply to this was prefaced with a sudden, arch, surprised, insinuating smile, and he regarded her with such a marked increase of consideration as only one thing, she felt, could account for: he must be crediting her with some special, intimate, narrowly restricted information in connection with certain phases of *la vie de Paris*. Her guess was close, for he murmured with a great effect of secrecy that it was a thing really not to be alluded to. As a matter of fact, Tempo-Rubato *had* appeared a dozen times or so on the stage of the Folies Dramatiques; but, indeed, such things were scarcely to say themselves — it was all under the rose. Had she ever heard him sing? Oh, but he sang — a magnificent baritone. Had she ever seen him ride? He rode like a devil; he had learned in Amerique du Sud,— had she any friends there? — where the Duke owned a rancho. Oh, he could manage anything. Once in — how did they name it? — in Uruguay he had run away with a railroad train. And only last summer at Bellagio — Miss West had only to hold her tongue to have all her questions answered before they were asked; her mind was set at rest completely in regard to the title and estate of Tempo-Rubato; he was indeed a *marchese*, he indeed possessed the villa, and that opera bouffe characterization of him by his friend was altogether unjust; impossible that he should be an atheist, and a socialist, and a prospective polygamist!

Fin-de-Siècle was equally full in his details of the life at Thorheim. They were charming, well-disposed people; they appreciated him highly — so highly that they had almost opposed his leaving them for a single afternoon in Constance. Their appreciation was so oppressive that they had insisted upon providing a sort of footman to accompany him; they were killing him with kindness. They had a number of friends and acquaintances sojourning with them; several of these were exceptionally interesting people. One in particular, a gentleman from Stockholm, almost fascinated him. This guest had the freedom of a large apartment in a disused wing of the château, and had filled the place with models and reliefs of many well-known mountain-peaks and -chains, all his own work, and all done to scale with remarkable neatness and precision. Yet of the real mountains he had an inexplicable dread; nothing in all the world could induce him to set his foot on one. A singular type: a cobbler going barefoot; a stroller jingling a pocketful of napoleons before a shop-window merely to pass on; a bachelor long and earnestly regarding the *beau sexe* only to remain a bachelor still. His Swedish friend, however, was in the habit of taking tramps and making excursions through this miniature Alpine world, and nothing pleased him more than to be accompanied by his visitors, whom he received and escorted with the greatest kindness and courtesy. Fin-de-Siècle himself had gotten up an appetite for breakfast that very morning by a twenty-mile walk through the Upper Engadine, and he felt that if the Governor and his party were to steam down the lake in that direction some afternoon, Herr Axenquist would consider their presence a positive honor.

The Governor pondered. He had no great desire to enter Fin-de-Siècle's new circle, but this offer brought up a point or two worth considering. The Chatelaine, of course, was equal to almost anything, but the amount of actual mountain-climbing to be expected from an old man in his sixties and a young woman fresh from the lapping luxury of Paris could not be great, and this facile substitute really came in quite opportunely. So one afternoon they took the train that skirts the bank of the narrow, river-like, hill-bordered Untersee, and in less than an hour they found themselves in the very heart of the Alpine world. They were hardly within the great gate which gave entrance to the park of Thorheim, when the Chatelaine found her attention forcibly taken possession of by a middle-aged lady who seemed to have been indulging in an aimless stroll through the grounds, and who was so glad to be able to fix her mind on some definite point that her greeting passed the utmost bound of cordiality. She was tall, angular, and faded; her hands played to and fro with a tremulous uncertainty; and the Chatelaine at once recognized her as the English spinster whose intrepid parrot had made the journey to Pontresina. When she learned that our friends had but lately passed through St. Gall, she turned on the Governor and asked eagerly after the whey-cure. Ought she to go to Gais or to Heiden? Had any of his friends ever tried Urnäsch? How did the accommodations compare? Did any of the hotels have their own goats? Was there an English church? Was it best to drink the whey hot or cold? The whey-cure was her plan through September, after which she was to pass on to Vevey or Montreux for the grape-cure — she had heard that the vines promised the greatest yield in years. Yes, she was moving around as actively as ever,— this with a sudden turn and smile in the direction of the Chatelaine,— she was quite the traveler of the family, in fact. Her people had been hoping that she would

remain quietly in one place; some of them had even come from England to see that she was properly accommodated here. Of course it was all very nice and pleasant here on the lake; was it not so, mongsieu'? — this with a faded but arch little smile in the direction of Fin-de-Siècle,— the air was good, the scenery attractive, their host more than kind, but — well, her brothers hardly knew her, she fancied; she had little faith in the water-cure and less in the air-cure; she should be moving on presently.

They were all moving on, in fact, under the guidance of this amateur of cures, who was actively leading the way up to the house, thrusting hastily culled roses into the ladies' hands, and babbling to all alike in a voluble, barbarous French. Under the porte-cochère they met the proprietor of the place, a kindly, serene old gentleman, who seemed possessed of a patience and composure that nothing appeared likely to disturb, and by him they were presented to the guide who was to pilot them through their Alpine diversions.

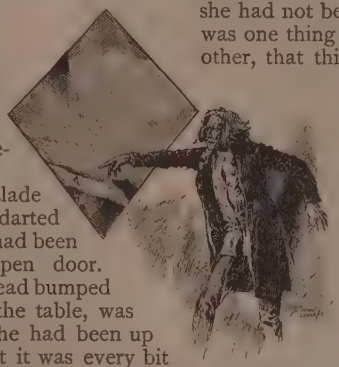
The latter was a tall man of thirty-five, more slender than he should have been for his height, and more stooping than seemed proper to the mountaineer. His long hair was pushed back from his forehead, and fell sidewise in two great waves, one yellow, the other snow-white; and his eyes, which may once have shone with a splendid courage, now beamed but dully with the submissive patience of some cowed brute. He seemed a man out of whom all life and color and passion had been washed by the sudden and tremendous sweep of one great wave; but the Governor, who was already beginning to feel the first twinges of that shame and mortification which were soon to pass twenty times the utmost bounds of any annoyance that could possibly be felt by the victim of his ill-considered jest, did not learn their host's sad story till some time after. For the man before them had spent a night on the Schreckhorn in a blinding snow-storm. He had played his game with Nature on her own table and with her own counters, and had come away bankrupt. He presently led the way into his own quarters — his workshop, his studio, his gymnasium, his playground, as he said. It was a large, homely room, the walls of which were covered with maps, photographs, and sketches. In one corner stood a rough work-bench littered with broken bits of clay, half-emptied cans of gypsum, and a dozen fine paint-brushes soaking in a pail of turpentine, while various pieces of work in clay and plaster of Paris were ranged about on tables and shelves,— reliefs of single peaks, or of groups, or of whole mountain-chains, as the case might be,— some of them being small pieces on a large, while others were large pieces on a small, scale. To Zeitgeist, who had done some climbing in the Tyrol during the previous summer, their host handed down a compact little model of the Ortler, by means of which the young man was able to recall at once the principal points of his excursion; while La Malade (as Fin-de-Siècle briefly termed the Englishwoman), who had followed the party quite as a matter of course, and who seemed perfectly at home in the rarefied atmosphere of the High Alps, suddenly launched herself on the Governor with a relief of the Sentis. The old gentleman, whose discomfort under the inquiring gaze of the Chatelaine was all the time increasing, gave his attention willingly enough to the fountainhead of the whey-cure. It was on these high pastures of the Hüttenalp and the Meglisalp — here, mongsieu', and here — that the goats were herded and the whey prepared. And this road, running through the ravine and crossing the brook, was the route used by the goatherds in carrying the whey down to Gais and those other places. Those patches of white on the top, now, were just snow-fields and glaciers; but if mongsieu' would see snow and ice —

La Malade abruptly set the Sentis down in the nearest available corner, and turned the Governor around toward a large relief that occupied the middle of the room. It was placed on a table some ten feet long, and represented that part of the vast Alp-chain lying between Monte Turlo and Mont Collon, forming the southern boundary of Switzerland. Before this monument of painstaking care and industry Herr Axenquist now stood with an air of grave courtesy, while the little pointer he held in his hand wavered over the sharp peak of the Matterhorn; and the Chatelaine, whose foot was now on her native heath, indeed, was greatly pleased, and took no trouble to conceal it. Here, *chérie Aurélie*, was the road down to Châtillon; and there ran the footpath across to Macugnaga; and over on that side, beyond the Col de St. Théodule, was the way down into the Nicolaithal; while here, of a verity, at the very head of this high and narrow valley, was La Trinité itself. Ah, *vraiment*, La Trinité! And the Chatelaine threw back her head and expanded her nostrils, as if she whiffed the mountain air indeed.

La Malade eagerly jogged the Governor's elbows. There, when had he ever seen anything more truly *magnifique?* What was more beautiful than those green meadows with that dear little rivulet running through them? Then could anything be more natural than the streaked and spotted brown that represented the rocks of this precipice, just here? And as for the fine dust that coated all the glaciers and snow-peaks, *that* had been her own suggestion. He should see the sun upon it. She rushed to the window and swept the curtain to one side. Ah, mong-

sieu', how it shone, how it glittered, how like the Alps indeed!

The host turned a smile of quiet appeal on the voluble enthusiasm of the Englishwoman. He hoped it would please his visitors to make some excursion or other under his care; he was a tried and trustworthy guide; he would undertake nothing too difficult for even the ladies, and he thought he could promise that none of them would be unduly fatigued. Here were the Tödi, the Bernina; there was Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Dolomites; or if they preferred they might merely cross the Splügen with him. The Governor, with a clear conscience, would have enjoyed this little flight of fancy beyond measure; as things now were, he said in a hard, determined voice, the occasion was exceptional, and so should the expedition be, too. He favored the best and the most: nothing would please him better than the ascent of Mont Blanc itself. Then he set his collar, and swallowed something.



At this suggestion La Malade gave a little cry of joy, and darted down under a table which had been concealed behind the open door. This, she declared, as her head bumped against the under side of the table, was her favorite expedition; she had been up fourteen times already, but it was every bit as interesting as ever. She whisked the cloth off the model, took hold of two corners of it, and Herr Axenquist laid hold of the other two, and thus the mountain was lifted into place. The host explained with a grave smile that the ascent was properly a matter of two days. It was best to get away from Chamouni at midday, and to spend the night in the inn at the Grands Mulets. The trip, however, might well stand a little compression; they should achieve the entire expedition in that one afternoon. And as the weather was fine and settled one guide might be made to do for the whole party, while anything like a porter could very well be dispensed with altogether. Here, then, was Chamouni; there was the road to the Glacier des Bossons; here, up through the valley of the Nant Blanc, was the path to the Pierre Pointue, on the edge of the Glacier des Bossons itself; higher up, the Pierre à l'Échelle, with a view of the Dôme du Goûter, and these various other eminences; here we cross the Glacier—and so on to the Grands Mulets. *Entrez! Herein!* Would they please be seated? such refreshment would now be set forth as the inn afforded.

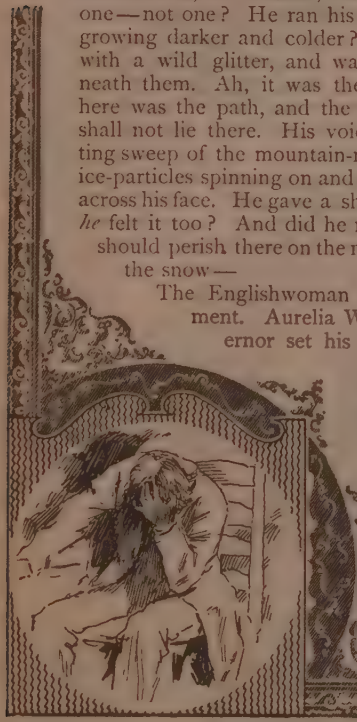
Fin-de-Siècle whispered delightedly to the Governor that here was an original type indeed; the Governor winced. The Count smiled and nodded; the Governor groaned.

A maid came in bearing a tray, and the thoughtful mountaineer now regaled his guests with tea and cakes. He also offered fans, for, thanks to La Malade and her new arrangement of the curtains, the temperature, even at this altitude of ten thousand feet, was distinctly warm. This volatile person accepted a fan, but refused the tea, sending the maid back for her own approved beverage. And as she opened her bottle for herself, with the dexterity that comes from long practice, she vented a bit of good-natured sarcasm on the people who would make her believe that all chalybeate waters were alike, and that she might just as well decide to please herself with St. Moritz without sending all the way to Tarasp. But she had not been born yesterday, and if there was one thing she knew more about than another, that thing was mineral springs. Who had attended to the placing and marking of all the springs and baths on these reliefs if not she herself?—putting them down in colors corresponding to their ingredients: the salt-springs at Aigle, white; the sulphur-springs of St. Gervais and Stachelberg, yellow; and so forth. To all of which her entertainer, now in conversation with the Governor, bowed an indulgent acknowledgment over his cup of tea.

The Governor was scanning him closely. To put this grave, composed gentleman under suspicion was unjust; to subject him to restraint was outrageous. If every one who indulged his fancy was mentally deranged, what might people be thinking of himself? If these reliefs around them carried good cause for medical surveillance, how then with regard to the antiquities at Avenches? Nonsense; this man was as clear-headed as anybody else.

Their host rose suddenly and ordered the tea-things out. They must lose no more time, he said. The glacier should be crossed before the sun had got too high. They must press on to the summit. Their real, serious work was just about to begin. He quickly threw open the door of a little cabinet, and passed out an alpenstock to Aurelia West. He thrust an ice-ax into Zeitgeist's hand, and pressed upon the Governor a long coil of rope, which the shame-faced old gentleman received as it had been a penitential scourge. And here were spectacles of colored glass; the glare on the snow was so terrible—terrible. Was all ready? *Allons; en avant!* With care, mademoiselle! with care!

He seized the Chatelaine by the arm. Beware that crevasse—it was just here that the young English lady had gone down and dragged her guide with her. Be cautious, young sir; this ice-steep was treacherous enough, in truth; but three steps—cut so—were all that was needed. There was no cause for alarm yet; slowly and steadily, and all was well. But what was this, rushing, leaping, tumbling, crashing down, with an ever louder roar? Back, back, monsieur! He pinned the Governor against the wall, and wiped the drops of sweat from his own forehead. Ah-h! it was happily past,—*l' avalanche*,—and none of them the worse for it. Well, then, here was the Grand Plateau, here the Mur de la Côté, here the Petits Mulets; but the summit, the summit, where was *that?* Was it in sight for none of them—not one—not one? He ran his hand excitedly through his long, disordered hair. Was it growing darker and colder? Was every one of them benumbed? His eyes shone with a wild glitter, and wandered aimlessly about over the peaks and valleys beneath them. Ah, it was the fog, the cruel, treacherous fog; but hasten, hasten—here was the path, and the refuge was not far ahead. Up, up! No; you must not, shall not lie there. His voice rose to a shrill, strident tone, a tone full of the cutting sweep of the mountain-roaring wind, a tone stung by the tingle of gust-driven ice-particles spinning on and on in remorseless eddies. He suddenly flecked his hand across his face. He gave a short, sharp cry, and clutched Zeitgeist by the arm. Had *he* felt it too? And did he not know what it meant? They were lost—lost! They should perish there on the mountain, like others before them; for it was the snow—the snow—



The Englishwoman gave a shrill scream. The young men stared in amazement. Aurelia West and the Chatelaine drew back in terror. The Governor set his jaw, seized the unfortunate firmly by the arm, caught the pointer out of his hand, and in ten seconds had conducted the whole party down to Chamouni with a clear head and a sure foot. He placed their host on the chair beside the model, and gave him a glass of water. The poor fellow weakly kissed his hand, and burst into tears. On the way home Aurelia West overheard the Governor invite Fin-de-Siècle to accompany them into the Tyrol. This was the form that the Governor's penance took. She did not catch the response, but she was willing enough that it should have been a no.

(To be continued.)

VOICES FROM BEYOND.

I LAY upon the borderland 'twixt sleep
And drowsy thought dim as a wavering dream;
All consciousness a far, faint, starry beam,
Like glint of torch within a cavern deep.
About me voices rose with windy sweep,
Till all the pulses of the air did seem
Aflame, and bubbling in a liquid stream,
Pouring upon me in one gathered leap.
They raised in me a power uncontrolled—
These mystic voices, rushing madly by;
My feet were set where wheeling planets rolled,
My head upreared within the flaming sky.
A god I was within my human mold,
To trample death, and all his might defy.

Susanna Massey.

THE PORT OF MASSOWAH, FROM THE MAINLAND.

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

NEGUS NEGUSTI, AND THE ABYSSINIANS.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

A WARRIOR EATING.

WHEN Gordon Pasha was shut up in Khartoum, and the Egyptian garrisons in the eastern Soudan were menaced by the Mahdi's fanatical followers, the British and Khedival governments deemed it advisable to send a pacific mission to King Johannes of Abyssinia, to enlist the favor and assistance of the Ethiopian monarch, in the evacuation by the garrisons and Christian inhabitants of the several Egyptian towns bordering on the Abyssinian frontier then threatened by the Soudanese, and to allow them to pass unmolested through his territories to the coast.

Sir William Hewitt had been appointed the English envoy for this purpose, and the campaign against Osman Digna having lulled for a while, there was a general rush of war-correspondents for this opportunity of writing up and illustrating an almost unknown region. So many wished to accompany the mission that the British admiral was compelled to refuse all the applicants. Hearing of this fact, I would not appear before him to face a refusal, and I flattered myself that, not having applied, I was free by some other means to try to accompany the mission through this wonderfully interesting and almost inaccessible country. I hurried by the first steamer from Suakim to Massowah, the port from which the mission was to start inland, and I immediately called on the governor, an American gentleman who had been for years in the service of the Khedive, and was now the envoy deputed by the Egyptians for Abyssinia. To his good nature I am indebted for one of the most delightful and interesting journeys I have ever undertaken.

Mason Bey, on hearing of my great desire to accompany the mission, at once attached me to his staff. Before the sun had set on the day of my arrival, I was ensconced in the palace as a sort of under-secretary, with free use of the Bey's larder, cellar, and cheroot-box.

On the afternoon of Monday, April 7, 1884, the flagships and forts of Massowah thundered a salute, as the Admiral landed and was received by Mason Bey at the palace stairs. In less than an hour the mission started on its adventurous journey. Before we had quitted the plains of Monkolu the sun had passed away, and as we began to struggle over the rough, undulating ground toward the Abyssinian chain of mountains, a deep, yellow gloom suffused the sky. But this soon gave way to the powerful but mellow light of the African moon, which was now casting long shadows of our men and beasts over the silver sand. Here and there the moonbeams lighted up in ghastly distinctness some wild Arab warrior, peering at us in curiosity from the bush along the road. A few miles farther, and the route turned abruptly to the right, and gradually began to narrow into the bed of a dried-up watercourse. We were now within a short distance of Saahti, our intended halting-place for the night.

Presently, a few hundred yards in front of us, some white tents stood boldly out in the moonlight. To our surprise we found cooking-fires blazing, and an evening meal already pre-

pared for us. A good friend had arrived in advance of our party, pitched tents, and prepared a sumptuous repast. We owed all this courtesy to a gay old slave-dealer, who had recently given up dealing in live stock in favor of dead, which he sold in the shape of butcher-meat to the various steamers coming into the port of Massowah. I had seen this gentleman at the beginning of our journey, doubled up on a small donkey, and dressed in his ordinary fashionable attire, a light pink stuff gabardine, with yellow silk-embroidered sash bound round

ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

THE PALACE, MASON BEY'S RESIDENCE, MASSOWAH.

his waist. His face, almost cadaverous in its contour, was framed by a white bullion-fringed turban; his eyes were sparkling; and a sinister smile played about his lips.

Though our camping-ground was at least four hundred feet above the plains, yet there was no perceptible difference in the temperature. The thermometer was steady at something like ninety throughout the night. An hour before sunrise we struck camp, bade farewell to our gallant host, and started for Ailet. We soon began to experience rough traveling. Immediately on leaving Saahti, the aspect of the country changed. The ground was strewn with huge granite boulders, and here and there patches of stunted mimosa or wild olive-trees broke our route. Always ascending, moving over chains of low hills, we kept to the dried-up watercourse, the bed of which so narrowed that it was difficult for us to make our way even in Indian file. The sun beat down upon our little caravan, making life almost unbearable. Occasionally we would be fanned by a slight breeze as we surmounted some ridge, from which the sight of the floating vapors still clinging to the faint blue peaks of the distant mountains cheered us with the fact that we were slowly though surely approaching a country of cool shades and running waters. Scorching sun, burning rocks, and shadeless mimosa-bushes held their own till we arrived at the wells of Ailet.

Our day's rest at Ailet was one of the hottest we had yet experienced. Many of us were compelled to swathe our heads in wet towels to lessen the chance of sunstroke. In the afternoon of the second day an officer with twenty men, sent down from the mountains by Balata Gubru, a frontier chief, arrived in camp for the purpose of taking over the king's presents, and of relieving our bashi-bazouk guard, which now returned to Massowah. At sunrise the following morning we moved in a southerly direction, skirting the Ailet hills along a mule-path, through mimosa woods teeming with game. We halted for the night at Sabagumba, where our guns found plenty of quail to embellish the evening meal. An hour before dawn found us ascending the Rara Pass, and at midday we camped in the narrow valley of Genda. Our mules had not had so happy a grazing-place for many a day. The ground was covered with wild clover, fine grass, and buttercups. A brook wound its way down the valley, sprawling over rocky beds, and hemmed in by tall grasses. Our sportsmen were soon busy on the sloping sides of the valley, thick with foliage and full of guinea-fowl. We remained in this happy place for one day, awaiting the arrival of the lieutenant of the Abyssinian chief Ras Alula. This officer came about midday, with an escort of a hundred ragged-looking fellows clothed in cotton knee-breeches, with togas in various stages of dirt slung about their shoulders. While a few were mounted on mules, the majority tramped on foot, armed with spears, swords, and muskets ranging from the first specimens of that arm to the modern Remington. There was no discipline or order with these warriors. They herded together in groups, or lounged about camp in pairs, staring and gazing at us in the rudest curiosity. Their leader, a short, spare man, with narrow face and close, cunning eyes, was a person of some distinction. He told us that Alula anxiously awaited our coming, that he was deputed to act as our guide through the passes to his chief's camp, which had been pitched on the plateau of

Asmara, seven thousand feet straight up the mountain.

The next day we entered on the most serious part of our journey. Our first few miles lay through mountainous scenery reminding me a little of our own Scotch Highlands, and still more of the Turkish Balkans. Birches, cedars, acacia- and box-trees, many rare orchids, and strange plants covered the sides of the gorges. Common flowers were in profusion; maidenhair ferns and lichens brushed us as we toiled on our way. Some of the guard in our front played upon pipes roughly made out of the bark of trees. The notes, sweet and mellow, seemed to start all the birds on our route into song. Climbing up almost perpendicular passes a thousand feet or more, skirting for a time a rocky precipice, we suddenly emerged into a narrow valley, the aspect of which was unlike any we had yet seen. The whole foliage of this part of the mountain was totally unlike that a few yards below us. It seemed to have changed as if by magic, so unexpected was the transformation from European delicacy to African crudeness of color—the *Euphorbia candelabra gigantea*, bursting into bloom with clusters of red and yellow blossom; enormous aloes in flower; and cacti parasites clinging to the rocks, or trailing in great luxuriance from the trees. The sun, which had been shaded from us by the dense foliage below, now blazed out in all its fierceness, flooding the fantastic valley with a brilliancy that was superb and almost overpowering.

Next day we arrived at the foot of our last, but most difficult, ascent. The Maiensi Pass is one of the steepest routes for the passage of human beings to be found on the globe. It was utterly impossible to ride our horses up it; so we were compelled to take to our mules, and we had to nurse even these hardy little brutes nearly the whole way. A shower of stones clattering down upon us discovered a horseman scampering toward our party from the mouth of the pass above. Saluting the Admiral, the messenger told him that the Ras (governor), his master, had seen us coming, and thus early sent his greeting. The route now narrowing into a rocky defile, we suddenly emerged on the great Abyssinian plateau. As this new world dawned upon us, the slight eminence on our right became alive with moving horsemen: at least fifteen hundred cavalry began to spread out over the plains in our front. At a given signal they turned sharply, facing our party, then charged with seeming fury straight at us. They were all fierce-looking men, with headgear of handkerchiefs of various colors, or simply a wide white tape tied round their close curly hair, after the fashion of the ancient Romans. Some sported lion-manes, which, fringing their dusky faces, made them look almost as savage as that beast himself. Skins of black leopard, over their red and white togas, swathed their bodies. As with couched spears and uplifted targets they bore down upon us, they yelled like maniacs, madly shaking their weapons in mock defiance; and when within a few paces, with one accord they suddenly curbed their horses. So quickly was this done that their chargers reeled back on their haunches; each warrior at the same time lowering the point of his spear, and in silence bowing his body before the envoys. Then afar off from over the plain came the sound of drums slowly beaten. The horsemen, wheeling round our flank, now formed an irregular line in our rear.

When the cloud of dust that for a moment enveloped us cleared away, we discovered far ahead, on a rocky height standing out of the plain, a solitary white tent; on each side of it, sloping down to the plain, lines of infantry were drawn up, forming a broad avenue through which our party advanced. As we slowly moved between the lines of these dusky footmen, the drums deeply sounded an Amharic greeting, the interpretation of which was: "How do you do? How do you do?"

The bright sunlight shimmering on the silver bolts of the circular shields of the horsemen, and on the metal-plated trappings of their chargers; glittering on the myriads of spear-heads; brightening up the motley coloring of their headgear and red-striped togas; and, above all, the measured beating of the deep-toned kettle-drums, greeting us in this odd fashion, made our first reception in Abyssinia a highly impressive one. The envoys dismounted a few paces in front of Alula's tent. That great chief walked forward, and shook them heartily by the hand. Ras Alula was a man of five-and-forty, of medium stature, with massive head, close-shaven face, and features somewhat Roman in type but almost as black as a negro's. This Roman resemblance was suggested even more by a toga thrown gracefully about his figure, giving him the appearance of a statue of the great Cæsar worked in bronze. But all this majesty was soon dispelled as he squatted on his throne and began gesticulating. The continued clutching at his drapery, the swaying of his body, and the long curved sword shaking out behind from the folds of his toga, gave the great Amharic chief more the appearance of a chimpanzee. The reception was cordial, but not effusive. Repeating the questions the drums were still asking: "How do you do? How do you do?" we in answer said, "Very well, thank you; and how are you?" Alula slowly replied, "Thank you, I am well." But to our anxious inquiries as to when and where we would meet the King, the Ras was very

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

UP THE MAIENSI PASS.

reticent, giving us an answer worthy of a European diplomatist. He said, "Only God and his Majesty know that." We then retired till our sable friend should become more communicative.

Asmara, where we camped for a time with Alula, is a village of at least 2000 inhabitants. The houses are built of stone, and are circular in form, with thatched, extinguisher-shaped roofs. Its church is also of the same material, and is highly decorated with crude pictures of the Virgin and Child, the apostles and saints. Before the sun left the plateau, presents came into camp, and Abyssinian hospitality began. Grain, chopped straw, thin cakes of unleavened bread, jars of honey, and horns of tedge, with two or three beeves and some black sheep, were the gifts for the day. The next morning we unpacked our presents for Alula and his lieutenant, Gabru. To the great chief we presented shot-guns, rifles, ammunition, and accoutrements, some pieces of silk, a carpet, and a Turkish ewer and basin, in brass — the latter not a reflection on his lack of ablution, for he was the cleanest native we had yet met. Gabru received a rifle, a carpet, and some whisky — the last-mentioned gift being more in accord with his taste than the ewer and basin, for we had our suspicions that he would have made a shield of the basin, and a jar for alcoholic drink of the ewer.

At sunrise on the third day of our advent into Abyssinia, we began our journey across the great table-land to Adowa, escorted by Alula with his whole army. The infantry in irregular masses ran on in advance; the cavalry in rough formations moved in our rear. As we journeyed at a quick walking-pace, the stream of foot-soldiers in our front was augmented by stragglers who had been billeted in the adjacent villages. At a nod from Ras Alula, who rode on the right hand of the envoys, the cavalry would send forth warriors galloping from each flank to do mimic battle with one another for our amusement, showing their dexterity with lance or saber, each man seemingly fighting desperately, trying to gain a smile of approbation from his chief. The nearer we approached Addi Techlai, Alula's permanent camp, the warmer grew the mimic fight; the warriors being stimulated by the sight of their women watching their prowess from the heights. A few hot-headed youths used their swords in earnest, and blood began to flow; but a signal from the Ras stopped further mischief, and, the rough sport coming to an end, the horsemen rejoined in our rear. Suddenly, without any perceptible orders, the cavalry broke into a gallop, and in a cloud of dust raced one another to the camp, struggling up the rocky and almost perpendicular height on which stood the stronghold, three hundred feet above us.

The following day we said good-by for a time to Ras Alula, and started *en route* for Adowa. Traveling in a southerly direction, we left the Ras's stronghold on our left rear. Our route lay through roughly plowed patches of ground, between low, rocky hills, from which Addi Techlai, though impregnable to primitive modes of attack, could be made untenable by means of modern artillery.

In this part of the country our surgeon was kept busy with many operations. He had just extracted a stone bullet which had been in a man's foot for two years. The patient showed his gratitude by bringing in some cakes and honey. With the exception of a few cow-doctors and herbalists, these poor people are without medical aid. Disease is rampant everywhere, consumption prevailing; scrofula and other loathsome complaints come next. Seven out of every ten persons have some kind of disease that shows itself in sores and eruptions. No doubt their excessive dislike for water is one of the principal causes. The fashions of the women's headgear are various, and do not differ much from the mode of the men. The hair is worn short and curly, or in thin plaits taken from the forehead back over the cranium in corduroy fashion to the nape of the neck, where it narrows and is fixed up in a knot. Young girls will shave their scalps close, leaving a halo of fringe, perhaps terminating in loose streamers behind. This fashion is indeed very pretty, especially when framing handsome faces, which are by no means uncommon in Abyssinia. Drapery thrown about their well-shaped figures (worn

LAME CHILD. ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

when their gowns are in rags) makes them absolutely statuesque, and these damsels would be attractive but for the nasal as well as the optical knowledge of their uncleanliness. An Ethiopian will tell you without a blush that he is necessarily washed at birth, cleans himself on his marriage morn, and hopes to be washed after death; that once every year he dips himself in the river on the festival of St. John the Baptist, and regularly every morning he wets the end of his toga with the moisture from his mouth and freshens up his eyes. Whenever he feels his hide harsh and uncomfortable, he anoints himself with mutton fat. Of a morning one may see the *jeunesse dorée* of a town stalking with body erect, and with about a pound of butter stuck on their heads, gradually melting under the increasing power of the sun. The men may look a shade cleaner occasionally, caused not by any act of their own, but through the accident of being for hours in a rain-storm, which at this season occurs daily; but even then the odor of rancid mutton fat impregnates the atmosphere wherever they may be.

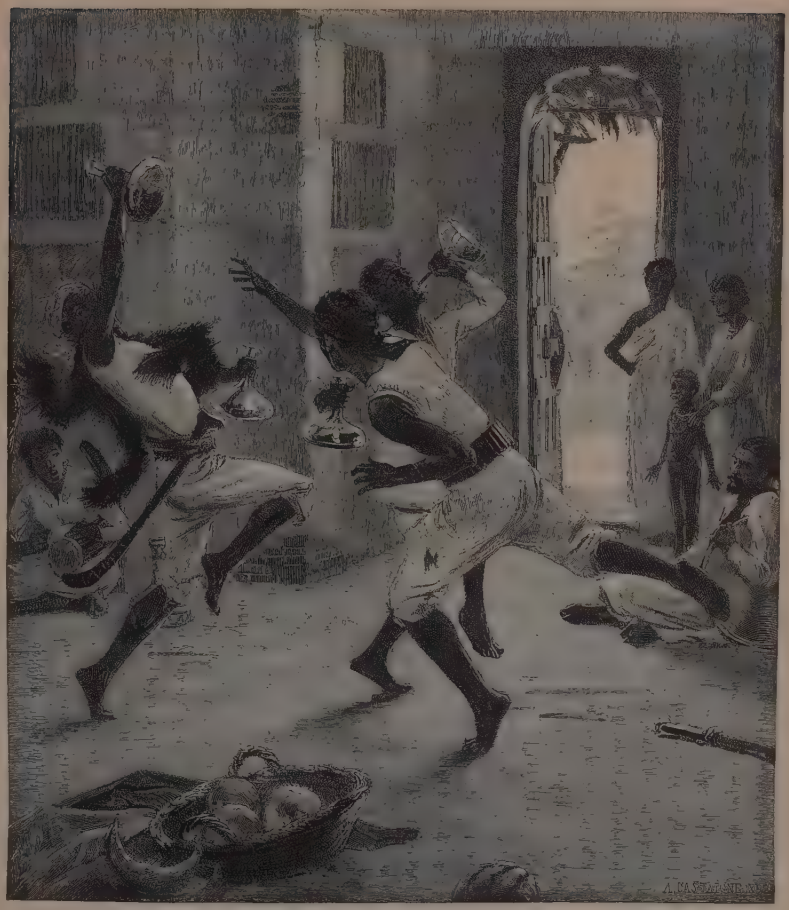
In passing through the town of Godafallassi, a place of 350 houses, and boasting a market, we had some hopes of finding the inhabitants in better circumstances and condition. They were in even a worse state than the people of the villages we had passed through. They herded together in their huts with their cattle, fowls, dogs, cats, and a Noah's ark of insects, which they seem to foster with the greatest care, by not touching soap and using very little water. They were more or less civil, but show no particular courtesy to strangers. They preferred cloth or gaudily colored handkerchiefs to money for the coarse food they brought us. The men are partial to cartridges, and some had a vague idea of their value, offering an egg apiece for them.

One morning we passed a caravan of ivory; the tusks were bound with rawhide and strapped across the backs of mules, who staggered under their precious loads toward

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

THE TOWN OF ADOWA, FROM THE SOUTH.

Asmara, *en route* for the market of Massowah. On arriving on the edge of the plateau, a scene of great beauty presented itself. Our route lay down a wide gorge, opening on an ocean of little blue hills, looking with their purple hues like the wavelets of the Atlantic suddenly arrested in motion. Descending the precipitous sides of the plateau, a crowd of monkeys of all sizes and ages scampered away in great dismay, chattering and shrieking as some of our sportsmen fired in the air. The valley of Gundet, which we were now traversing, became famous by the utter rout of the Egyptians in their fight with the Abyssinians in November, 1876. Here the main body of the invaders, under the gallant young Dane, Colonel Arendrup Bey, was cut to pieces. Further on, toward the Mareb River, the vanguard under Count Zichy left their bones to rot in a forest of mimosa. As we passed this scene, their bleached remnants still lay scattered there, marking the spot where a rallying square had stood to stem the torrent of Abyssinian spearmen, who suddenly rushed down upon them from their rocky cover of enormous granite boulders that hemmed in the defile. Remaining a little in the rear of our party, one of our native guard described to me the manner of the attack: how the Ethiopians crept from their cover on hands and knees; the surprise of the enemy; the short struggle and sub-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE DANCE OF THE GROOMSMEN, ADOWA.

sequent flight of the Egyptians, and their utter annihilation. The natives acknowledge to this day that Arendrup's troops fought dearly for their lives. In those days the Egyptians had some mettle in them. The battle of Gundet is memorable, as it was the beginning of the decay of Egyptian power in Ethiopia and the Soudan. Disorder and misfortune have overwhelmed them ever since, and the Turk, who was once regarded with fear and respect, is now looked upon in that part of the world with loathing and contempt. In the valley of Gundet the foliage varies from the monotony of the prickly mimosa to sycamore, butternut, and wild fig of many kinds, and on the banks of the Mareb weeping willows overhang its rocky bed.

Leaving this historical valley, we once more ascended hill after hill covered with dense foliage, and here and there on their slopes were clearings with patches of cultivated ground. Always ascending, we at last reached the great Dari Teelai plain, one day's march from Adowa, our objective point. After traversing a sandy track for six hours, we encamped, but spent the last night of our long march in sleeplessness, on account of the cries of hyenas and jackals, and were made miserable by the visitations of spiders and scorpions, two of the party being severely bitten. In the early dawn we marched for the capital of northern Abyssinia. This last day's journey was considered by some of us the most difficult and trying of all. A magnificent view of the valleys and hills we had passed over in the last six days lay before us. A more picturesque but wild, inhospitable, and rugged-looking country one could hardly imagine. In the far distance, forming the hori-

zon, in a long level line lay the top of the Hamasen plateau. At the base of its precipitous sides stretched the valley of Gundet. Then a sea of hills piled up until they sloped into the plains of the Dari Teelai, the end of which was shut in by the numerous heights over which we had just toiled. On right and left of the plateau, the valley, and the plains, merous villages, in such odd places and close proximity as to suggest the probability of their once being part and parcel of the city itself. The pillage, massacre, and incendiarism of hostile or rebellious tribes, which on an average take place every ten years, have doubtless left these remnants of happier days quite isolated, giving the Abyssinian capital a most poor

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

MOURNING HER BABY.

rugged mountains reared themselves in volcanic confusion, their shapes so eccentric that they seemed to mingle with the thunder-clouds that were beginning to discharge their waters in a distant valley. Reluctantly turning our backs on this grand and impressive scene, we descended into the valley of Adowa. On one of the slopes far away to our left, from out the gray monotony of surrounding habitations, shone the golden Coptic cross on the hay-thatched cathedral of the city of Adowa.

The capital of Tigré, or northern Abyssinia, appears to have been once a city of much greater importance than it is at the present day. It consists of 800 or 900 habitations, covering the spurs of three hills on the southeast end of the valley, around which are scattered nu- and disjointed appearance for a representative city. As soon as we crossed the Mareb we found that the peasantry treated our advent with great indifference, and were very reluctant, in spite of excellent pay, to bring in supplies to our camp. This was owing, we discovered, to our arrival in the district belonging to the King's son — our powerful protector, Ras Alula, having no control out of his own country, though he was one of the most powerful of the Abyssinian chiefs, and the warden of the marches. The country is split up into petty chieftainships, the ruler of each district receiving all revenues from whatever sources, and having complete power of life and death over his people. His only obligation to the King is to follow him to war with all his available fight-

ing-men. Next to the King, Alula had the largest following, so Johannes had a wholesome respect for him, for his weight thrown in with any one of the pretenders to the throne would be a serious matter for the reigning house. The young heir apparent, jealous of the power of this great chief, resented it by showing to us that he alone had control in his own-district, and made us suffer by withholding the necessary supplies. So far was this jealousy carried, that on our arrival in Adowa the governor of the city delayed calling upon us, and when he condescended to do so was so drunk and stupid that he had to be supported by his interpreter on the road home. He forbade his people to bring us any supplies. This was, indeed, a very serious thing, for travelers in Abyssinia are dependent in this matter upon the pleasure of the governor or chiefs. In Adowa there are no shops or hostelries of any description, the people getting their provisions from the market held once a week. Tedge and beer are brewed, corn is converted into flour, and all cooking prepared in each household. Therefore, unless people are allowed to sell or give hospitality, the traveler's chance of escape from starvation is a small one. We had supplies of a certain kind with us, and could have held out a few days, but such food would have been rejected by our native followers, who would have suffered great privations. Sir William Hewitt was compelled, therefore, to forward a letter to the King, stating that unless the prohibition of supplies was withdrawn, it would be impossible for us to move farther. In a few days a reply was brought back by Alula, who had been summoned by the King, which showed the pride and arrogance of the Ethiopian Christian monarch. The translation is as follows:

Message of King John, by the Almighty King of Zion.

May it reach Sir William Hewitt, commanding ships of war in the East India Station. How do you do? Thank God, I and my army are quite well. I am taking some baths. I send you Ras Alula to assist you in counsel, provisions, and everything. As your Excellency is going to make friendship between two kingdoms, don't be in a hurry to go back. I will come soon.

Written this 24th day of Mengared, Camp Dubba.

With the exception of Ras Alula, who was a man of courteous manner and no mean ability, the chiefs and officers, though receiving suitable presents, according to their rank, from our hands, would also try to obtain money from us under all kinds of pretenses, we knowing perfectly well that a refusal meant petty delays and difficulties in supplies. Even a chief of very high standing would ask for dollars without any apparent shame, and if the amount of the gift did not come up to his expectations, he would politely say, "I require nothing but your friendship," which meant that he would be as unfriendly as possible until the required sum was forthcoming. The King might have put a stop to it at once, for no monarch is more absolute or despotic in the world. His word, proclaimed in the market-place with a prelude of tom-toms, is the only law, and he has absolute power of death and mutilation. Political offenders and obstructionists are arrested, chained, and placed on the small table-land of Abba Salama, a high, rocky, and precipitous mountain about thirty miles from Adowa. So sheer and steep are its sides that the prisoners are drawn up by ropes. Their chance of escaping is impossible, unless they run the risk of dashing themselves into eternity on the rocks below. On this lonely height there is soil on which they may grow grain, and there are wells with good water. There is no speaker to keep order, and they may, if they choose, abuse the prime ministers and crowned heads to their hearts' content, but they return no more to the ways of the world.

The King of the Ethiopians, although absolute in power, and doing pretty much as he pleases, has an ear for the Church, and superstitiously follows the fiats of the high priests. Within a stone's-throw of Adowa is a village called the Abuna's. It is here that the Archbishop, or Abuna, resides. This ecclesiastical dignitary is always a foreigner. The Abuna is simply a prisoner in the country, and, unless followed by his brother churchmen, he may not leave the precincts of his village, a jealous eye being kept on all his movements. He has the sole power of consecrating churches, and of ordaining priests and deacons, and holds over the heads of the people the sentence of excommunication, which is looked upon by all with the greatest dread. By these means, in many crooked ways, he can amass money, and perhaps eventually return to his native monastery should the vigilance of his guards be slackened. The Tchege comes next, and is the native head of the church. He and the Abuna should lead a life of rigid celibacy. The priests are allowed to marry if they choose, but the majority lead a life of gross immorality. The confessional affords an easy means for gratifying their desires, and also for obtaining the liquor that cheers. The Church in this country is almost as profitable a profession as that of the soldier. There is no regular pay attached to either, but the followers of both live upon the people. There is no encouragement to ambition or advancement, for as soon as a man begins to grow rich, he is robbed spiritually by one and materially by the other.

We found the walls of the churches in Abyssinia covered with pictures of scriptural history, and the walls of the cathedral with the exploits of Johannes. His victories over the Egyptians at Gorra, and in the valley of Gundet, are fully represented in tones as florid as those of advertising posters at home. The native artist does not make up for crudeness of color by the accuracy of his drawing, and if these pictures have any merit it is in their originality of treatment. For instance, in the cathedral of Gundet, in a picture representing the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, Pharaoh carries in his right hand the latest specimen in six-shooters, and in his left he holds a pair of opera-glasses, while the Egyptian host sport Remington rifles. All movement of figures is from right to left, and in all pictures heads are full-faced, with the exception of Satan and the hated Egyptians, who are painted in acute profile, to show their lack of honesty and good faith, and their inability to look you straight in the face. It is a deplorable fact, and one which, ladies will say at once, only proves the ignorance and barbarity of the Ethiopians, that the evil spirits in these compositions are always represented by the softer sex, generally showing their naughtiness by exhibiting their tongues. The church painter goes so far as to question the gallantry of St. George, the Abyssinian patron saint, by depicting that warrior, instead of doing battle with the dragon, as spearing the graceful, undulating form of a long-tongued woman.

The Abyssinian has a singular superstition regarding eating in the open. To him a fit of indigestion from over-feeding would mean the evil eye. He would feel assured that some part of the performance of appeasing his appetite had been observed. In walking along a highway in this country, I came across what appeared to be a large bundle of washing just a little off the road. On approaching it, the movement going on within was plainly discernible. Covered up in their *shemas*, or cloths, were three men eating their midday meal. So much in fear are the people of the evil eye, that they carry amulets containing prayers, and rolls of parchment several yards long; and pictures illustrative of the triumphs of the good spirit over that ocular absurdity are kept in their houses for protection. If an Abyssinian sells you anything, and is well inclined, he will caution you to keep it indoors or covered up; for if an evil eye should fall on your purchase it may spoil or disappear, which latter contingency is much more probable in Abyssinia. I had some experiences of the kind of evil eye that caused goods and chattels to disappear. It gleamed for an instance in the head of an Ethiopian whom I caught walking off with some dollars from a pile in our paymaster's tent; the corner of the evil eye smiled innocently when detected, but the smile faded away under the influence of the paymaster's boot.

On the return of Ras Alula from his visit to the King, we certainly fared a little better, and our envoy was offered a house, with a compound wherein to pitch his tents. We had already settled down comfortably about a quarter of a mile from the city, in a southeasterly direction. Our encampment numbered twenty tents, and Mason Bey, with his equatorial experience, erected several excellent grass huts, so that we were in comparative comfort and protected from the sun, the rays of which at this early period of the season were quite hot enough. The huts brought the temperature during the day down to 87°, and kept it up to 47° of a night, for after sundown the thermometer falls rapidly from 110° to 45°.

Rather interested to learn how far Abyssinian hospitality would go in the way of a house, we rode into the town one afternoon to view the King's gift. After threading our way through several narrow streets, we arrived at the outer wall of the mansion. Passing through the gateway, we crossed the compound, which had the appearance of a scattered dunghill, and reached a tall, quadrangular-shaped building, composed of thick walls of mud and stones, with an extinguisher-shaped thatched roof. Three doors, one on each face of three of the walls, opened into a hall. Entering through the center, we discovered on each side of the gangway the head of a mule protruding from two narrow stables let into the wall. The animals were so close that they rubbed their noses on our coat-sleeves and sniffed our pockets for grain. In a recess fronting the entrance was a dais a few feet high, built of mud, covered with a carpet and some straw, with a dirty curtain stretching across the recess and overhanging the dais. This is where the lord of the house would place himself to receive visitors, or to recline after a feast. There was also a native bedstead, a low four-post affair, with strips of rawhide stretching from side to side. This, with the exception of a stool, was the only other article of furniture in the place. The floor was very much like that of an ill-kept stable, covered with muck and frowzy straw. Besides a woman and her little baby, both lately greased and fragrant in the extreme, there were a goat and a few fat-tailed sheep. From numerous holes and open cupboards in the walls fowls cackled and pigeons fluttered, disturbing the cobwebs, and spattering the occupants below with lime. Scattered here and there in corners were tedge-horns, broken honey-pots, and debris of all descriptions. The scene was indeed novel, but not entertaining, for the stench of the animals, and

the multitudes of flies and bees attracted by the honey-pots, made us think of moving. The chief of our escort, not seeing, as he expected, the pleasure depicted on our envoy's face, told him that there was a still better room above, where he could receive his friends in quietude and make a perfect little sanctum. We looked around in some surprise, for no signs of a stairway were visible. One of the servants smiled upon us with a certain touch of contempt, and, jumping on the dais, seemed to crawl up the wall like a cat, disappearing through a hole, out of which he eventually looked down upon us, expecting the envoy to follow. Whether the Queen's representative thought it, in virtue of his position, beneath his dignity to go through these gymnastics, or whether he thought his days of cadet-like agility had passed away, he did not accept the invitation to explore further the wonders of the place, but returned to his camp, leaving this abode of Abyssinian hospitality to the original occupants.

Abyssinia is a country where, if marriage is a failure, it can be easily dissolved. There is absolutely no legal or holy tie. When a man is desirous of marrying a girl he directly applies to her parents. The maidens, like those in many European countries, are seldom consulted on the question; the lover arranging with the father or male relatives regarding her dower, which generally means a few beeves, sheep, or pieces of cloth, and sometimes gold. On the marriage day the bridegroom presents himself with his best man at the house of his future father-in-law. Much feasting goes on till the bride is carried off by her husband, generally on his shoulders, while the male relatives closely follow, making a canopy of their togas to keep off the rays of the sun, or perhaps the effects of the evil eye. Behind come a crowd of young girls and boys, methodically lifting their arms above their heads, and clapping their hands to the measured beating of tom-toms carried by men running along the flanks of the procession, who also blow long trumpets. The happy couple that I saw married outstripped their followers, with the exception of their best man, and at last reached the town green, where the groomsmen formed a screen with their cloaks round the happy pair, when the deferred courtship began. It is a custom for the supporters of the groom, generally six in number, to be present on this occasion, and for many days afterward to go round visiting the houses of the mutual friends of the married pair, extolling the beauties of the bride and the accomplishments of the groom, generally finishing up with a grotesque dance, which is much enjoyed by the enthusiastic neighbors, crowding round the open doorway. Though this marriage can be annulled according to mutual agreement of bride and groom, if, after years of happiness together, they wish to cement the tie more closely, the pair simply attend the holy communion together in church, and the marriage is then looked upon as indissoluble.

There is a touch of the old Roman "Mark-Antony-over-the-body-of-Cæsar" custom about Abyssinian burials. The corpse is brought from the house of death to some prominent clearing in the town, where the women relatives and hired mourners sit around in a circle, lowly chanting some weird dirge. The chief mourner in the case that I saw, the mother of a child, stood upright over the little body, which with exposed face lay on a stretcher. With loud lamentations she beat her breast, tore her hair, bewailing her loss; presently in softer tones she extolled the perfections of her lost one. Then she raved again, growing more and more frantic every moment, till her slave entwined her arms about her mistress and led her sorrowing away. After that the men, who had been standing all the time at a respectful distance, came in and bore the body of the child to the burial-place, the women returning to the house to prepare a feast for the male mourners' return.

We found that in many parts of the town of Adowa we were looked upon with the greatest horror by the womankind. In passing down a narrow street the women would keep close to the walls, turning their backs on us and whispering, "O you creatures with pink skins!" Throughout Abyssinia, cloth, colored pieces of handkerchiefs, and bars of rock-salt ten inches long, serve as the ordinary medium of barter. The only coin in the country is the Marie-Thérèse silver dollar. Twenty-four bars of salt go to the dollar, therefore I always avoided changing dollars, and for small wants got on well by trading empty beer-bottles, of which we were always adding to our supply, getting for each two chickens and a dozen eggs. Worcestershire-sauce bottles ran higher because of their glass stoppers. If I had felt inclined to settle in that country, I could have taken a chief's daughter in marriage, in spite of my green eyes and pink skin, on account of a large cut-glass cologne bottle, with a bulbous glass stopper, that I happened to have with me.

When King Johannes eventually came to meet us, for many hours before the advance-guard of his army appeared on the hills overlooking Adowa the forty royal speaking-drums were sounding his advent in measured beatings, which could be heard for miles. Throughout Africa the drum has been the long-distance telephone of the natives from time immemorial, for they literally speak with their drums.

Mr. Glave, who has recently returned from the tributaries of the Upper Congo, tells remarkable stories of what this drumming can do in that part of the country.

In Abyssinia taxes are collected by the sound of the drum, and woe betide the tardy husbandman if his beeves, sheep, or bread are not forthcoming. "Slay—spare not!" roll the distant thunder of the king's drums, and the cavalry collectors swoop down on the village. The low, deep sound of the tom-tom has a weirdness about its tone which is highly effective, certainly to those not subjects of the King; and in the morning in the silent darkness the drums signaled the coming of Johannes. It was an exceedingly grateful sound to us, for we had been virtually prisoners, anxiously awaiting his arrival. The morning light was well on the hills as the advance-guard of the King descended into our valley. First came irregular cavalry, who scattered over the uneven ground without any particular order or formation. Then in a compact body came the Abuna and other church dignitaries, with a choir of boys in their front, chanting. At an interval of a few yards rode the King, dressed in a black silk gabardine, bareheaded and barefooted, mounted on a mule richly caparisoned with silver and red leather. A large magenta silk umbrella was held over his head by a page running by his side. At a respectful distance, to prevent the pressure of his unruly subjects, were footmen marching in Indian file at short intervals. The King's son rode beside his royal father, also mounted on a mule. The rear was brought up by the army, infantry and cavalry all huddled together, fighting their way to the front so that they could get a better view of the arrival at the palace. The palace—if the three huts which constitute the king's residence can be called one—is perched in a walled compound on one of the highest hills looking down on Adowa. The courtyard is entered by one narrow gateway, with a signal-tower above it. On each side of it two seven-pounders, presented by the Admiral to the King, had been placed the night before. At the last moment Ras Alula was struck with the brilliant idea of firing a salute in honor of his monarch's entrance into Adowa, so he hurriedly sent down to our camp for the necessary men and blank charges. When our scratch crew arrived the people were too excited to pay any attention to the order to stand clear of the guns, and with great difficulty six rounds at very varied intervals were got off, to the astonishment of the crowd, who rushed about after each round in great wonderment, some warriors riding up flourishing their spears at the mouth of the ordnance. What these intrepid warriors could not understand was the sponging out of the guns after each discharge. They thought this part of the function unnecessary delay. It was lucky, after all, that Ras Alula sent for our men to work the pieces.

The camp-followers with the baggage now made their appearance in large numbers, and tents of all descriptions were soon pitched up hill and down dale, the beasts of burden making for the fields and eating up the grass like locusts. The inhabitants of Adowa had been brewing tedge and making bread for the last three weeks, but how they were to provide for this inroad of 7000 warriors and their animals was quite a puzzle. The King's hospitality toward us began that evening, much to the delight of our servants, for two oxen, several sheep, 500 loaves of bread, many jars of tedge and honey, and a few horns of red pepper were brought into camp by the royal slaves. This quantity became our daily allowance while we were guests of Adowa.

The interior of the royal residence had nothing to recommend it above other native interiors. The walls were of plain mud, and of stone unevenly fitted, and without any attempt at decorative art, and not even draped with cotton cloth, as some are. The earthen floor was bare, with the exception of a few well-worn pieces of Brussels carpet, leading from the entrance up to the foot of what served for a throne. There was no attempt at state; a few domestics lolled against the walls, and on the left side of the throne stood a priest, whose seeming occupation was to keep the flies from his own nose with the aid of a piece of cow's tail, but in reality, and in conjunction with a servant swaying a horse-hair switch, was keeping those little torments from feeding off the butter on the royal head; for his Majesty indulged in grease as well as his lowly subjects. The Negus squatted in the middle of his throne, his body totally covered from tip of nose downward, to show his dignity, pride, and exalted position, and the utter indifference he felt to everything and everybody else. And thus he remained till our numerous presents were brought in and placed at his feet, when he even condescended to smile his thanks, which lighted up his otherwise gloomy face and made it rather pleasant. It is lean and wan, broad just over the brows, which are perfectly arched; his large black eyes are deep-set; his nose is slightly Jewish, but small; and his mouth and chin—for he now gradually dropped his toga, which fell slowly down over his knees, discovering the order of Solomon in gold, attached to a chain around his neck, glittering on a gown of black silk—showed a weakness that belied the upper part of the face. His color is almost negro in its blackness. There appeared to be no one in

particular to keep the door or to lift the cloth as one entered or passed out. When we did the latter,— after asking permission to depart, which the King cheerfully responded to by saying, "Echee," which means in plain English "All right,"— we had to move the cloth for ourselves. Once out of the royal presence, an unruly mob of soldiers and servants jostled us wherever we walked. Sometimes an indignant chief would lay about him with a stiff bamboo, clearing our way for a time, but the people were like flies; their appetite for curiosity seemed all the more sharpened, and they swarmed around in large numbers. In a corner of the compound I noticed that a large bower had been erected to cover with its leafy shade at least 500 men. This was where the warriors, chiefs, and courtiers of the King feasted. We were none of us invited during our stay to these entertainments, Johannes knowing full well that Europeans are not accustomed to the luxuries of an Abyssinian banquet; and for one, I was heartily glad we were not honored with this mark of his favor. The food was, as usual, warm raw flesh, with a sort of haggis of intestines of the animal, flavored with ox-gall and red pepper, to make it more piquant.

The Abyssinian soldier is generally a frugal creature; on the war-path he has to put up with rations of jerked beef and a little flour, which he carries slung over his shoulders tied up in an end of his toga. A slab of stone will serve whereon to mix the flour with a little water, the quality of which he is not particular about. He will then make a paste; a fairly round stone is sought for and heated in the camp-fire, and is then used as a center around which the dough is built. This stone dumpling is then placed in hot ashes, and in a few moments is cooked sufficiently to serve as bread. Red pepper made into a paste with grease is carried in a small horn attached to his girdle. Of luxuries the Abyssinian soldiers have few. Smoking is not allowed, and the breaker of this rule is liable to lose his nose and lips in punishment. Each man carries his little pot of snuff in his belt. A short time after the coming of the King we returned to the coast, and our mission was ended.

Frederic Villiers.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

CHRISTIE was very small, even for his tender years, and he had red hair and the freckles that always go with it. As far back as Christie could remember he had sold newspapers on the streets. The experience he had gained in this line was a very extensive one, and had completely destroyed any ideas he might otherwise have had of a domestic life. For the last few summers he had given up the paper business, and blackened boots on a ferry-boat. He might have done very well at this, but he preferred to sit on the deck and listen to the three Italians who played popular airs on a harp and two violins. On the last few trips Christie would generally find that he had no money to pay for his supper and lodging, so he would get down to work and try to make enough to keep him until the following day.

He was a very improvident character, was Christie, but he had no one depending on him, so it really did not make very much difference. It frequently happened that when night came on he found himself without any money at all. On these occasions he would spend the night at a shed on a pier in the East River.

Christie was a great favorite with the watchman at the pier, and the old man was always rather glad when the boy had had a bad day and was forced to spend the night in the shed, for Christie was very good company, and sat up until late at night telling the old man of his day's adventures, and making plans, and getting advice for the future. Young as he was, Christie had seen more of New York than most men of forty. He knew the Bowery and the East Side, every bit of it. As for the other side of the town, he did not care for it; his ambitions did not lie in that direction. He had already tired of New York, and wanted to get out in the world and travel from place to place. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the country and the water; and the little green parks of the metropolis, and even the waters of the bay, did not afford him sufficient of either. He was a

born rover, and heartily dreaded any kind of regular employment. So far as he could see, to travel with a circus would about suit his ideas. But his friend of the pier looked to something higher for his protégé, and constantly told him of the many hardships the circus people had to endure: how they never slept, but worked all day and traveled at night. This view of the situation did not strike Christie's fancy at all. It was the music, the always changing crowd, and the out-of-door life that he wanted. Whenever he saw a circus billed he worked very hard and slept on the pier so that he might save enough money to be able to go just as often as possible. When the first day came for him to go he never did any work at all, but went over to the grounds early and talked to the tentmen and any one connected with the circus who would listen to him. The accounts they gave him were not very encouraging, and generally tallied with those of his friend on the pier; but Christie would not be convinced.

It was in the spring of the year, and Christie was not yet twelve years old, when he got a chance to satisfy his life's ambition. It was not a first-class circus, but it had two rings, and sometimes played as many as three days in one town. The duties assigned him were not very onerous, and his salary was correspondingly small. Before the performance began, he stood behind a wooden stand and helped a man to sell peanuts and lemonade. At eight o'clock they left the stand, and while the man carried around trays of lemonade Christie peddled peanuts among the audience.

For all of this Christie was paid only five dollars a week, but he was pursuing his chosen profession, and was much happier than he had ever been before. His great pleasure was in the morning, when he rode a donkey in the procession, and afterward stood outside the tent and was surrounded by a circle of small boys of the town, and was sincerely envied as an attaché of "Clyde's Monster Allied Shows."

Marcus Clyde, the proprietor of the show, was perhaps no better or no worse than the proprietors of small circuses usually are. He had originally been a butcher, then a horse-dealer, and on account of some bad debts had taken an interest in a small circus. From silent partner he had drifted into sole proprietor. Now he wore a high silk hat, and a diamond horseshoe in his shirt-front, and drove about the circus grounds in a buggy, which was always taken along for his personal use. He knew the name of every man and woman connected with the show, and frequently superintended the raising of the tents when the manager, Mr. Ross, was indisposed or drunk. He knew Christie well, and frequently honored him with a ride in his buggy. On these occasions the red-haired boy amused him by recounting some of his escapades in New York. He used to embellish them a good deal, for Christie wanted to appear a person of importance in the eyes of his employer, and had, indeed, strong hopes of some day becoming a junior partner of the Allied Shows.

The proprietor's liking for the boy gave Christie a certain importance in the eyes of the other employees, and he was generally regarded as the mascot of the company. But Christie did not care very much for most of the people. He lavished all the affection he had on one family called Boynton. There was Boynton, his wife, and their little girl Patricia. The man did a bare-back act, in which he was assisted by the little girl. The woman, who had been born a little above the circus business, confined herself to riding around the ring dressed in a habit and a high hat. She really rode very well, and the act was extremely popular with the masses.

The friendship between Christie and the family came about through the boy's devotion to the daughter Patricia, or "Patsy," as she was called by the circus people. She was very pretty, with her long yellow hair and blue eyes, and Christie no sooner saw her than he found himself very much in love with her. The first time he saw Patsy was when she was doing her act with her father in the ring. Dressed in a short, red silk dress, with red stockings and gold shoes, she was led out from the dressing-tent. Her father took her on the horse with him. Then he stood up and held her out at arm's-length, with one of her feet resting on his hip, while the horse slowly galloped around the ring. The act ended with the little girl standing on his shoulders while the horse jumped some low hurdles. When, amid the shouts of the audience, Boynton led the girl from the ring, Christie followed her, and talked with her about her act, and how she had learned to do it, and what she generally thought about while she was doing it.

In a short time the two children became great friends, and the Boyntons almost adopted Christie as their own. The girls he had known in New York were very different from Patsy. So different was their language and the way they spoke it that the low English voice of this girl sounded almost like a different tongue to Christie. There was much time in which neither of them had anything to do, so the two children used to go on trips of exploration around the town in which the circus was stopping, or out into the country, where they played like other children who do not have to work for their living. As long as Christie was with her he did not think of the circus, and was only sorry when the time came for him to go back to the peanuts and the lemonade.

It does not take a girl of twelve very long to reciprocate such a strong passion as Christie's, so in a short time Patsy came to care for the boy as much as he did for her, and together they even planned to marry some day and have a circus of their own. He would have a buggy even better than Clyde's, and she would always drive by his side. Some day they would make enough money to retire, and together they would go back to her home in England, which she told Christie many times was the most beautiful place on earth.

It was in August that Boynton came to the manager one morning and said that his girl was too ill to appear. She had some sort of fever, and the doctor said she must not leave the hotel. Then he suggested that Christie might be allowed to try the act with him. The manager consented, and the horse was brought out into the ring, and Christie had his first rehearsal. It was not very difficult, and so long as he kept cool there was really very little danger of falling off. He was a little shaky at the afternoon performance, but at night he felt more at home, and when he had finished the act and ran out into the dressing-tent, with the applause of the crowd ringing in his ears, he was happier than he had been or ever hoped to be in his life. The next day Clyde got him a beautiful red suit of his own, with silver spangles all over it, and a white wig to cover his red hair, which, it was found, did not match with the red of his suit at all.

In a week Patsy was up again, had rejoined the circus, and was able to go on with her act. If it had been any one else than she, Christie would have very seriously objected to his return to the peanut-stand. But as long as it was Patsy, he was only too glad to see her out and able to start again on their long walks. But now that the ice had been broken, and Christie had been tried and not found wanting, Patsy often resigned her place in his favor, and he had many opportunities to wear the red tights and the white wig.

And yet Christie was not perfectly happy. He had seen so much of the Boyntons that he knew their affairs pretty well, and his New York training had not dulled his powers of taking in a situation. He knew that Mrs. Boynton was not altogether happy in her present position. She had left a comfortable home to run away with a circus performer, and had gradually drifted into the business herself. As time wore on, and the romance wore off, she put the blame of her position more and more on the man who had taken her from her home. As for Boynton, he worshiped his wife as much as men usually do who marry above them and are never allowed to forget it. He tried to keep her out of the ring and away from the public, but as long as she had to spend her life traveling she insisted on doing a turn, as it gave her a certain amount of excitement and a little more money for the winter months, when they were idle.

Now Christie had noticed that the relations between the two had been very strained of late, and he thought he knew the cause. There was a man connected with the business part of the circus who had been very attentive to Mrs. Boynton, and Christie saw that the husband was desperately jealous. The woman had always borne such a good reputation in the company that no one attached any importance to the affair, regarding Mrs. Boynton as perhaps a little foolish, but nothing more. The flirtation had been going on for several weeks, when they came to a little one-night stand in Connecticut. Patsy and Christie had gone out for a walk after the afternoon performance, and had eaten their supper in the tent with the other employees on their return. When Christie went to his stand that night the man asked him if he had heard the news.

"What news?" said Christie.

"Only Mrs. Boynton has run off with the business manager, Ross. That 's all."

Christie looked very serious, and ran his fingers through his red hair. He had never had any experience in domestic tragedies before, and as a friend of the family his duties were not at all apparent to him at first; but after a few minutes' hesitation he went to look for Boynton. He found him alone in one of the small tents. It was dark, but Christie could hear him sobbing like a child.

"Do you and Patsy do the turn to-night, Mr. Boynton?" he said.

Boynton looked up suddenly, and then, seeing who it was, said:

"Yes, Christie; if I never do it again."

Christie stood for a moment in the doorway. He saw the man who had been as good as a father to him with his head buried in his hands and shaking from head to foot like a leaf trembling in the wind.

"Clyde would hardly expect it," he blurted out; "and really, Mr. Boynton, I 'm afraid you 're not fit."

"Don't you worry, Christie," said Boynton; "I 'll be steady enough when the time comes."

But Christie did not think so. He saw the danger of accident or even death for the girl. He started off in pursuit of Patsy. He found her just as she was going into the women's dressing-tent. He recognized her by her long white ulster, and a big hat that shaded her pretty, delicate face. He called to her, and when he came up he saw that she knew nothing of what had happened.

"Patsy," he said, "I 'd like very much to do the turn to-night."

"Why?" said Patsy.

Now Christie was usually very prompt with an answer, but it was different to-night as he talked with Patsy. He was very ill at ease, and hesitated some time before he spoke.

"Well," he said, after a long pause, "there 's some boys out there in front, and I think I 'd like them to see me in my red tights and the spangles, see?"

"Oh, all right," said Patsy; "I don't care."

"Do you mean it?" he replied. "Thank you ever so much."

"YOUR hand 's as cold as ice," said the ring-master, as he led Christie out.

"Think so?" said Christie. "Great house, is n't it?"

In a minute he was on the horse's back, and a moment later Boynton was holding him out at arm's-length. Christie saw that the rider was doing the act unconscious of everything about him. The man seemed dazed, and moved mechanically. If the horse had not been so well trained the act must have ended at once in a failure. As it slowed down to a walk Christie gave vent to a long sigh of relief. "That was easy enough," he said to himself; "but I wish I was over those five sticks."

The hurdles were brought out, and the horse started on a slow gallop around the ring. Boynton, who was probably unconscious of what he was doing, or over-anxious to get through the act and be alone away from the awful crowd, suddenly yelled to his horse. Christie, who was standing on the man's shoulders, felt the animal make a sudden start, and just managed to steady himself for the first hurdle.

"One — two — three — four," he counted, as the horse jumped each hurdle. In another second it would all be over. At the exit he saw Patsy standing. She was leaning against the band-stand with her hands stuck deep down in the pockets of her ulster. Then he looked at the man holding the last hurdle. As the horse jumped each stick, the man always lowered it; but now he was looking away from them, and might not lower it in time. The blood rushed to Christie's head. He felt as if a furnace was raging within him.

"Lower that hurdle, you d—!" The rest of the sentence was lost in the yells of the men and the shrieks of the women. The audience was on its feet. The horse had hit the stick with one of its fore-feet. The man fell uninjured, but the boy was picked up with a deep cut just over his temple.

The ring-master called for any doctors that might be in the audience, and a little group of men followed the two attendants that carried the boy into the big dressing-tent. They laid him on a wooden chest, and covered the little body with the spangled clothes that hung about the tent. When he opened his eyes he saw the three Boyntons standing by his side.

"So you came back, did you?" said Christie.

"Yes, Christie. I hope it 's not too late," sobbed Mrs. Boynton.

"It 's never too late," he said. "You 're never goin' to leave Patsy again though, are you?"

"Never," she said.

"That 's good, that 's good," said Christie. "But what 's the matter with the band? Why ain't it playin'? And the lights, they 're all goin' out. Say, please don't leave me alone here when I 'm hurt."

The proprietor stood in the background, biting his nails. One of the attendants tiptoed noiselessly across the floor of the tent to his side.

"The audience, Mr. Clyde?" he said.

The proprietor looked up sharply. "The audience be —"

He did not finish the sentence, for he saw the little group about Christie slowly turning their backs on the little rider and moving away.

"I guess you 'd better tell 'em it 's all over," he said.

Charles Belmont Davis.

THE BIRD'S SONG, THE SUN, AND THE WIND.

THE bird's song, the sun, and the wind — /
The wind that rushes, the sun that is still,
The song of the bird that sings alone,
And wide light washing the lonely hill!

The spring's coming, the buds, and the brooks —
The brooks that clamor, the buds in the rain,
The coming of spring, that comes unprayed for,
And eyes that welcome it not for pain!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Thumb-nail Sketches

THE COFFEE-HOUSE, MAARKEN.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

AT nine o'clock the coffee-house is full. It is a long, low room, well smoked as to ceiling and walls and well sanded as to floor, and although it is the official meeting-place of the town, where the burgomaster and the principal men of the locality congregate, it can hold them all, and still give bench-room to the chance stranger.

A high-backed, oaken bench, well polished by use, follows the wall on three sides, leaving space for the high, white-tiled fireplace. The fourth is occupied by a leaden-faced bar, or counter, well garnished with the tall delft jars in blue and white with shining brass tops, wherein is contained the material for the goodly array of clay pipes in the racks overhead. Small, round tables are set before the bench, leaving the center of the room free. The bench itself is well occupied by a line of stolid, substantial-looking, ruminating Hollanders smoking furiously, the gray wreaths of pungent vapor slowly curling upward about the hanging models of vessels, high as to poop and rounded as to bow — models of the time of Van der Decken.

Only occasionally does a mynheer remove his pipe to let fall a sentence epigrammatic in its terseness. Your North Hollander speaks slowly, and is economical with his words. He neither looks for nor attempts smartness of repartee; does not smile easily; and rarely tells a story, because all the stories are known and worn threadbare by repetition, and he is shy of new ones. If one listens to the talk one finds that it is of the sea. Everything in Maarken belongs to the sea. How can one be interested in crops that are grown in tubs; in farms that number feet instead of acres; in land brought from Amsterdam at that, for Maarken is all sand? Then, again, when one goes abroad in Maarken, one must either walk *over* the water on bridges or sail *upon* it in a boat, and even the housetops are ornamented with bellying nets hung up to dry, and with long masts from which Juvrowe flies a signal of welcome to Hnedrik or Nikolaas on his way home in his blunt-bowed, lee-boarded *tjalk*.

TOWN-HALL.

A PEASANT.

It is in the coffee-house that your talker, your romancer, is discouraged. He is quickly made to understand by means well known to the phlegmatic frequenters that they will have none of him; that he must either observe the proprieties well established there, or go away at once.

In the coffee-house whist is much in vogue — an excellent method of disguising the poverty of conversation, or of excusing the lack of it. So happily

constituted are the players, that with the exception of an occasional grunt of pleasure or dismay, as it so happens, when a card is laid down, and the continuous puffing of pipes manufacturing fragrant fog, the silence is well-nigh unbroken for, I was about to say, hours at a time.

CARD-PLAYERS.

This evening the current was interrupted—excitement reigned; that is to say, as much excitement as could be permitted within the hallowed precincts of the coffee-house. A stranger was present. Enough would it have been had the stranger been a countryman from Sneek, or even from Monnikendam; but lo! this was no common, every-day stranger, actually sitting in the corner by the tile-garnished fireplace, drinking his thin beer and smoking a new clay pipe as stolidly as if he had occupied the spot for a score of years. This bearing of his conferred a dignity upon him in the eyes of the mynheers that they could not conceal. Whist languished, pipes went out and needed relighting, a necessity in itself marvelous and hitherto unheard of. Whispers were heard from the burgomaster's corner. The mynheers slid along the polished bench until they were all in a knot, with their heads together about the burgomaster's.

BURGOMASTER.

The whispers became louder; horny palms smote one another; an unheeded pipe fell to the floor, and broke in pieces with a metallic click. The group parted, and it was evident that a crisis had arrived. The burgomaster drew apart in a dignified manner, and approached the stranger. The others also slid their persons along the polished settle in his direction. The burgomaster bowed, ejaculated, "Dag, mynheer," seized the poker, and made shift to stir the lumps of glowing charcoal in the brass box on the hearth.

It was like a scene from a comic opera, with the line of fascinated mynheers in very small skull-caps perched upon their shock heads, bright neckerchiefs fastened with huge gold buttons, coats abbreviated as to tails and tight in the waist, and breeches of indescribable width. There was, however, a trifle more of dignity in the dress of the burgomaster. His was a long-tailed coat of clerical cut, a wide-brimmed felt hat, knee-breeches, and leggings. Still stirring the coals, he seated himself beside the stranger, and looked him critically over from the corner of his eye. The inspection seemed to be satisfactory, for he offered his tobacco-box with a ceremonious bow. The stranger accepted, and bowed in return, and the salutation was repeated by the mynheers on the slippery bench; which formality being at an end, the burgomaster, filling his pipe, ejaculated:

"Van Amerikaa?"

"Van Amerikaa," avowed the stranger.

"Van Amerikaa," triumphantly sounded in chorus the mynheers on the bench. There was a long pause, during which heavy volumes of smoke arose.

"Nord Amerikaa?" asked the burgomaster in a doubtful tone.

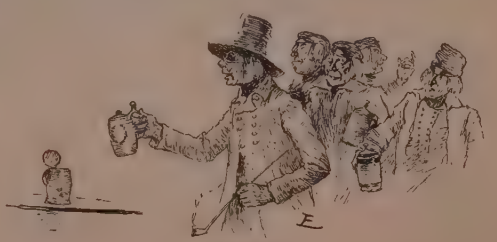
"Nord Amerikaa," responded the stranger.

"Nord Amerikaa," sounded the chorus of mynheers, nodding to one another in great enjoyment of the perspicacity of the burgomaster. Another long interval followed, during which the mynheers allowed the fact to percolate through their gray matter.

"New York?" suddenly called out, in a burst of genius, a fat fellow, with an absurdly thin neck and an emaciated head, who sat at the farthest end of the bench.

The stranger's answer to this brilliant inquiry was breathlessly awaited. Finally, when he had succeeded in lighting his pipe, he nodded. With a sigh of relief the mynheers gravely repeated the nod to one another, and all settled back on the bench.

Here the burgomaster began to shuffle his feet and to blink his eyes. He was evidently formulating an interrogation, but before he could get it in form, from the emaciated head on the end of the bench came in jerks: "New York has got a Brasident—Gleveland, heh? Shoo-fly! I spik Engelsch!" Much to the disappointment of the mynheers, who evidently regarded the speaker as a scholar of the first magnitude, the stranger did not vouchsafe any reply to this piece of information, but



THE PROCESSION.

drained his beer-mug to the last drop, and set it upon the table *with the lid up*. There is an old and honored custom in Holland which provides that whenever one leaves his mug with the lid up in a public place it is in form for all within reach to deposit their mugs upon his table, and he is forced to pay for their refilling. Such an occasion had not happened in Maarken within the memory of the oldest mynheer in the town, and almost before the American's mug had touched the table the eager mynheers were upon their feet, headed by the dignified burgomaster, mug in hand.

THE LANDLORD.

The stranger, when the situation was explained to him with excited gestures by the landlord, in which the chorus joined, paid for his error in good grace, and once more quietness reigned. With his mug in hand and his eyes fixed upon the glowing charcoal in the brass box, the American began in tolerable Dutch, as if talking to himself: "In New York one sees railroads built in the air, and cars crowded with people rushing over them. In New York buildings thirteen stories high are seen, and stairs are seldom used. People are whisked up to their rooms in cars run by steam. In New York cars are run upon the streets not by horses or steam, but by lightning, and all the lamps in the city are lighted at once by one man, who uses no fire or matches, but simply sits in his chair and turns a screw. In New York there is a bridge so high that the masts of tall vessels may pass under it without touching. It is hung upon wires, and railroad-trains pass over it all day and night. In New York"— the burgomaster paused spell-bound in the act of drinking, and slowly set down his mug *with the lid up*. The stranger's eye caught the error, and he banged his mug on the table beside the burgomaster's. The mynheers rose to their feet in an ecstasy of astonishment, indignation, and dismay, and before the stranger's mug had been filled and replaced upon the table the coffee-house was empty, save for the presence of the American and the awe-struck landlord.

GOING HOME.

George Wharton Edwards.

GLORIA MUNDI.

GIVE us the earth's whole heart but once to know,
But once to pierce the secret of the spring,—
Give us our fill,—and we at end will go
Into the starless night unmurmuring.

Gold lights that beckon down the dusky way,
Where loud wheels roll, impetuous, through the night;
The lamp-lit leaves; the maddening airs of May;
The heady wine of living, dark and bright.

Give us of these, and we are blest, in truth;
The wandering foot, the keen, unflagging zest,
One with the glorious world's eternal youth,
Of all that is, and is not, first and best.

Ah, vain desire, our straitened years to mar!
Troubled we turn and listen, unreleased,
To music of a revel held afar,
Evasive echoes of a distant feast.

Graham R. Tomson.

RUDGIS AND GRIM.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"When Freedom from her mountain height," etc.

GRIM. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

THE Rudgis farm was the only one in Lone Ridge Pocket, a secluded nook of the north Georgia mountain-region, and its owner, Eli Rudgis, was, in the *ante-bellum* time, a man of note among the simple and honest people who dwelt beside the little crooked highway leading down the valley of the Pine-log Creek. He owned only one negro, as was often the case with the better class of mountaineers, but, which is not often the case with them, he had neither wife nor children. His slave was his sole companion of the human kind, sharing with certain dogs, pigs, horses, and oxen a rude, democratic distribution of the domestic frowns and favors. As a man this negro was an interesting specimen of the genuine African: short, strongly built, but ill-shapen, with a large head firmly braced by a thick, muscular neck on broad, stooping shoulders; a skin as black as night; small, deep-set eyes; a protruding, resolute jaw; and a nose as flat as the head of an adder. As a slave he was, perhaps, valuable enough in his way; but both as man and thrall he did no discredit to his name, which was Grim. He, too, was a familiar figure along the Pine-log road, as he drove an old creaking ox-cart to and from the village.

When the war broke out, master and slave had reached the beginning of the downward slope of life, and, having spent many years together in their lonely retreat at the Pocket, had grown to love each other after the surly, taciturn fashion of men who have few thoughts and a meager gift of expression.

Eli Rudgis was tall, slim, cadaverous, slow of movement, and sallow; but he had a will of his own, and plenty of muscle to enforce it withal.

"Grim," said he one day, "them derned Northerners air a-goin' ter set ye free."

The negro looked up from the hickory-bark basket he was mending, and scowled savagely at his master.

"W'at yo' say, Mars Rudgis?" he presently inquired.

"Them Yankees air a-goin' ter gi' ye yer freedom poorty soon."

Grim's face took on an expression of dogged determination, his shoulders rose almost to the level of his protruding ears, and his small, wolfish eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Who say dey gwine ter do dat?" he demanded with slow, emphatic enunciation.

"I say hit, an' w'en I says hit," began the master; but Grim broke in with:

"Dey cayn't do nuffin' wid me. I done made up my min'; dis chil' cayn't be fo'ced. Yo' yah dat, Mars Rudgis?"

Rudgis grinned dryly, and walked away smoking his cob-pipe with the air of a philosopher who bides his time.

The Rudgis cabin was a low, nondescript log structure of three or four rooms and a wide entry, or hall, set in the midst of a thick, luxuriant orchard of peach-, plum-, and apple-trees crowning a small conical foot-hill, which, seen from a little distance, appeared to rest against the rocky breast of a mountain that stood over against the mouth of the Pocket. From the rickety veranda where Rudgis now sought a seat there was a fine view of the little farm, whose angular but rolling patches of tillable land straggled away to the foot-hills on the other side of the Pocket, beyond which the wall of cliffs rose, gray and brown, to a great height.

Recently Eli Rudgis had been thinking a good deal about Grim; for, as the war continued, it grew in his mind that the South was going to lose the fight. He had only recently heard of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, and with that far-seeing prudence characteristic of a certain order of provincial intellect he was considering how best to forestall the effect of freedom if it should come, as he feared it would. Grim was his property, valued at about eight hundred dollars in "good money," or in Confederate scrip at, perhaps, two or three thousand dollars, more or less. He shrank from selling the negro, for in his dry, peculiar way he was fond of him; but, on the other hand, he could not consent to lose so much money on the outcome of an issue not of his own making. It can readily be imagined how, with ample leisure for reflection, and with no other problem to share his attention, Rudgis gradually buried himself, so to speak, in this desire to circumvent and nullify emancipation, in so far as it would affect his ownership of Grim, when it should come.

Grim was far more knowing, far better informed, and much more of a philosopher, than his master gave him credit for being. By some means, as occult as reliable, he had kept perfectly abreast of the progress of the great, weltering, thundering, death-dealing tempest of the war, and in his heart he felt the coming day of deliverance, the jubilee of eternal freedom for his race. Incapable, perhaps, of seeing clearly the true aspect of what was probably in store for him, he yet experienced a change of prospect that affected every fiber of his imagination, and opened, so to say, every pore of his sensibility. Naturally wary, suspicious, and quick to observe signs, he had been aware lately that his master was revolving some scheme which in all probability would effect a change in their domestic relations, to the extent, possibly, of severing the tie which for so long had bound together the lord and the thrall of Lone Ridge Pocket.

"He studyin' 'bout er-sellin' me," he soliloquized, as he lingered over his task of basket-mending after Rudgis had gone away, "an' he fink he er-gwine ter fool dis ol' coon. Well, 'fore de Lor', mebbe he will."

"What ye mutterin' thar, Grim?" called the master from his seat on the veranda. "What ye growlin' 'bout, lak er pup over er ham-bone?"

"Nuffin', sah; I jes tryin' fo' ter ketch dat chune w'at I be'n er-l'arnin'."

Then, to clinch the false statement, Grim began humming:

"De coon he hab er eejit wife,
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
De coon he hab er eejit wife,
An' she nebber comb her hah in 'er life,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey.

"An' de coon say: 'I knows w'at I 'll do,'
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
An' he wife she squall out, 'I does too!'
An' she snatch 'im poorty nigh in two,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey.

"So dat coon he allus recollec',
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
Ef he talk too loud he mus' expec'
She scratch he eyes an' wring he neck,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey!"

Rudgis listened stoically enough, so far as facial expression went; but when the low, softly melodious song was done, he shook his head, and smiled aridly.

"Got more sense 'an er Philadelphy lar-yer," he muttered under his breath, "an' he 's got some undertakin' inter that noggin er his'n. S'pect I hev ter do somethin' er 'nother wi' him, er he 's er-goin' ter git the best o' me."

He drew away at his wheezing pipe, leaning his chin, thinly fringed with grizzled beard, in his left hand, and propping that arm with his knee. His typical mountain face wore a puzzled, half-worried, half-amused expression.

"Dern 's black pictur'," he continued inaudibly, though his lips moved; "he air a-considerin' freedom right now."

"Whi' man tuk me fer er fool,
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
Wo'k me like er yaller mule,
An' never gi' me time ter cool,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey,"

hummed Grim in that tender falsetto of his. There was a haze in the air, a Maytime shimmer over the Pocket and up the terraced slopes of the mountains. Suddenly a heavy booming, like distant thunder, tumbled as if in long, throbbing waves across the peaks, and fell into the little drowsy cove.

"W'at dat, Mars Rudgis? 'Fore de Lor'! w'at dat?" cried the negro, leaping to his feet, and staring stupidly, his great mouth open, his long arms akimbo.

Eli Rudgis took his pipe-stem from his mouth, and sat in a harkening attitude. "Hit 's thet air war er-comin'," he presently said, and resumed his smoking and reflections.

"De good Lor', Mars Rudgis, w'at we gwine ter do?" stammered Grim, his heavy countenance growing strangely ashen over its corrugated blackness.

"Shet erp, an' mend that there basket," growled the master. "Goin' ter mek ye wo'k like the devil er-beatin' tan-bark while I kin;

fer thet 's yer frien's er-comin' ter free ye, Grim, sure 's shootin'."

The African bowed his head over his light task, and remained thoughtfully silent, while the dull pounding in the far distance increased to an incessant roar, vague, wavering, suggestive, awful.

Rudgis thought little of the wider significance accompanying that slowly rolling tempest of destruction; his mental vision was narrowed to the compass of the one subject which lately had demanded all his powers of consideration. Was it possible for him to hold Grim as his slave despite the proclamation of emancipation, and notwithstanding the triumph of the Federal armies?

"Ef I try ter take 'im down the country ter sell 'im, they 'll conscrip' me inter the war," he argued to himself, "an' ef I stays yer them 'fernal Yankees 'll set 'im free. Seem lak it air pow'ful close rubbin', an' dern ef I know what ter do! I air kind o' 'twixt the skillet an' the coals."

Day after day he sat smoking and cogitating, while Grim pottered at this or that bit of labor. He had an unconquerable aversion to going into the army, a thing he had avoided, partly by reason of his age and partly by one personal shift or another, after the exigencies of the Confederacy had led to the conscription of "able-bodied men" regardless of age. He felt that things were growing to desperate straits in the low country, and he feared to show himself outside his mountain fastness lest a conscript officer might nab him and send him to the front. Not that he was a coward; but in the high, dry atmosphere of the hill-country there lingered a sweet and inextinguishable waft of loyalty to the old flag, which touched the minds of many mountaineers with a vague sense of the enormity of rebellion against the government of Washington and Jackson. And yet they were Southerners, good fighters, Yankee-haters, and clung to the right of property in their negroes with a tenacity as tough as the sinews of their hardy limbs. They were, indeed, far more stubborn in this last regard than any of the great slave-owners of the low country, owing, no doubt, to their narrow, provincial notions of personal independence, which felt no need for the aid or the interference of the law in their private concerns.

Grim was not a typical slave, but he was a legitimate instance of the slavery known in the secluded region of the Southern mountain-country. He was as free, in all but name, as were most illiterate laborers of that day, barring that his skin and the Southern traditions set him on a plane far below, and quite detached from, that of the lowest white men. He had no bonds that galled him personally; plenty to eat, just enough work to keep him robust, a good bed, sufficient clothing, and unlimited tobacco — what more could he want?

His master, however, observed that he was doing a great deal of thinking; that lately he was busying his mind with some absorbing problem, and from certain signs and indications the fact appeared plain that Grim was making ready to meet the day of freedom. Rudgis saw this with a dull, deep-seated sentimental pang mixed with anger and resentment. Years of companionship in that lonely place had engendered a fondness for his slave of which he was not fully aware, and out of which was now issuing a sort of bewilderment of mind and soul. Would Grim indeed forsake him, desert him to go away to try the doubtful chances of a new order of things? This question was supplemented by another based on a different stratum of human selfishness. Rudgis, like all mountain-men, had a narrow eye to profit and loss. The money represented by Grim as his slave possessed a powerful influence; it was the larger part of his fortune.

Grim, on his part, watched his master as the tide of the war flowed on through the mountain-gaps far to the east of the Pocket; his calculations were simpler and more directly personal than those of his master. Of course things could not remain in this situation very long. Grim was the first to speak straight to the subject.

"Mars Rudgis," said he one day, "yo' be'n 'siderin' erbout sellin' me."

This direct accusation took the master unawares.

"Wha-wha-what 's that air ye air er-sayin', ye ol' whelp?" he spluttered, almost dropping his pipe.

"Yo' be'n er-finkin' 'at I 's gittin' close onter de freedom line, an' ye s'pose yo' 'd better git w'at ye kin fo' me, yah-yah-yah-ee-oorp!" and the black rascal broke forth with a mighty guffaw, bending himself almost double, and slapping his hands together vigorously. "But yo' 's 'feared dey git ye an' mek yo' tote er gun, an' 'at yo' 'd git de stuffin' shot outen yo' ef yo' try take me down de country, yah-yah-yah-ee-ee-oorp!"

"Shet erp! What ye mean? Stop thet air sq'allin', er I 'll —"

"Yah-yah-yah-ee-eep! I done cotch onter yo' ca'c'lation, Mars Rudgis, 'fo' de Lor' I has, oh! Yah-yah-yah-yah-ha-eep! An' yo' fink I 's er eejit all dis time, yah-yah-yah! Oh gi' 'long, Mars Rudgis, yo' cayn't fool dis chicken, yah-ha-yah-ha-ha-ha-ee-eer-pooh!"

Rudgis tried several times to stop this flow of accusative mirth, but at last, quite confused, he stood tall and gaunt, with a sheepish grin on his dry, wrinkled face, gazing at the writhing negro as he almost screamed out his sententious but fluent revelation.

"I done be'n er-watchin' yo' like er sparrer-hawk watchin' er peewee, Mars Rudgis, an' I say ter myself: 'Jes see 'im er-figerin' how much I 's wo'f, an' how much he gwine ter lose w'en I goes free.' An' I done be'n jes er-bustin' over it all dis time, yah-yah-yah-ee-ee!"

"Grim," said Rudgis, presently, with slow, emphatic expression, "I air er-goin' 'mejitly ter give ye one whirpin' 'at ye 'll ricomember es long es they 's breath in yer scurvy ol' body!"

They were standing on the veranda at the time. Rudgis turned into the entry, and immediately came out with a ramrod in his hand.

"Now fer yer sass ye air er-goin' ter ketch hit," he said, in that cold, rasping tone that means so much. "Stan' erp yer an' take yer med'cine."

Grim went down on his knees and began to beg; his mirth had vanished; he was trembling violently. Rudgis never had whipped him.

"Fo' de Lor' sake, Mars Eli, don' w'irp de po' ol' chil'! I jes funnin', Mars Rudgis; I jes want ter see w'at yo' gwine say. I—"

At that moment there was a great clatter of iron-shod hoofs at the little yard gate; the next, three or four horses bounded over the low fence and dashed up to the veranda.

"Please, Mars Rudgis, don' w'irp me! I did n' mean no harm, Mars Rudgis, 'deed I did n'! Oh, fo' de Lor' sake!"

"Ha! there! stop that!" commanded a loud, positive voice.

Rudgis had already looked that way. He saw some mounted soldiers, wearing blue uniforms and bearing bright guns, glaring at him.

"O, Mars Rudgis, I never gwine do so no mo', don' w'irp me! don' w'irp me!" continued Grim, paying no heed to the soldiers. "Le' me off dis yer time, fo' de goo' Lor' sake!"

"If you strike that negro one blow, I 'll shoot a hole through you quicker than lightning!" roared one of the men, who appeared to be an officer, at the same time leveling his pistol.

Rudgis dropped the ramrod as if he had been suddenly paralyzed. Grim sprang to his feet with the agility of a black cat.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer, showing a gleam of anger in his eyes, his voice indicating no parleying mood.

Rudgis stood there, pale, stolid, silent, his mouth open, his arms akimbo.

"Lor', sah, we 's jes er-foolin'," said Grim, seeing that his master could not find a word to say. "We 's er-playin' hoky-poky."

The officer leaned over his saddle-bow, and looked from one to the other of the culprits.

"Yes, sah; it wa' bony-hokus 'at we 's er-playin', 'zac'ly dat, sah," continued Grim.

"Playing what?" grimly inquired the officer.

"Rokus-pokus, sah."

"You lying old scamp," cried the officer, glaring at him, "you 're trying to deceive me!"

"Ax Mars Rudgis, now; ax him, sah."

"Humph!" and the Federal turned to the master. "What do you say, sir?"

"Tell 'im, Mars Rudgis; tell 'im 'bout w'at we 's er-playin'," pleaded Grim.

Rudgis moved his lips as if to speak, but they were dry and made no sound. He licked them with his furred, feverish tongue. Never before had he been so thoroughly frightened.

"IF YOU STRIKE THAT NEGRO ONE BLOW."

"Are you dumb?" stormed the officer, again handling his weapon. "Can't you speak?"

"Hit were hoky-poky," gasped Rudgis.

"Dah, now! Dah, now! Mebbe yo' 's sat'sfied, sah. W'a' 'd I tol' yo'?" cried Grim, wagging his head and gesticulating. "We 's jes er-playin' dat leetle game."

The officer wanted some information about a road over the mountain, so he made Grim saddle a mule and go with him to show the way. As he rode off he called back to Rudgis:

"This man 's as free as you are, and he need n't come back if he don't want to."

When they were quite gone, and the last sound of their horses' feet had died away down in the straggling fringe of trees at the foot of the hill, Rudgis picked up his ramrod and looked at it quizzically, as if he expected it to speak. Slowly his face relaxed, and a

queer smile drew it into leathery wrinkles.

"Hit were hoky-poky, by gum!" he muttered. "The dern ole scamp!"

Presently he filled his pipe, and lighted it, grinning all the while, and saying:

"The triflin' ol' rooster he hed half er dozen dif'ent names fer it; but hit were hoky-poky jes the same. The dern old coon!"

THE day passed, likewise the night; but Grim did not return. A week, a month, six months; no Grim, no mule. Sherman had swept through Georgia, and on up through the Carolinas; Johnston and Lee had surrendered. Peace had fallen like a vast silence after the awful din of war. The worn and weary soldiers of the South were straggling back to their long-neglected homes to resume as best they could the broken threads of peaceful lives.

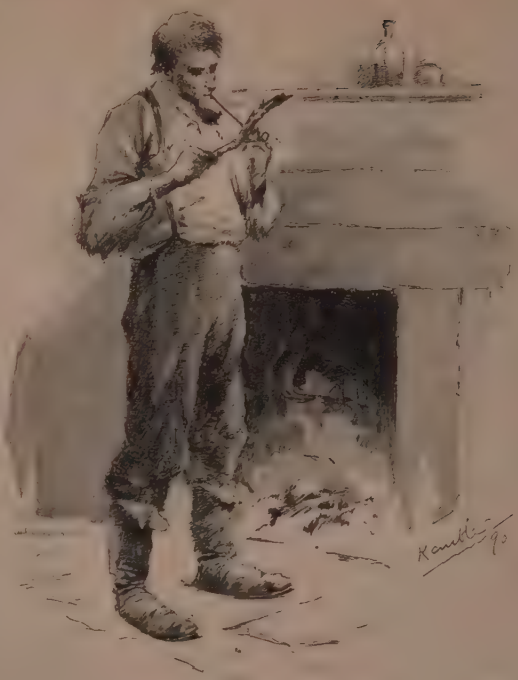
Rudgis missed Grim more as a companion than as a slave. He mourned for him, in a way, recalling his peculiarities, and musing over that one superb stroke of wit by which, perhaps, his life had been saved. Never did he fail, at the end of such a reverie, to repeat, more sadly and tenderly each time, "Hit were hoky-poky, blame his ol' hide!" The humor of this verbal reference was invariably indicated by a peculiar rising inflection in pronouncing *were*, by which he meant to accentuate lovingly Grim's prompt prevarication.

Spring had come again to the mountains, bringing its gush of greenery, its mellow sunshine, and its riotous birds. Into the Pocket blew a breeze soft, fragrant, dream-burdened, eddying like a river of sweets around the lonely, embowered cabin.

Early one morning Rudgis was smoking in his accustomed seat on the veranda. In his shirt-sleeves, bareheaded and barefooted, his cotton shirt open wide at throat and bosom, he looked like a bronze statue of Emaciation, so collapsed, wrinkled, and sear was he. His Roman nose was the only vigorous feature of his unkempt and retrospective face.

The sound of a mule's feet trotting up the little stony road did not attract his curiosity, albeit few riders passed that way; but when Grim came suddenly in sight, it was an apparition that relaxed every fiber of Rudgis's frame. He dropped lower in the old chair, his arms fell limp, and his mouth opened wide, letting fall the cob-pipe. He stared helplessly.

"Yah I is, Mars Rudgis; got back at las'. How ye do, Mars Rudgis?"



ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

"PRESENTLY HE FILLED HIS PIPE, AND LIGHTED IT."

There was the ring of genuine delight in the negro's voice — the timbre of loyal sentiment too sweet for expression in written language. He slid from the mule's back,— not the same mule that he had ridden away, but an older and poorer one,— and scrambled through the lop-sided gate.

"Well, by dad!" was all Rudgis could say. "Well, by dad!"

"Tol' yo' dey could n't sot dis niggah free, did n' I?" cried Grim, as he made a dive for both of his old master's hands. "I 's come back ter 'long ter yo' same lak I allus did. Yah sah; yah sah."

Rudgis arose slowly from his seat and straightened up his long, lean form so that he towered above the short, sturdy negro. He looked down at him in silence for some moments, his face twitching strangely. Slowly the old-time expression began to appear around his mouth and in his eyes. With a quick step he went into the house, and returned almost instantly, bearing a ramrod in his hand.

"Well, Grim," he said, with peculiar emphasis, "ef ye air still my prop'ty, an' ye don't objec', s'posin' we jes finish up that air leetle game er hoky-poky what we was er-playin' w'en them Yankees kem an' bothered us."

Maurice Thompson.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING FOR THE FARMER.

HE farmer was never before so prominent a figure in the United States. This fact is all the more noteworthy when considered in connection with the decreasing proportion of our population living in the country, and with the growing importance of our city industries as compared with agriculture. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the United States has just reached a point of marked change in agricultural conditions.

For more than a century the pioneer farmer has been working his way, year by year, toward the West. Beginning on the Atlantic coast, he cut the forests of New England, exhausted the fair fields of Virginia, tried and passed by the fertile valleys of central New York, stopped for a time in the Ohio Valley, completed the conquest of Kansas, quickly took possession of Nebraska and Montana, and now has come face to face with the agriculture of the Pacific Slope. During all this time he has planted his seed and gathered his crops without giving a thought to the destruction his methods were bringing upon the fertility of the soil. The exhaustion of the soil was a matter of no serious import, for to him its only meaning was an easy move to a new location. We of to-day see the birth of agriculture in the United States. The farming of the past was land-skimming; the farming of the future must be land-culture. Suddenly the old pioneer farmer has found the play played out, and the present wide-spread interest in the farmer is the manifestation of the fact that our agriculture — still the greatest of our industries — is under the necessity of accommodating itself to new conditions.

So long as the supply of virgin land was sufficient, agriculture asked few favors. The Eastern and Middle States have long been studying methods for preserving the soil, diversification of products, and means of protection from plant diseases, insect pests, and other enemies. But it is only recently that crop disasters or low prices, affecting the great staple-producing regions of the West, have brought the farming population to an agreement in the demand for help. This demand has called men of science to the study of the principles that underlie the right practice of agriculture, and has asked the lawmakers for such protection and help as it is in their power to afford.

It is the purpose of this article to state very briefly the principal points of some of the more important legislation bearing upon agricultural interests. Space, however, makes it necessary to leave a large and important part of the field uncovered. By special exception, railroad legislation is treated in another article. Nor will any attempt be made to trace the effects of legislation, which, though of great influence on the welfare of the farmer, yet touches his interests only in common with those of others. This exception will throw out any consideration of the general effect of the tariff on the tiller of the soil. The specific protection meant for his direct benefit will be noticed, but it will not be possible to touch the still more important and more difficult consideration of the net results of the McKinley Act, arising from giving him control of the home market with increased prices for some of his products, and at the same time requiring him to pay increased prices for some of the articles which he consumes. Another important class of laws is composed of those relating to banking and money. The changes which are asked in these lines deserve the respectful and careful consideration both of the people at large and of Congress, but they can not be considered here. Another tempting topic which the writer must not discuss is the fairness to the farmer of the laws which distribute the burdens of national, State, and local taxation. Another body of laws of the greatest interest is State legislation; but all that can be done in this article is to make mention of some of the more interesting subjects which it covers. Prominent among these at present are the making and the care of country roads; and if it be true, as stated, that it often costs more to haul grain ten miles by wagon to the railroad than to carry it by rail and steamer from the interior of the United States to Liverpool, it will be seen that this subject deserves even more attention than it is now receiving. Other subjects are the control of the fertilizer trade, the inspection of milk, butter, meats, and other products, the liabilities of owners of stray stock, the necessity of fences, the regulation of the slaughtering of animals, the duties and privileges of grain-elevators and other public

warehouses, the work of commissioners of agriculture and of boards of agriculture, farmers' institutes, district libraries, and the like.

It is, then, the object of this article to state very briefly the essential features of the more important recent acts of Congress bearing upon the development of agricultural interests in the United States.

OLEOMARGARIN.

In 1886, at the solicitation of the dairy interests, Congress passed a law, which the President approved August 2, defining butter and imposing a tax upon and regulating the manufacture, sale, importation, and exportation of oleomargarin.

In 1867 a French chemist, Mége-Mouries, surmising that the presence of butter in milk was due to the absorption of fat contained in the animal tissues, began experiments on the separation of the oils of animal fat. He succeeded in separating fatty matter into stearin and oleomargarin, the second of which he used for butter-making. His discovery became known, and when introduced into the United States, led to the development of a large industry for the manufacture of artificial butter from beef fat. This fat is composed chiefly of three oils or fats—stearin, olein, and palmatin. The second and third are the largest constituents of butter. Stearin appears, but in very much reduced proportion. The manufacture is based upon the circumstance that the three fats melt at different temperatures, olein requiring the least heat and stearin the most. The animal fat is first carefully washed in cold water and cleaned from all portions of flesh and from other impurities. It is then heated until melted. The mixture of oils obtained is allowed to cool until some of the palmatin and a large part of the stearin become solid. The mixture is then subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure. The fluid portion extracted is known as oleomargarin. When churned with a certain proportion of fresh milk a butter is produced which mixes with it, and the buttermilk imparts a flavor of fresh butter to the mass, making an imitation so perfect that it can scarcely be distinguished by taste from fresh butter. There seems to be little doubt that the product of this process, when made from carefully selected fats, by the best method, is pure, sweet, wholesome, and more palatable than some butters.

The act above referred to, popularly known as the Oleomargarin Act, with the exception of section 1, which contains a definition of butter, is devoted entirely to oleomargarin. It lays a special tax of $600 upon manufacturers, of $480 upon wholesale dealers, and of $48 upon retail dealers. A stamp tax of two cents a pound, to be paid by the manufacturer, is assessed upon every pound or upon every package containing a fraction of a pound. It provides for exportation free of tax, and subjects imports to an internal revenue tax of 15 cents per pound in addition to any customs duty. Each package is to be marked, stamped, and branded as prescribed by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Severe penalties are imposed for manufacturing or selling without paying the proper tax, for buying from those who have not paid the proper tax, and for failing properly to label packages. The law, as introduced in Congress, was doubtless intended to prohibit the manufacture; but, as passed, it is a protective measure. It protects the buttermaker not, as originally intended, by imposing a tax sufficiently great to deprive oleomargarin of the advantage of cheapness, but by freeing butter from the competition of oleomargarin under the name of butter. It protects consumers from the imposition of imitation butter for real. The reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue show the following figures:

For the Fiscal Year ending —	Internal Revenue Receipts.		Number Pounds Produced.		Persons Engaged in Trade, as —		
	Total.	Per Month.	Total.	Per Month.	Manufacturers.	Wholesale Dealers.	Retailers.
June 30, 1887*	$723,948	$90,493	21,513,537	2,689,192	37‡	267‡	3416‡
June 30, 1888	864,137	72,011	34,325,527	2,860,461	30‡	166‡	2316‡
June 30, 1889	894,248	74,521	35,664,026	2,972,002	24‡	199‡	3982‡
June 30, 1890†	786,292	65,524	32,324,032	2,693,669	22‡	179‡	3529‡
June 30, 1891	1,077,924	89,827	44,392,409	3,699,367	19§	255§	5914§

* For 8 months from November 1, 1886, when the law went into operation. ‡ For the "special tax year" ending April 30.

† The cheapness of butter and stringent State laws account for the decrease.

§ For 14 months ending June 30, 1891. The law of Oct., 1891, made the "special tax year" end June 30, to conform with fiscal year.

Those who wished to prohibit the manufacture and sale have been disappointed, for the oleomargarin industry has actually increased since the passage of the act. It has not, however, failed in noteworthy results. It has helped to raise the price of butter, especially that of good butter. Further, by confining the oleomargarin competition to the poorer grades of butter, it has doubtless caused improvement in these grades. Again, by preventing oleomargarin from masquerading as a more expensive article, it has kept the price down, greatly to the advantage of consumers. And, lastly, by compelling oleomargarin to be sold under its own name, it has relieved that product from the reproach of being a fraudulent article and has given it an honorable position in commerce as a legitimate means of utilizing waste products, and as a cheap, wholesome substitute for an expensive necessity.

THE FARMER AND THE WEATHER.

THE weather service of the United States was until recently under the charge of the War Department, and its conduct was a part of the work of the Signal Office. Under this management it devoted itself chiefly to the interests of commerce, though some attempts were made to help the farmer by warning him of frosts and floods, and by studies in lines in which he is especially interested. By an act approved October 1, 1890, the weather service was transferred from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture, of which it became a bureau, and it is expected that every effort will now be made to increase the value of the service to agriculture. The development of the work of this bureau will be of great interest to the farmer. In the past, good reasons have rendered it impossible to make the weather service of very great value to him. In the main its work has been the preparation of the familiar predictions, which have been made for large areas. At present the areas selected are single States. The predictions are made by an officer in Washington to whom observations are reported from a large number of stations situated in various parts of the country. He glances over these reports, noting the places where rain has fallen, and the network of temperatures and barometric pressure; sees how the conditions have been changing since the last predictions were made; and, perhaps with scarcely time to weigh the reasons for his conclusions, makes up his predictions in regard to the weather of the immediate future. He can give but a very small amount of time — perhaps two minutes — to each State. Any decrease in the size of the districts would, by increasing their number, make shorter the time to be devoted to each. Moreover, an increase in the number of the details to be considered, such as would result from making the districts very much smaller than the States, would greatly augment the difficulty of making any predictions at all. It will be seen that it is impossible for one observer at Washington to make local predictions.

The farmer, however, cares very little to know that rain is to fall in his State or that a frost is likely to occur within three or four hundred miles of him. He wants to be warned of the frost and the summer downpour that now find him unprepared. But in order to make such predictions as his needs require, it is necessary to take local conditions into consideration. A lake, a river-valley, or a forest may affect the weather of adjacent regions. Mountains or hills quite insignificant in the calculations of the Washington prophet will sometimes determine the weather of many farms. If these influences are to be considered, the work of forecasting the weather must be divided, and, in addition to the general predictions from Washington, we must have local predictions prepared by officers in charge of small districts. Such officers have already been appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, and their number will doubtless be increased when the usefulness of their work is shown. This, however, can not be fully demonstrated until, by the cheapening of telegraph and telephone service, and by the extension of free mail delivery, effective means are found for carrying the predictions to the farmer in time for his use. The present work of the local observers is of service in perfecting their methods, and their forecasts are of great usefulness to the farmers who can be reached; but their full value can never be realized until it is possible to put them promptly into the hands of all the farmers who can use them.

It is also to be expected that the Weather Bureau will undertake the study of those problems which lie in the common domain of meteorology and agriculture. Thus it will doubtless make systematic studies of the climate, which is almost if not quite as important to the farmer as the soil which he cultivates; for it is the climate more than the soil which fits a given region for particular crops. We speak of the peach land of New Jersey and Delaware, but it would be nearer the fact to speak of the peach climate. It is chiefly climate that fits Florida and California for the orange, the North for corn and wheat, and the South for cotton and sugar-cane. In this line the Weather Bureau can be of great service to the farmer, and it need not wait for improvements in the facilities for communication, for climate is permanent, and there will be no difficulty in presenting results of its study in time. Very little work of this kind has yet been done,

but the following quotation from an article by the present chief of the Weather Bureau, written before his appointment, will indicate some of the possibilities:

> The State services have in several cases published climatic studies of their own States which are useful, although they have not exhausted even the material on hand. They are in all cases to be looked on as provisional, mere sketches and outlines, to be followed by more complete studies. There are also many individual problems which have been studied with more care. Professor Chickering has called attention to the warm band existing half-way up the Alleghanies. Mr. Alexander has found a cold island in southeastern Michigan. Mr. Curtis has made a careful study of the hot winds of the plains. More complete are the studies made by Dr. Waldo on the distribution of average wind velocities over the States; by Professor Davis and others on the sea breezes of the Massachusetts coast; and by Professor T. Russell on our cold waves. These are all of high importance to the farmer, but the number of them is so small that they hardly do more than serve as specimens of what can and ought to be done for him.

This work will doubtless be entered upon at once, and we may confidently look forward to the time when we shall have a complete climatology for each region of our country. From this the farmer may learn the danger of torrential rains or cloud-bursts, the amount of dew to be expected, the average temperature and the extremes of variation, the frequency and amount of rain, danger of droughts, distribution of snow, amount of sunshine, and the like. These data will go a long way toward indicating the possibilities of profitable culture in any region.

There are other important problems which the bureau will study or which it will perhaps assist the agricultural experiment stations in studying. Among these are, for instance, the meteorological conditions most favorable to the growth of individual plants. It has been found that the cotton-plant requires in the earlier part of its growth plenty of warmth and moisture to develop stem and foliage, while in the later period of growth less moisture is desirable in order to favor full and early development of seed and lint. The meteorological conditions of South Carolina are generally favorable, but the right cultivation of the soil is necessary. Of late years the improvements in the regulation of the moisture by the management of the soil are noteworthy. Sea-island cotton is famous for its quality, and brings a high price, yet some years ago it was thought that the culture of this cotton must be abandoned even on the sea islands, largely because its season of growth, which was so long as to render it liable to be caught by frosts, made the crop very uncertain. Improved methods of culture have, however, materially hastened the maturity of the plant and brought it well within the length of the season. Similar determinations of meteorological requirements should be made for other staple crops.

Studies should also be made of the way in which plants are affected by removal from one climate to another. We know that an apple which is successful in New York may be an entire failure in Virginia, but we know little of the laws which govern the adaptability of plants to climates. Still other problems are connected with forests, soils, the movement of water in the soil, and the effect of climatic conditions on insect and other pests.

It is easy to see that when specialists turn their attention to this field of work, as yet almost unexplored, many opportunities will present themselves for investigations of great moment to the farmer, and it is not improbable that the act which placed the weather service in charge of the Department of Agriculture may some day come to be regarded as one of the most important originating in the eventful Fifty-First Congress.

A NEW SUGAR INDUSTRY.

THE act making appropriation for the United States Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1891, contains the following provision:

> Any manufacturer of sugar from sorghum may remove from distillery warehouses to factories used solely for the manufacture of such sugar distilled spirits in bond free of tax, to be used solely in such manufacture; all distilled spirits when so used may be recovered by redistillation.

For a number of years sugar-making experiments with sorghum have been conducted by the Department of Agriculture. Sorghum, sometimes called Chinese sugar-cane, is a cane-like grass, having the general appearance, stature, and habit of broom-corn and the taller varieties of maize, but more slender than the latter and bearing no ears. It contains an amount of sugar which many years ago caused it to be regarded as likely to become one of the important sources of our sugar supply, but till recently this expectation has not been realized; for although a ton of sorghum contains 200 or more pounds of sugar, but 80 pounds could be crystallized out of the concentrated syrup, or molasses. To ascertain the cause of this fact, the Department made investigations which led to the discovery that the substances which prevented the crystallization of the sugar were chiefly gums, which could be entirely taken out by the addition of alcohol to the juice. Alcohol causes the gums to collect and settle, so that

when the juice is filtered or strained they can be pressed into a hard mass on the filter-cloths, and easily removed. This method of treatment increased the yield of crystallized sugar from 80 to 160 pounds per ton of cane. Studies were then instituted looking to the recovery of the alcohol, with the object of using it again and again. Experiments conducted on a laboratory scale showed that the alcohol, after having been used, might be recovered by distillation with a loss of less than 5 per cent., and often of not more than 1 per cent., and that the gums themselves might be fermented and made a source of the alcohol used in the process. The only difficulty in the way of using this process was the cost of the large amount of alcohol needed. This did not result from the expense of making the alcohol, which is slight, but from the heavy internal revenue taxes.

The legislation referred to above was intended to remove these taxes and to make the newly discovered process applicable to the practical manufacture of sugar; and it is reasonable to expect that it will at an early date lead to the establishment of a new sugar industry. This will belong almost entirely to the United States, for the sorghum can not be grown successfully north of us, nor extensively south of us. The growing of sorghum will not, like the cultivation of sugar-cane, be confined to a small district and to a small number of great planters, but will be profitable in the enormous semi-arid region, including the central part of southern Kansas, Oklahoma, and a large part of Texas.

During the last summer and fall experiments have been made on an extensive scale to test the value of this process from a commercial standpoint, and a very important development is the fact that the sugar made is unusually pure. The refining of sugar is simply a process of cleaning or washing, by which impurities adhering to the crystals are removed. With cane-sugar this usually results in raising the percentage of pure sugar from a figure ranging between 90 and 95 before refining to 99.8 per cent. after refining. The raw product of the alcohol process is already about 95 per cent. pure, and will serve for many purposes as it is. This will make it possible for the producer of sorghum sugar to put a large part of his product upon the market without refining, will save the expense of that process, enable the producer and consumer to deal directly with each other, and by reducing the power of the refiners will decrease the danger of sugar trusts.

INSPECTION OF LIVE STOCK AND MEATS.

For many years our exports of live stock and meat products have been very much restricted by hostile regulations in foreign countries. The reason assigned for these regulations was the absence of any United States government inspection of live stock and meat products to guarantee them free from disease. Two acts of Congress, one approved August 30, 1890, and the other March 3, 1891, authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to inspect animals and meats intended for export or for interstate trade. In compliance with the law he has established, through the Bureau of Animal Industry, an inspection of live stock for export and an inspection of meats.

The inspection of live stock is intended to detect all animals that are diseased or infected with disease, and to prevent stock from becoming diseased in transport. The veterinary inspection of neat cattle and sheep to be exported to Great Britain, Ireland, and the continent of Europe is made at a number of interior cities and at seaports from which stock are shipped. The cattle inspected at interior cities, when found free from disease and from exposure to contagion, are tagged and shipped to the port of export, where they are again inspected. Railroad companies are required to furnish clean and disinfected cars. Persons who ship live stock must give the name of the place from which the animals come and the name of the feeder, to enable the bureau to trace diseases to their origin. The inspector at the interior city, after passing cattle and tagging them, forwards to the veterinary inspector in charge of the port of export for which they are destined the tag numbers and a description of the cars in which the animals are shipped. At the port the animals are unloaded from the cars at the wharves, whenever possible; and when it is necessary to transport them to ocean steamers by means of boats, these must be cleaned and thoroughly disinfected, and must not receive more cattle or sheep than can be carried comfortably. No vessel with cattle or sheep for Great Britain, Ireland, or the continent of Europe can receive clearance papers until the veterinary inspector certifies to the collector of the port that the animals have been duly inspected, and that the law has been fully complied with.

As Great Britain has insisted upon the existence of contagious pleuropneumonia in American cattle when the United States Department of Agriculture claimed that infection did not exist, the Secretary of Agriculture, through the State Department, recently obtained permission from the British government for American veterinarians to participate with the British officers in inspecting American cattle landed at British ports. In August, 1890, three American inspectors were sent to England. Up to September 19, 1891, they examined 374,000 head of cattle with the most gratifying results. The English officers alleged contagious pleuro-

pneumonia in only three cases, and in these cases the judgment of the American inspectors, who disputed the English diagnosis, was confirmed by the highest English veterinary authorities.

The Department also makes inspection of meats upon application of the proprietors of slaughter-houses or packing-houses. An inspector is appointed for each establishment. He must be given full and free access at all times to all parts of the building or buildings used for the slaughter of animals and the conversion of their carcasses into food products. He inspects all animals in the pens, allowing none to pass to the slaughter-room until inspected, and also makes a post-mortem examination. Any animal found to be diseased is condemned, and its owner must remove it from the premises, and dispose of it as required by the laws of the State. An owner who wilfully causes or permits any diseased animal to remain upon his premises beyond the time allowed for its removal forfeits the privilege of inspection, and is refused certificates for his product. Carcasses of dressed beef are marked with a numbered tag, a record of which is kept in the Department at Washington. Each package of food products made from the carcasses of the inspected animals is carefully marked with a label, which must bear at least the Department number of the establishment and the statement that the product has been examined. A copy of this label is filed in the Department at Washington, and becomes the mark of identification. In addition it is required that each package shipped shall have printed upon it the Department number of the establishment, the location of the factory, the number of pieces or pounds contained, the trade-mark, and in large letters the words "For Export" or "Interstate Trade," and shall bear a Department of Agriculture stamp. For each consignment of carcasses or their food products exported to foreign countries, the Department gives a certificate stating the number of the factory, the name of its owner, the date of inspection, the name of the consignee, the country to which the articles are to be exported, and the numbers of the stamps attached to the articles. The certificate is in triplicate, one copy being delivered to the consignor, one attached to the invoice, and one filed in the Department of Agriculture.

An important part of the regulations for meat inspection is the provision for a microscopic examination of hogs at the time of slaughter in order to detect any infested with the animal parasite called *Trichina spiralis*. This parasite is a small worm found chiefly in hogs and rats and occasionally in other animals that eat animal food. In Germany it is believed to gain entrance to swine through rats that they consume. How it gains entrance to American swine is not known. The worms when eaten pass into the intestines of the host animal, where they multiply, each female giving rise to about 1800 offspring. The young pass through the walls of the intestines, and wander through the body until they reach the muscular tissue. Muscles, when divided into their last component parts, consist of long, slender bodies made up of a case and inclosed matter. It is upon this matter that the worms prey. They seldom prove fatal to swine, but when they attack the breathing and swallowing muscles of man in sufficiently large numbers, death quickly ensues. Cooking that causes pork to become heated in all its parts to a high temperature for a half hour or more destroys the worms, and renders even highly infected meat quite harmless. To thorough cooking is largely due the fact that this parasite has caused comparatively few deaths in this country. But in countries like Germany, in which large quantities of pork are eaten nearly or quite raw, the danger is very much increased. In European countries, and especially in Germany, inspection has been made by the Government for many years, and they have objected to receiving American pork, which until very recently has been subject to no inspection whatever.

When the slaughtered hog is passed into the cooling-room, three samples are cut from the body, one from the pillar of the diaphragm, one from the tenderloin, and one from the shoulder. These are marked, placed in self-locking tin boxes, and sent to the microscopist. He or an assistant takes from each sample three small portions, making nine in all for each carcass. These are flattened out between two glass plates and subjected to examination under the microscope. The worms, if present, are easily discovered coiled in a spiral and inclosed in a cyst, or sack. Samples that are condemned by an assistant microscopist as containing trichinæ are again viewed by the chief microscopist. All carcasses that are found to be infected are removed from the premises by the proprietor, and disposed of as the State law requires. Up to the present time proprietors, according to agreement with the Department, have sent condemned animals and meat to the rendering-tank. The Department has, however, no legal authority to compel them to take this course, as the supervision of local markets is left to local authorities.

The cost of the inspection is borne by the Government. The Secretary of Agriculture, in his report for 1891, stated that the inspection of live stock for export had cost, for the ten months during which it had been in operation, $8500 per month, and that the meat inspection

when it had been in operation three months had cost about 3¼ cents per head for each animal inspected. It is believed that experience will reduce the cost to 3 cents. The microscopic inspection of hogs has been in operation only a very short time. For the first month it cost 20⅓ cents per head, for the second 13⅓ cents per head. It is expected that the cost will shortly be reduced to 5 cents. As a result of the adoption of our inspection laws, our pork products find markets now in Germany, Denmark, France, and Italy, from all of which they were formerly excluded. The British restrictions upon the importation of American cattle have not as yet been modified.

THE TARIFF.

PRESIDENT HARRISON approved October 1, 1890, an act whose title declares that it is adopted "to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports and for other purposes." Thus the McKinley Bill became a law, and the famous McKinley tariff was put in operation. This tariff supersedes one provided for in an act approved March 3, 1883. The McKinley tariff contains several features which should be noticed here.

Schedule G, which in the earlier act bore the title "Provisions," now bears the title "Agricultural Products and Provisions," and provides duties on live animals, breadstuffs, farinaceous substances, dairy products, farm and field products, seeds, fish, fruits and nuts, meat products, salt, and miscellaneous products. Other schedules provide duties on wool, lumber, tobacco, spirits, wines, flax, hemp, jute, and leather. The table given below, prepared from the report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1890, shows some of the more important changes.

Sugars are free except those above No. 16 Dutch standard in color, which pay a duty of one half cent per pound. This duty is increased by one tenth of a cent per pound on sugars produced by or exported from a country which pays a higher export bounty on them than on sugars of a lower saccharin strength. To the American sugar-producer there is granted a bounty of 2 cents per pound on beet, sorghum, sugar-cane, and maple-sugar testing not less than 90 degrees by the polariscope, and a bounty of 1¾ cents per pound on sugar testing less than 90 degrees, but not less than 80 degrees. The payment of this bounty began July 1, 1891, and is to continue until July 1, 1905. Machinery brought to this country to be used in the production of raw sugar from native-grown beets is admitted duty free until July 1, 1892. On the free list are jute, manila, Sisal grass, the substances used for manure, and animals imported for breeding purposes, provided that they be pure-blooded, of a recognized breed, and are duly registered in the book of record established for that breed.

It is yet too early to show the results of these provisions, but attention should be called to the fact that the McKinley Act recognizes the farmer's claim to be taken into account in any legislation furnishing protection to our industries.

RECIPROCITY.

SECTION 3 of this act is the famous reciprocity legislation. It reads as follows:

With a view to secure reciprocal trade with countries producing the following articles, and for this purpose, on and after the first day of January, eighteen hundred and ninety-two, whenever and so often as the President shall be satisfied that the Government of any country producing and exporting sugars, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, raw and uncured, or any of such articles, imposes duties or other exactions upon the agricultural or other products of the United States, which in view of the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides into the

	Old tariff.	*New tariff.*
Cattle	20 % ad val.	Over 1 year, $10. Under 1 year, $2.
Horses	20 % ad val.	$30, or if value exceeds $150, 30 % ad val.
Sheep	20 % ad val.	Over 1 year, $1.50. Under 1 year, 75c.
Cheese, per lb.	4c.	6c.
Eggs, per doz.	Free	5c.
Wool, Classes 1 and 2, per lb	Value above 30c., 12c. Other 10c.	12c. 11c.
Wool, Class 3, per lb	Value above 12c., 5c Other 2½c	Value above 13c. 50 % ad val. Other 32 % ad val.
Barley, per bushel	10c.	30c.
Hay, per ton	$2	$4.
Hops, per lb.	8c.	15c.
Leaf tobacco for wrappers, per lb	Stemmed, $1 Unstemmed, 75c.	$2.75. $2.00.
" " Other, per lb.	35c.	Stemmed, 50c. Unstemmed, 35c.
Potatoes, per bushel	15c.	25c.

United States he may deem to be reciprocally unequal and unreasonable, he shall have the power and it shall be his duty to suspend, by proclamation to that effect, the provisions of this act relating to the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, the production of such country, for such time as he shall deem just, and in such case and during such suspension duties shall be levied, collected, and paid upon sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, the product of or exported from such designated country.

Then follow the duties: on sugar varying from seven tenths of a cent to 2 cents per pound; on molasses, 4 cents per gallon; on coffee, 3 cents per pound; on tea, 10 cents per pound; on hides, 1½ cents per pound.

This provision was intended to secure trade privileges in return for the free admission of products into this country. Under it there have been concluded treaties providing for reciprocity with Brazil, Cuba, and Porto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Trinidad, Barbadoes, Leeward Islands, Windward Islands, British Guiana, and Jamaica, Nicaragua, Germany, and Honduras. To describe the provisions of all these treaties would require too much space. That with Brazil admits the following articles, products of the United States, free of all duties, national, State, or municipal: wheat; wheat-flour; maize and its manufactures; rye, rye-flour, buckwheat, buckwheat-flour, and barley; potatoes, beans, and peas; hay and oats; salted pork; fish, salted, dried, or pickled; cotton-seed oil; coal; rosin, tar, pitch, and turpentine; agricultural tools, implements, and machinery; mining and mechanical tools, implements and machinery, including stationary and portable engines, and all machinery for manufacturing and industrial purposes except sewing-machines; instruments and books for the arts and sciences; and railway-construction material and equipment. In addition, the following articles are admitted at a reduction of 25% from the duties provided in the tariff now in force or from any which may be adopted hereafter: lard and its substitutes; hams; butter and cheese; canned and preserved meats, fish, fruit, and vegetables; manufactures of cotton; manufactures of iron and steel not included in the former list; leather and its manufactures, except boots and shoes; lumber, timber, and the manufactures of wood, including cooperage, furniture, wagons, carts, and carriages; manufactures of rubber.

The President has suspended by proclamation the free admission into the United States of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides from Colombia, Hayti, and Venezuela.

This section may be taken as an express acknowledgment by the country that it is the duty of the National government to make it possible for the farmer to find favorable markets abroad.

COLLECTION AND DISSEMINATION OF INFORMATION.

Among the most important acts of Congress touching the welfare of the farmer are those which provide for the establishment of institutions of learning which are to give special attention to agriculture and the sciences related to it; for the maintenance of agricultural experiment stations which are devoted to the scientific investigation of agricultural problems; and for the elevation of the United States Department of Agriculture to a cabinet department. All these acts will be sufficiently noticed in other articles in this series. These three educational agencies, the colleges, the stations, and the Department, are the most important ones now at work for the betterment of agricultural matters, for nothing can benefit the farmer so much as a knowledge of the best methods of farming for the region in which he may live.

A. W. Harris.

"EARTH HATH HER HURTS."

EARTH hath her hurts, but seems to lack
Her cures; the broken heart
Knits in its cleavage, and the back,
Though lashed, forgets to smart.

Aye; but the loss—the maim—can this
Its crooked growth restrain,
Till life leaps through the arteries
And the man is a man again?

O Life immortal, hast thou skill
To heal, and can thy gift
Make Byron's brow serene, or fill
The famished soul of Swift?

John Jay Chapman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Responsibility for Political Corruption.

IT is the habit of many persons who deplore the existence of corruption in American politics to place the main responsibility for it upon the ignorant voters. "If we had not such a large ignorant vote, a great deal of it foreign," they say, "we should get along much better. We should not have so much money used corruptly in carrying elections, or in influencing the course of legislation." Is this an accurate diagnosis of the case? Let us consider the chief forms of corruption, and see whether it is.

To begin with national politics, the chief method of corruption is the use of large sums of money in carrying Presidential elections. A great deal of this money is used for legitimate purposes, but a great deal more of it has been used in the recent past for the direct purchase of votes. This was conceded to be the case in the campaign of 1888, when both political parties raised unprecedentedly large campaign funds, each making excuse that it must do so to counteract the other. The corrupt purpose of these rival funds was disclosed by the fact that they were raised during the final days of the campaign, when the legitimate work of electioneering had been finished. There were no more documents to be distributed, no more halls and headquarters to be hired, few or no more parades to be organized or mass meetings to be held.

Who supplied the money for those funds? Did it come from the ignorant and foreign portion of the electorate, or from its intelligent, native, and more respectable elements? It is unnecessary to answer these questions. Did not the contributors suspect that their money was to be used for corrupt purposes? If they did not, what other use did they think would be made of it? If they did suspect, why did they, as reputable citizens, upright and honorable members of society, contribute it? Simply because they had become so interested in the campaign, so desirous of partizan victory, that their moral sense was blunted to practical extinction. They shut their eyes and consciences at the same time; gave their money, asked no questions as to its use, and got ready to toss up their hats with joy at the victory which they hoped it would bring. Yet if their money went into the hands of a professional corruptionist, who distributed it among his agents, which agents went with it into the slums of great cities and bought with it the votes of ignorant and foreign-born electors, thus debauching the suffrage — upon whose head rested the responsibility? Which was the more guilty in the sight of God and man, the poor, ignorant wretch who yielded to the temptation of the man who went to him with the money in his hand, or the respectable, intelligent, honorable member of society who supplied the temptation?

Partizanship is not the only motive for such giving. Positions of honor and profit in the public service, legislation of great value to private business interests, are bought and sold in advance of election, the goods to be delivered in case of success at the polls. Here again the authors of the corruption are the men who supply the money, not the men who are tempted to take it at the sacrifice of their honor.

When we come to State and municipal politics, we find the same evil of corruption in elections traceable to the same sources, and we find an even greater one in the buying and selling of legislation in the legislative bodies. It is a matter of common knowledge that all the great railway and other corporations, all the banks and chartered institutions which have large vested rights and interests to protect, are obliged to keep close watch by means of hired agents upon the law-making bodies of the various States, to guard themselves against hostile legislation, or to promote the passage of favorable measures. In many instances large sums of money are devoted each year to this work in the legislatures. It is disguised under some such term as "legal expenses," but the managers of the corporations and institutions who authorize its expenditure know what its purposes are. It is admitted, indeed, by many of them that the money is used for corrupt purposes, but it is claimed that such use is an absolute necessity for the protection of the property which is in their charge. They argue that so long as legislative bodies are constituted as they are at present, with venal elements frequently holding the balance of power, direct bribery is the only method for warding off injurious legislation, or securing desirable legislation.

Before inquiring as to the responsibility for this kind of corruption, let us see to what it leads. It has brought into public life a class of men known as legislative "jobbers" or "strikers." Frequently, in order to get elected, these pay sums several times as large as the salary which the office affords, their object being to get into a position in which they can traffic in legislation. They introduce measures designed to injure corporate and vested rights, in order to be "bought off" from pressing them. They organize "cliques" and "combines," and require payment for the votes of this organized gang of plunderers for or against any measure in which they think there is "something for them." These men would never have thought of going into a legislature had not the business of paying for legislation been encouraged and built up by the corporations and other aggregations of capital.

Is there any doubt about the responsibility for this kind of corruption? Does it rest upon the miserable creatures who have been attracted, like flies to offal, by the bribes offered in the halls of legislation, or upon the men of character and standing in the community who as presidents, directors, and managers of corporations and institutions furnish the bribes? What would happen if these presidents, directors, and managers, from one end of the land to the other, were to come together and declare that henceforth not a cent would they authorize for use in influencing legislation of any kind? What would happen if they were to agree that in every instance in which a demand were made upon them by a legislator or his agent for money as a price of legislation, they would make public exposure of the same, and do their utmost to have the guilty person punished? Would not the whole nefarious and demor-

alizing business disappear, and with it the legislative "jobbers" and "strikers" it has bred and nourished until they have made popular government a mockery, and the halls of legislation, in more than one instance, a den of thieves?

There has never been any corruption in politics, in any nation that the world has ever seen, in which the responsibility did not rest upon the man who offered the bribe rather than upon the man who took it. It does not lessen this responsibility if there be one or a dozen middlemen between the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker. What is wanted is a moral sense which will be as keen in political matters as it is in private and commercial matters. No reputable man ought to give a dollar for political purposes unless he can have in return an accounting for its use. Every man who contributes to a large campaign fund, to be expended by a professional corruptionist without any public or private accounting of the uses to which it is put, is an accomplice in a gigantic scheme of bribery which he has helped to make possible. Every man who contributes a penny to the blackmail levied against him, either as an individual or as a member of a corporation, is an accomplice in the systematic debauching of popular government which is in progress in the legislative bodies of this country to-day.

Why is it that it is so difficult to secure a more honest administration of the government of a great city like New York? There are many reasons, but the chief of them is not the cupidity and ignorance of the lower class of voters. Why do men not only consent to pay "assessments" to the Tammany dictators as the price of nominations for office, but why do they also consent to contribute directly to its campaign funds under fear of hostile treatment in case they refuse? An instance is within our knowledge in which the members of a firm were as individuals deeply interested in the campaign of the People's Municipal League against Tammany Hall in 1890, and as individuals were contributors to the League's fund, yet as a firm they contributed also to the Tammany Hall fund in order to be on good terms with Tammany after election. The idea that their moral obligations as good citizens were greater than their business interests did not occur to them, or, if it did, was not powerful enough to control their conduct.

Instead of being the source of our political corruption, the ignorant voter is the victim of it. If he be foreign-born, almost the first lesson he receives in American politics is that elections are controlled by corrupt men for corrupt purposes, and that the rich and respectable members of American society supply money for this work of debauchery. Instead of educating him to a high and just conception of his duties and privileges as a citizen, we are teaching him the lowest one possible. The dangerous consequences of such teaching need not be pointed out. Every instinct of patriotism, as well as every moral obligation, ought to show to every man who loves his country what his duty is in the premises.

A New Movement in Municipal Reform.

A FEW public-spirited young men in New York City have set on foot a project which ought to find imitators in all other large cities of the land. They have founded a City Club, composed of men who are in favor of better municipal government, and who are sufficiently anxious to obtain it to work together for that end without regard to the considerations of national politics. It is proposed to have a club-house which, in addition to the usual accompaniments of such buildings, will have facilities for publishing and distributing documents and other educational literature. The minimum membership of 500, proposed as a beginning, was quickly reached, and the membership is approaching its first thousand. The idea is to organize ultimately the intelligence and morality of the community as thoroughly as the cupidity and ignorance of it have for years been organized by the political machines, and thus to make the former a power which shall drive the latter from the control of the government.

The alacrity with which eminent citizens of all political faiths have joined in the movement furnishes evidence, as encouraging as it is surprising, that there is an abundance of public spirit in the city which has generally been accused of having less of that quality than almost any other in the country.

But in how many other cities do the most intelligent elements of the population neglect entirely municipal affairs for the greater part of the time, taking only a brief and often misdirected interest in them for a few weeks preceding an election? The men who make politics their occupation and means of livelihood devote all their energies to the business every day in the year. They have their meeting-places, or halls, and their organization is in constant readiness for a contest. They would never make the blunder of allowing their organization to go to pieces after each election, trusting to luck to get it together again in time to carry the next election.

There is not a city in the land in which the respectable and intelligent citizens are not in an overwhelming majority. Bad municipal government in the United States, which is the almost universal rule, exists only because of the refusal of these citizens to take control of their own affairs. They allow themselves, in the first place, to be divided into two factions because of their national political affiliations. This gives the politicians who get their living out of bad municipal government their most important point of vantage: they have the enemy surely and permanently divided. Having given the politicians this advantage at the outset, the intelligent and respectable citizens give them the further advantage of refraining from all permanent organization. These are notorious facts, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon them, or upon the results which flow naturally from them.

The City Club idea is aimed directly at the two worst evils of our present system. It requires its disciples to say that they will leave national politics out of the problem, and that they will enroll themselves as members of a permanent organization, paying annual dues for its support and for the prosecution of its work, and holding themselves in readiness at all times to unite in a common movement for a common purpose. It is based on the belief that the intelligent citizen will find in civic pride an incentive to political work as powerful and absorbing as the ignorant and corrupt politician finds in the spoils of office. We do not believe that this is a misplaced confidence. There is no lack of civic pride in any city of America. It exists everywhere in constantly increasing volume, because of the shame which the scandals of municipal misgovernment are bringing upon us as a people. With proper organization it can be converted into a tremendous power for good, and

such organization the City Club idea seems surely to promise.

Every patriotic citizen, and every sympathizer with the hardships and sufferings of his fellow-creatures, ought to rejoice at an opportunity to join an organization of this character. Municipal misrule is a scandal and a shame, but its most deplorable aspect is the suffering which it causes to the most helpless portion of every city's population, the poor. It is upon them that the evil of dishonest and ignorant government bears most heavily in the end. In the model governments of cities like Glasgow, Berlin, Edinburgh, and Birmingham, it is the poor whose health, happiness, and security are most carefully provided for and protected. In many of our cities the government not merely ignores their needs, it brutally aggravates and multiplies their distresses. It does nothing to soften the hardness of their lives, but nearly everything possible to make their burdens heavier.

Another Word on "Cheap Money."

WITH the failure of the free-coinage bill in Congress, the danger that this country might be called upon to pass through the quagmire of a fresh cheap-money experiment seems to have been averted, for the present surely, and in all probability for a long time to come. It is apparent now that whatever of popular sentiment there may have been behind the free-silver movement at its beginning, there was very little behind it at the time of the free-coinage bill's failure, and even less at this moment than there was then. The American people have always shown great quickness in educating themselves on financial and economic questions, and the sudden subsidence of the free-silver "craze" shows that the work of education, so far as that form of cheap money is concerned, has been practically accomplished.

THE CENTURY rejoices sincerely in the assurances which have come to it from many sources that its efforts to assist in this work of education have not been unsuccessful. Now that the work is ended for the present, it may not be amiss, in taking leave of the subject in these columns, to quote a few striking passages, on the evils of cheap money, from the writings of two masters of vigorous English who studied different phases of those evils in former times. The truth of their forcible language will be all the more appreciated now, since we are coming more and more each day to a proper realization of the perils from which, as a nation, we have had so narrow an escape.

In 1722 one William Wood, a hardware merchant, obtained from the British crown a patent to coin copper money for Ireland to the amount of £108,000. He had no power to compel any one to take his halfpence, which he coined under this grant and sent to Ireland; and when a large batch of them arrived there the people refused to take and use them as money. They were made of such base metal, and were so much smaller than the English halfpence, that they were worth in gold or silver not more than a twelfth of their face-value. When the Irish people refused to accept them as money, there was talk of Wood's obtaining orders from the crown compelling the king's commissioners and collectors of customs in Ireland to take them as money, and thus force them into circulation. Upon this proposition Dean Swift, then in the full vigor of his wonderful powers as a controversialist, published a series of pamphlets or letters addressed to the tradesmen, shopkeepers, farmers, and common people in general, on the subject of the debased coin, which made a powerful impression in both England and Ireland, and hastened the repeal of Wood's patent. These letters were signed "Drapier," and are known in the collections of Swift's works under that title. We shall make a few quotations from them with a view to showing how perfectly his arguments against the folly of debased or cheap money, made 170 years ago, apply to the proposal to inflict upon the American people a debased silver dollar worth only 70 cents.

It was urged in defense of Wood's money that copper halfpence were scarce in Ireland; that the people needed more copper money for the transaction of their business; and that if the supply were greater everybody would be more prosperous. All that sounds very familiar. It was also said, in answer to a query as to whether Wood would keep his coinage within the £108,000 limit, that he would be guided in that respect by the "exigencies of trade." That phrase also sounds very familiar. Here is what Swift says on that point:

> Wood proposes that he will not coin above £40,000 unless the exigencies of trade require it: First, I observe that this sum of £40,000 is almost double to what I proved to be sufficient for the whole kingdom, although we had not one of our old halfpence left. Again I ask, who is to be judge when the exigencies of trade require it? Without doubt he means himself, for as to us of this poor kingdom, who must be utterly ruined if his project should succeed, we were never once consulted till the matter was over, and he will judge of our exigencies by his own; neither will these be ever at an end till he and his accomplices will think they have enough.

In reference to the effects of cheap halfpence on the people of Ireland, Swift said:

> Mr. Wood will never be at rest but coin on: so that in some years we shall have at least five times four score and ten thousand pounds of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above four hundred thousand pounds in all; and while there is a silver sixpence, these blood-suckers will never be quiet. When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition I will tell you what must be the end: The gentlemen of estates will all turn off their tenants for want of payment, because the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling, which is lawful current money of England; then they will turn their own farmers, run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary; then they will be their own merchants, and send their wool and butter and hides and linen beyond sea for ready money and wines and spices and silks. The farmers must rob or beg or leave the country. The shopkeepers in this and every other town must break and starve, for it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handicraftsman. I should never have done, if I were to tell you all the miseries that we shall undergo if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this cursed coin. . . . In short, those halfpence are like the accursed thing, which, as the Scripture tells us, the children of Israel were forbidden to touch; they will run about like the plague and destroy everyone who lays his hands upon them.

Carlyle, in his "French Revolution," uses scarcely less vigorous, and even more picturesque, language in regard to the *assignats* which were issued in France between 1789 and 1796. These were in the form of paper money, based at first upon the security of confiscated church lands, and afterward upon all the national domains and other property. They were issued to the amount of over forty-five billion francs, and be-

fare they were withdrawn depreciated to less than one three hundredth of their face-value. Carlyle records that a hackney-coachman in Paris demanded six thousand livres, about fifteen hundred dollars, as fare for a short ride, in the last days of the *assignats*. In regard to the first issue, he says in the first volume of the "French Revolution":

"Therefore, on the 19th day of December a paper-currency of 400 millions [in Bonds secured on property of the Clergy-National Property, and to-be-confiscated] is launched; which — as sentence 'the first of living sentences' [of paper currencies, which shall ever be launched]. So that now coin and rags [both alike] are to be sole circulating medium: whether or commodities so circulate thereon is another question. But, after all, does not this assignat business speak volumes for modern science? Bankruptcy, we may say, was come, as the *end* of all Delusions needs must come: yet how gently, in softening diffusion, in mild succession, was it here made to fall! — like moral-destroying awakening, like gentle shivers of a pulsiery impalpable snow, shower after shower; till all was indeed buried, and yet little was destroyed that could not be replaced, be dispensed with. To-wish longer has modern machinery mashed. Bankruptcy we said was great: but indeed Money itself is a standing miracle."

The miracle of the *assignats* consisted in creating what appeared to be something out of nothing; but it returned in due season to nothing, leaving ruin and desolation behind it.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Disputed Picture in Sparks's "Washington."

IN THE CENTURY for February, 1892, Mr. Charles Henry Hart undertakes to "refute" what is stated in my volume, "George Washington and Mount Vernon," concerning the error of Sparks in publishing a portrait of Washington's sister as that of his wife. But Mr. Hart, in his comparative study, deals with the wrong picture. He contrasts the Sparks engraving with a picture from Clarke County shown in our Centennial Loan Exhibition in 1889. Although to me it is plain that the exhibited picture was meant for the same person as the Sparks picture, it is a wretched daub, and looks like some local artist's attempt to paint Betty Lewis in advanced age with the dress of her early portraits. However this may be, it is aside from the issue. The portrait to be compared with the supposed Martha Washington is the unquestionable Betty Lewis at Marmion, of which an engraving appeared in THE CENTURY for April.

A satisfactory comparison cannot, however, be made between the two engravings. The Sparks engraver has made the lady much younger than she is in the original, and has slightly rearranged her beads, so far as I can judge from a blue photograph of the original now before me. On the other hand, the Marmion lady appears older in black and white than in the original, which is represented in New York by a full-sized copy, made many years ago by a competent artist for the late Captain Coleman Williams, one of the Lewis family. Since seeing the picture in the April CENTURY, I have closely examined the pictures again, and believe the only important difference between the undisputed Betty Lewis and the supposed Martha Washington is in a slight rearrangement of hair over the forehead. In the original the two appear to be of the same age, and the portraits were probably taken successively. Colonel Fielding Lewis ordering one picture of his bride for himself, another for her brother. In order to show that the two are replicas, the artist has altered the hair slightly, and some few details; the flower held in the right hand is changed, and the figure, standing in one case, is seated in the other. If Mr. Hart will call on me, he shall be shown the copy of the Marmion portrait beside the Sparks picture, and a photograph from the original represented by the latter. I do not doubt that he will be convinced that, unless they be the same, no two unrelated ladies ever so miraculously resembled each other, or dressed so alike, even to the loops of the bow-knot at the breast, and ribbons floating out in the same way. I think, too, that Mr. Hart will admit that nothing less than a miracle could transform the lady of the Sparks picture, especially as seen in my photograph from the original, into the Mrs. Washington by Charles Willson Peale reproduced in his article in the February CENTURY.

It is not necessary for me to venture any theory as to the origin of the error in Sparks; but having some Virginia sentiment concerning the families connected by Mr. Hart with the matter, who are placed as I think in a false position, I must question the authenticity of his statement that G. W. P. Custis and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lewis are responsible for the publication in Sparks. If indeed they believed the portrait to be that of Martha Washington, they may have got the notion from the book of Sparks, who might have got it from a negro housekeeper. None of them could remember Betty Lewis or Mrs. Washington at so early an age as that of the portrait, and they might easily have been misled. But were they misled? Mr. Custis does seem to allude to this portrait as that of his grandmother, but evidently had no definite knowledge about it. He says it was painted in 1757 — the terrible year in which Martha Custis, after the death of her two children, saw her husband sinking into the grave. Is it to be supposed that then, or in any of those years of affliction, this bereaved mother and widow was painted in *décolletée* costume, and gayest colors, as shown in the original of the Sparks picture?

In 1855 Colonel Lewis Washington, who pointed out the error in Sparks, made a careful investigation of all the family pictures, and corresponded with Mr. Custis on the subject. In a letter to Colonel Lewis Washington (August 4, 1855), Mr. Custis speaks of the "majestic" Betty Lewis, and adds, "There is a good portrait of her." To what portrait did he refer? Certainly not to the wretched daub with which alone Mr. Hart has compared the Sparks picture. No sane man could describe that as good, or its subject as majestic. Mr. Custis could hardly mean Colonel Lewis Washington's own picture of Betty Lewis. The "good portrait" may have been that at Marmion, whose characteristics he might

not remember. Or, finally, Mr. Custis may have been convinced in 1855, when Colonel Lewis Washington called his attention to the matter, that the portrait at Arlington, which Sparks had engraved, was that of Betty Lewis.

Moncure D. Conway.

A Word More on the Distribution of Ability.

In the abundant comment upon the article about "The Distribution of Ability in the United States" which appeared in the September CENTURY, much criticism was mingled. To reply to this criticism in detail would be needless, and would occupy too much space. But all of it, I think, can be met by a few general statements, and the more easily as most of it proceeds from a misapprehension of the original inquiry and of the system upon which it was conducted.

In the first place, I did not create the statistics; I merely collected them, and they are as free from error as it is possible to be in tallying and classifying over fifteen thousand names. I should have been glad to give figures which would have gratified every one's local and race sensibilities; and if I had been making up the lists as a work of the imagination solely to please myself, I should not have reached the conclusion that Connecticut among the States and the Huguenot French among the race stocks showed the highest percentage of ability. I gave the results exactly as I found them, and had no idea what they would be until all the names had been tallied, classified, and finally counted.

Another criticism has come from a failure to recognize the plainly stated system upon which the work was done. I adopted, for instance, a certain race classification. It is perfectly fair to criticize that classification as such, but it is absurd to say that I have misrepresented facts because the results of a different classification are not the same as mine. For example, I classified the Irish and the Scotch-Irish as two distinct race stocks, and I believe the distinction to be a sound one historically and scientifically. It is possible, of course, to take another view of this arrangement of races, and perhaps to defend it. But to add a large part of the Scotch-Irish to the Irish, as one of my critics has done, and then to accuse me of misrepresentation because his result based on one classification differs from mine based on another and entirely different one, is unfair and meaningless, and does not touch my conclusions. The Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland, Protestant in religion and chiefly Scotch and English in blood and name, came to this country in large numbers in the eighteenth century, while the people of pure Irish stock came scarcely at all during the colonial period, and did not immigrate here largely until the present century was well advanced. There seems no good reason why a people who were not here except in very small numbers should perform the impossible feat of producing more ability than races which were here and which outnumbered them many times. In the table of persons born in the United States the number of pure Irish stock is small because there was very little of it. On the other hand, in the emigrant table, which represents ability after the Irish movement began, the Irish stand high. The Scotch-Irish and Huguenots show the reverse. They stand very high in the tables of persons born here, and almost disappear in the emigrant table. In other words, the figures correspond, as they ought, with the facts of history and with the race movements.

The same principle holds true in regard to States. Communities cannot begin to produce native-born ability until they have been in existence as communities for at least the lifetime of one generation. For this reason the total amount of ability becomes less as we pass from the old thirteen States to those founded just after the Revolution, and thence through the different stages until the newest States are reached, where practically nothing is shown in the tables, simply because there has not been time for men and women to be born and to grow to maturity, and the active and able part of the population has of necessity come from outside. The criticism that birthplace should not be the test for the classification by communities seems hardly to require an answer, for a moment's reflection ought to convince any one that no other is practicable. Place of birth is no test of race, although it may be an indication, but it is a test for determining the community which produced a given man or woman. If we attempt to credit a person to the community in which he grew up or was educated, or in which he achieved his reputation, our only guide is discretion, and the classification could be disputed in every instance. The place of birth may sometimes be misleading as to the community which really produced a man or woman, but these errors are comparatively few; they balance, or tend to balance, one another, and the test itself is not open to dispute and is not a matter of personal discretion.

In addition to these general points, there is one specific objection which I wish to meet. Some of my critics said that it was not surprising that New England and New York showed such high figures, because "Appleton's Cyclopædia of National Biography" was a Northern and Eastern publication, and its editors were a New-Yorker and a New-Englander. It was intimated that if the "Cyclopædia" had been edited and published elsewhere, and by other persons, the result would have been different, and that the place of publication and the unconscious bias of the editors had given the States which showed the best results an undue advantage. This criticism was susceptible of a test which I have accordingly made. In regard to American ability the "Encyclopædia Britannica," whatever its merits or defects otherwise, is at least a disinterested witness, unswayed by either the State or race partialities of the United States. In the index of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" I find 317 names of Americans, who are not merely mentioned in lists, but of whom some account is given either under their own names or in connection with some general subject. Of these at least 250 would be placed without dispute among the 300 most distinguished Americans. Of the remaining 67 the right of some to be in the list would be disputed, while that of others would be rejected, by American judges. These last names, however, whether removed or left in, are so divided among races and States as to make no difference in the general result. These 317 names, therefore, selected by an entirely outside authority, I have classified and arranged just as I did those in the original article, and the results are given below. These tables explain themselves. It will be seen that they not only confirm the general trend and results of the Appleton tables, but accentuate the differences among the States shown by the latter, and fully sustain the conclusions of the original article.

TABLE A.

States.	Statesmen.	Soldiers.	Literature.	Physicians.	Clergymen.	Lawyers.	Science.	Inventors.	Navy.	Pioneers and Explorers.	Philanthropy and Business.	Art.	Educators.	Engineers.	
Massachusetts	25	3	31	..	10	2	7	4	..	4	3	2	2	..	93
New York	13	4	8	1	4	1	5	..	..	4	1	1	..	..	42
Pennsylvania	5	3	10	2	1	..	5	1	1	3	2	1	..	..	34
Connecticut	6	2	11	..	6	1	3	2	1	1	..	1	1	..	35
Virginia	15	8	..	..	1	1	2	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	29
Maryland	..	..	3	..	..	1	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	6
New Jersey	2	..	1	..	1	..	..	1	1	3	..	..	..	..	9
New Hampshire	6	..	1	..	1	..	1	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	11
Rhode Island	..	2	1	..	2	1	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	8
Vermont	3	..	1	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	7
Maine	2	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Tennessee	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	3
Delaware	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	2
North Carolina	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
South Carolina	6	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	10
Kentucky	3	2	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Ohio	5	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Indiana	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3
Georgia	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	2
Louisiana	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Illinois	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
	97	30	69	3	28	7	26	9	8	21	7	8	3	1	317

TABLE B.

By Groups.

NEW ENGLAND.		
Maine	3	
New Hampshire	11	
Vermont	7	
Massachusetts	93	
Connecticut	35	
Rhode Island	8	
		157
MIDDLE STATES.		
New York	42	
New Jersey	9	
Pennsylvania	34	
Delaware	2	
		87
SOUTHERN STATES.		
Maryland	6	
Virginia	29	
North Carolina	5	
South Carolina	10	
Georgia	2	
Louisiana	2	
		54
WESTERN STATES.		
Tennessee	3	
Kentucky	6	
Ohio	6	
Indiana	3	
Illinois	1	
		19
		317

TABLE C.

Races.	Statesmen.	Soldiers.	Literature.	Physicians.	Clergymen.	Lawyers.	Science.	Inventors.	Navy.	Pioneers and Explorers.	Philanthropy and Business.	Art.	Educators.	Engineers.	
English	75	17	58	3	25	7	20	7	5	16	4	7	3	1	248
Scotch	5	6	3	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	16
Scotch-Irish	10	2	1	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	16
Irish	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Welsh	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Huguenot	2	2	4	..	2	..	2	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	15
French	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	3
German	1	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	6
Dutch	2	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2	1	..	..	..	7
Swiss	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Spanish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
	97	30	69	3	28	7	26	9	8	21	7	8	3	1	317

H. C. Lodge.

Note on "The Distribution of Ability."

THE writer of "The Distribution of Ability in the United States" has omitted to mention one circumstance which strikes me as a very material one. Be one's ability what it may, it is the pen alone that can confer upon him even the immortality of the biographical dictionary. Nearly all the writers and chroniclers of the country have been Northerners, and largely New-Englanders. As a consequence, local prominence, of whatever sort or degree, stood a much better chance there of falling in the way of the encyclopedia-maker, than if achieved among a people with whom literature was by far the most backward of all pursuits.

It has been said that a happy people have no history. It is self-consciousness and discontent, rather than naturalness and cheerfulness, that fill the libraries. Thus the Southerner, I opine, has come to be a maker of books.

But this is somewhat from the point. It is of course impossible even to estimate the effect of a State's backwardness in literature on the fame of her sons. That it must have some weight the author of the article mentioned will, I am sure, admit. Sallust said of the Athenians:

> The exploits of the Athenians doubtless were great; and yet I believe they were somewhat less than fame would have us conceive of them. But because Athens abounded in noble writers, the acts of that republic are celebrated throughout the whole world as most glorious; and the gallantry of those heroes who performed them has had the good fortune to be thought as transcendent as the eloquence of those who have described them.

David Dodge.

KITTRELL, NORTH CAROLINA.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Aunt Lucretia's Libretto.

MANY people who travel find their greatest enjoyment in the surroundings which remind them of home. This was the case with Mrs. Lucretia Moore. She was a resident of a small town in eastern Maine, and one fall, who was listening for the second time to a description of "the feller that was the livin' image of Caleb Sprowl," "if you set so much on the looks of Caleb Sprowl, I don't see no reason in your leavin' home. Did n't you see no churches nor hear nothin' except jest what we can see here right along?"

"LAND, MRS. MOORE!"

greatly to the surprise of her neighbors, she announced her intention of visiting a niece who lived in Boston.

"I 've got all wore out seein' the same folks from year's end to year's end," she said, "and I 'm a-goin' where I sha'n't see a cow nor a neighbor fer a good spell."

Aunt Lucretia was warmly welcomed. She was taken to see Bunker Hill Monument (which was not as tall as she expected), to the new Public Library, the Art Museum, and to all the noted churches in the city.

Still the old lady did not seem to be well entertained. She expressed no admiration and but little surprise. Indeed, her manner, so far from being that of a country-woman who had never been beyond the limits of her native town, was *blasé* and indifferent in the extreme.

One afternoon she went with her niece to see "The Old Homestead." She evidently enjoyed it, and that evening had a great deal to say about the play.

"There, that play was the most natural thing I 've seen since I left home," she said in a satisfied tone. "I jest wish I could remember what that old feller's name was that looked so much like Caleb Sprowl," and the old lady chuckled reminiscently. "If any of you are calculatin' to take me round any more, you can take me to see that piece again. I don't want to urge it upon you, but I should be perfectly willin' to go 'most any time."

Upon her return home, Aunt Lucretia had but little to say of her visit. But to each inquiring neighbor she would relate, as nearly as she could recall them, the different scenes in "The Old Homestead."

"Land, Mrs. Moore!" finally exclaimed an old lady

"Of course I did. I see all there was to see, went to a fair and a picture-show, and nigh about wore myself out. But, there, 't was n't what I expected, and I did n't expect 't would be; so when Maria took me to see that show I jest begun to feel to home and enjoy myself. I don't s'pose 't will be likely to get so fur east as this, but if it should, I 'd be willin' to pay Caleb's fare in jest so he could see how he looks in that old linen duster. I 'd give considerable to know that old feller's name; but I came off 'n' left my libretto that had the names printed on it, and I can't seem to recall it."

Alice Turner.

The Touch of Spring.

I HEARD, as the wind went by me,
A breath, or was it a sigh?
Something too vague for rhyming,
Too tuneless for melody.

Light—lighter than moth-wings floating,
And yet, as it swept along,
It wrote on my heart a poem,
And drew from my soul a song.

Mary Ainge DeVere.

Could n't Get By.

I TRIED to climb Parnassus high,
But gave up in despair;
For at the foot 't was crowded by
The asses grazing there.

John Kendrick Bangs.

In the Wintergreen Patch.

ONE morning, ere springtime was yet on the wane,
While the opals of dew gemmed the grass in the lane,
Where the woodland was weaving its sheltering thatch
I found, as I strayed, a fine wintergreen patch.

And there was a maid, in no finery tricked,
Whose lips were as red as the berries she picked,
Whose eyes had more blue than the lupine could hold,
And whose hair had the glint of the buttercup's gold.

She smiled, and my feet, as if spellbound, must stop,
While my foolish old heart seemed to buzz like a top;
She spoke, and the words, as they fell from her tongue,
Had more charm than the song that the hermit-thrush sung.

Her hands were so slender, her fingers so white,
To watch their swift play was a dream of delight.
Who can foil Madam Fate? There was naught could avail;
I was tranced by each berry that dropped in the pail.

There 'll be wedding-bells soon, and the fair bride will wear
Some wintergreen sprays in the coils of her hair;
And the berries that shine on her sweet lips will match
The reddest she plucked in the wintergreen patch.

Clinton Scollard.

A Lucubration.

HE held a firefly to the page, and read
Ten lines of Homer by the light it shed.
Released, it went upon its shining way —
A wiser firefly? Ah! let sages say.

Edith M. Thomas.

A Man's Woman.

SHE is not sweet, the woman that I love;
Nor is she fair,
Nor wise in any lore which books can tell,
And yet she knows the secret of a spell
From feet to hair.
Ah, no! not wise, the woman that I love.

She is not fair, the woman that I love;
Nor is she wise,
Nor sweet, and yet she speaks from feet to hair,
With turn of waist and throat, and I am there,
Held in her eyes.
Ah, no! not fair, the woman that I love.

She is not wise, the woman that I love;
Nor is she sweet,
Nor fair. The spell she weaves, is it of sense?
'T is undefined and subtle, yet intense,
Flame without heat.
Ah, no! not sweet, the woman that I love.

Not fair, nor sweet, nor wise, is she I love.
Beyond a name,
Incarnate mystery of negatives;
Unsolved, unsolvable, a spell which lives,
Elusive flame,
And which she is — the woman that I love.

Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

Love's Flitting.

WHEN Love is coming, coming,
Meet him with songs and joy,
Bid him alight and enter,
Flatter and feast the boy;
Crown him with gems and roses,
Charm him with winning wiles,
Bind him with lovely garlands,
And kisses, and smiles.

When Love is going, going,
Leaving you all alone,
Craving, the fickle tyrant,
Some newer slave and throne,
Hinder him not, but quickly,
Even though your heart may bleed,
Saddle a horse for his journey,
And bid him God-speed!

Elizabeth Akers.

The Promoter.

'T IS said a wizard in the days of old
Converted all base metals into gold;
The modern alchemist, beyond dispute,
Can all your gold into thin air transmute.

Samuel R. Elliott.

To the Lamp-post!

REVIEWERS must live, one supposes,
For they most incontestably do.
They thrust out the thorns on our roses,
They teach us to turn up our noses,
They prove that far older than Moses
Are the things we thought charmingly new.

Perhaps 't is all in their vocation,
Perhaps they would starve, did they not;
But one thing demands legislation,
One criminal, extermination,—
Or, at the least, expatriation,—
The reviewer who tells us the plot.

When life, though we patiently take it,
Is often so bitter a pill;
So acid a draught, though we shake it,
And strive effervescent to make it,
May we not, for a moment, forsake it
By losing ourselves in a thrill?

If mystery veil the last pages,
We can live in the heroine's life,—
Or the hero's,—can rage when he rages,
Can fight in the battle he wages,
And come, by his various stages,
Triumphantly out of the strife.

But when, before even beginning,
We know what the end is, how tame
Becomes the amusement — the spinning
And weaving employed for our winning
Seem visibly shrinking and thinning;
And for this is the author to blame?

No! Perish the heartless reviewer
Who mars that which make he could not!
Let him give, for the old, something newer;
Let him give, for the false, something truer;
Let each reader become his pursuer —
This wretch who bewrayeth the plot!

Margaret Vandegrift.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A CHALK DRAWING AT BIBCOMBE, AFTER THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY MISS CURRAN, BY PERMISSION OF LADY SHELLEY.

Yours very Sincerely
P B Shelley